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PLAYBOY'S '96 SURVEY

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PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

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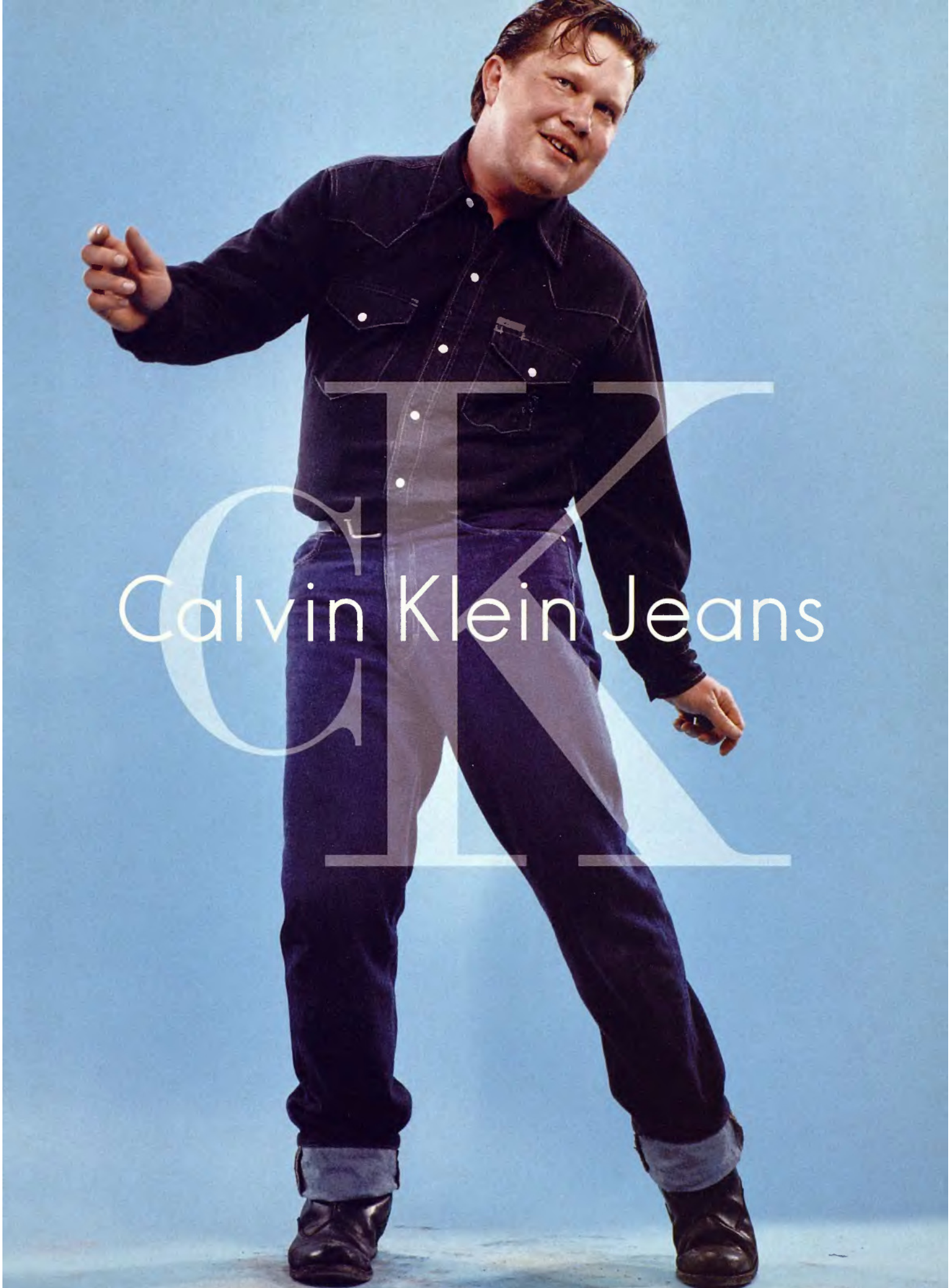
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DON'T BE FOOLED. While other magazines conduct reader polls and promote them as sex surveys, a PLAYBOY survey gets you closer to the action than a polyurethane condom. After all, this is our turf. We are a definitive source for researchers, scholars and news outlets. This year, more than 1000 students at 12 universities took part in our latest study, PLAYBOY's *College Sex Survey*. Playboy Advisor **James R. Petersen** and California sex therapist **Marty Klein** examine the astounding results: 48 percent of women surveyed have shaved their pubic hair for sex, about half of the men and women had had sex in the presence of others or masturbated in front of partners and nearly all suffer anxiety about AIDS. (The artwork is by **Polly Becker.**) For the televised side of the sporting life, Photography Director and chief sports guy **Gary Cole** is the only source you need on the winners and losers in college ball. This year, *Playboy's 40th Anniversary Pigskin Preview* celebrates the living history of our All-America Team. Sex, sports and *Girls of the Big 12*—school never looked so good. The Southwestern sweethearts we recruited to pose from the delightful dozen may be the most well-rounded students you'll ever meet.

Jay Leno has gone from laughingstock to laugh riot by beating David Letterman regularly in the ratings. It's all because of his Lenolog, the stand-up portion of the *Tonight* show that O.J. hates and America loves. Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** plays straight man to comedy's Dr. Jay in an introspective—and very funny—*Interview*. Leno's friend **Robin Williams** is profiled this month by the Emmy Award–winning comedy writer **Bruce Vilanch.** (**Arnold Roth** did the artwork.) Like Lenny Bruce, Andy Kaufman and Sam Kinison, Williams is a guy who redefined manic comedy—but he lived. His movies routinely make more than $100 million yet he's never lost touch with his hometown, San Francisco, where he leads Vilanch on a merry tour of Robin's hood. From the streets of San Francisco to *NYPD Blue*: **Jimmy Smits** is the rare heartthrob guys can also relate to. You don't need a guayabera to dig his scene. **Steve Oney** takes him on for a *20 Questions* that ranges from César Chavez to eating popcorn with Bill and Hillary. And yes, he plays it cool on the soap opera known as David Caruso.

A decade ago, Fiction Editor **Alice K. Turner** began a prestigious tradition—the College Fiction Contest. Cooped up with two other readers, Turner wades through a thousand or so manuscripts and emerges with the best work by the brightest students. One of her more notable finds, past runner-up A.M. Homes, recently made waves with her book *The End of Alice* (no relation). This year's winner is *Gerald's Monkey*, by **Michael Knight** of the University of Virginia. The artwork is by **Jeff Crosby,** who won the yearly competition held by **Marshall Arisman** at New York's School of Visual Arts. *Beat Me, Daddy, Five to the Bar* by **Bob McKay** takes a look at heavy, hip gone guy Jack Kerouac and the mighty, peripatetic Neal Cassady, who has a thing for, well, nealin' off. **Kenny Scharf** returns with another fab illustration.

Associate Editor **Beth Tomkiw** works behind the scenes (and screens), yet her impact is electric. Her *Wired* page is our uplink to everyone who's plugged in. Follow it with advice from Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** on retro style and you'll be absolutely luminescent. Read *Back to Campus* and remember: This fall, plaid is bad.

Play us again, Sam. **Samantha Fox,** the queen of British pinups, burst out of the U.K. as the singer of some lusty dance hits. Now she's back, with her first extensive nude layout in the U.S., shot by Contributing Photographer **Byron Newman.** Nostalgia fans will love our tributes to **Barbi Benton** and **Donna Michelle**. One was Hef's main squeeze and one was a Playmate. Then we give you one more Chanz—Playmate of the Month **Nadine Chanz.** She comes to us from the beer country of northern Germany. Steins up!

PETERSEN

KLEIN

BECKER

COLE

COOK

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ROTH

ONEY

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SCHARF

TOMKIW

NEWMAN

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 43, no. 10—october 1996

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COVER STORY

September Playmate Jennifer Allan makes an encore visit wearing the number of the NCAA's newest and hottest conference. No Cornhusker or Aggie player ever looked better in a football jersey. Our cover was produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson and shot by photographer Richard Fegley. Violet Warcezha styled the cover, with art direction by Senior Art Director Len Willis. Pat Tomlinson gets points for Jennifer's hair and makeup. Rah-rah for our Rabbit.

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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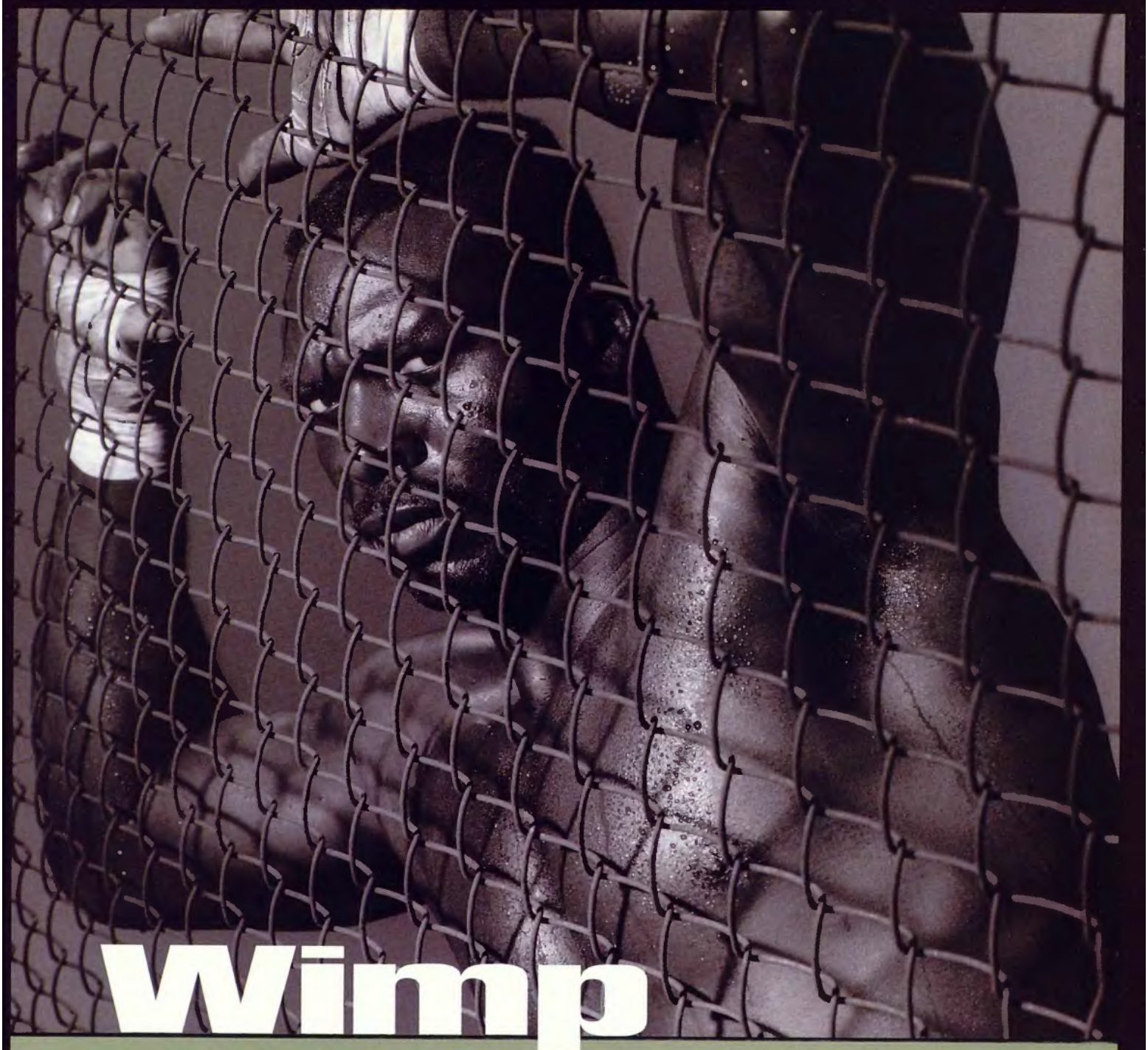

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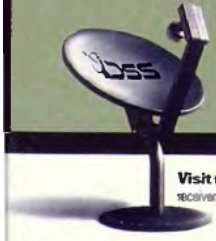

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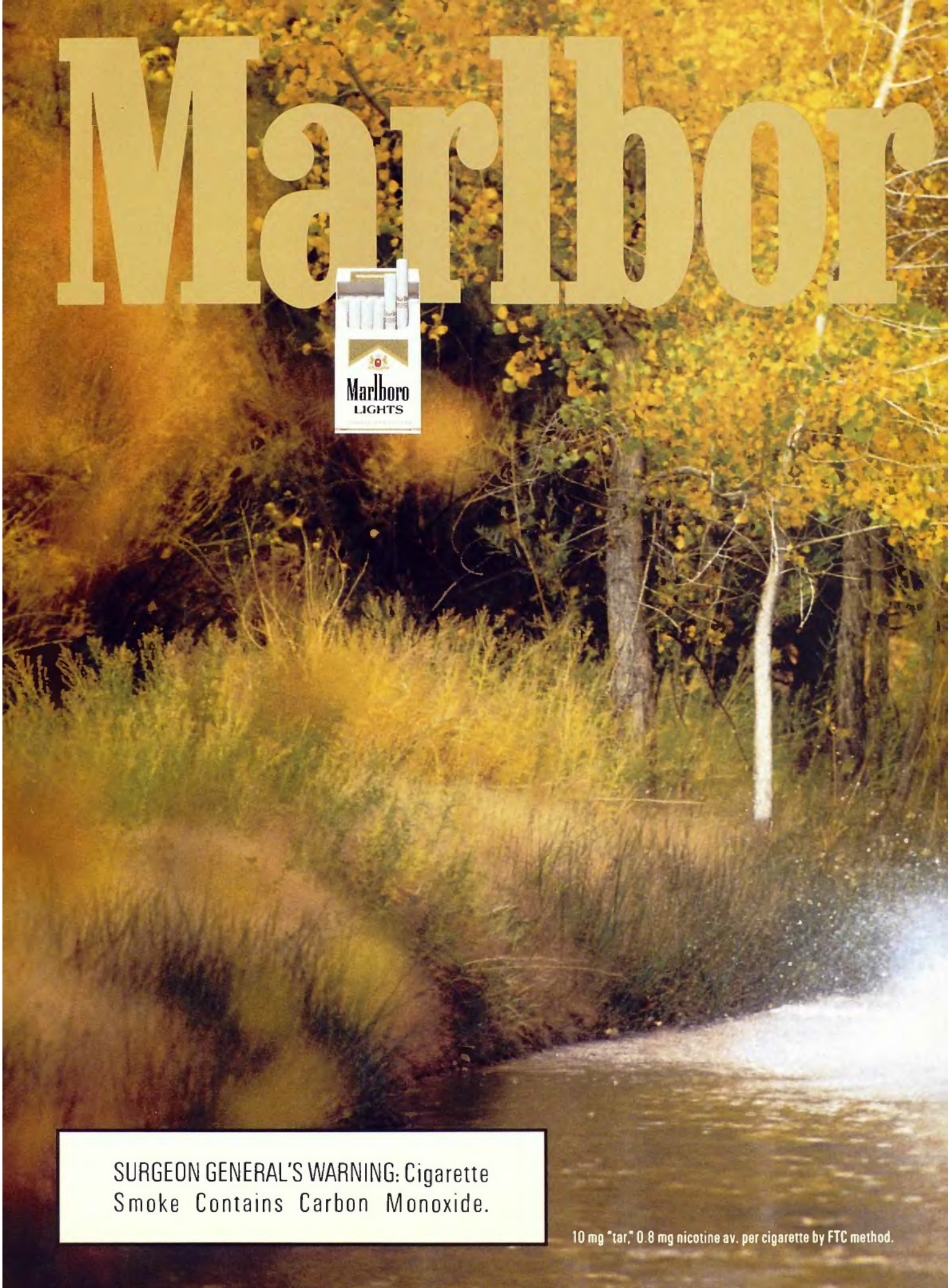
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OUTRAGED

I read with great interest Vincent Bugliosi's *Outrage: The Reasons O.J. Simpson Got Away With Murder* (July). This is the first I'd heard about the prosecution's rejection of the advice of their own jury-selection consultant. I was fascinated with Bugliosi's roundup of the damning evidence the prosecution failed to enter. But none of this would have made a difference to the jury. Anyone with two copper coins of common sense knew Simpson was going to walk.

Navvy Jiner
Fort Myers, Florida

A guilty verdict could have sparked a riot in Los Angeles. The D.A. was cautious. It seems the entire trial hinged on Mark Fuhrman's contrived lie to give the jury an excuse to disregard all legitimate testimony. What a waste.

George Mattson
Santee, California

When the D.A. moved O.J. Simpson's trial to downtown Los Angeles, the case was lost. Ultimately, his real trial will be when he meets his maker.

Roger Rydell
Lancaster, California

Bugliosi's *Outrage* is a powerful indictment of the prosecution team in the Simpson trial, but no prosecutor in the history of jurisprudence would have been victorious. The black majority of the jury were not the least bit interested in justice or in determining Simpson's guilt or innocence. Their sole intent was to make a statement, and did they ever.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

Bugliosi's article about the incompetence of the Los Angeles County D.A.'s office simply confirms what should have been apparent to any observer. It's discouraging to know that Christopher Darden and Marcia Clark have profited despite the incompetence they displayed during the trial.

Dave Bayles
Arnold, California

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

In his July *Men* column ("The Truth About KAL 007?") Asa Baber praises a book that alleges that Korean Air Lines flight 007 was shot down in 1983 when it ran into an American test of Soviet air defenses. I find it interesting that at a time when the Soviets were trying to halt U.S. deployment of Pershing II missiles to Europe, they failed to play up this incident. Why didn't they demonstrate greater outrage to an incursion of their territory? One has to wonder if Baber is overly credulous when it comes to KAL 007 theories, or should we ask ourselves why Soviet strategists let such a golden propaganda opportunity slip by?

Robert Fisher
Corona de Tucson, Arizona

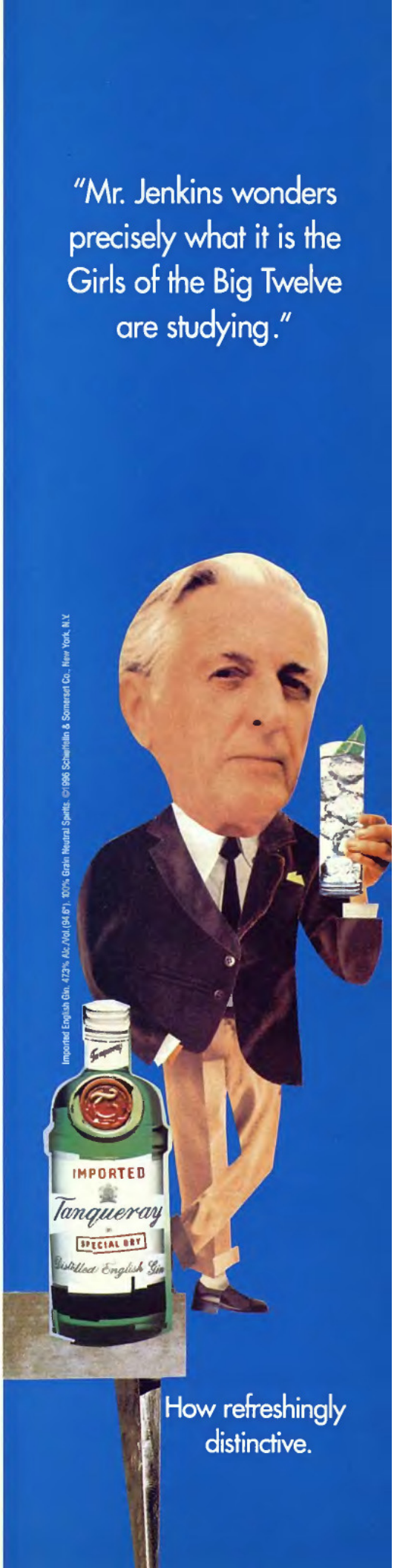
The information presented by Michel Brun is a load of crap. I've been in the military for more than 20 years, and I know there is no way that the government could hide the loss of combat aircraft and aircrew. I won't waste my time looking for the book.

Brad Miner
Fallon, Nevada

Asa Baber, are you looking for a job with the *National Enquirer*? Your July column rates with "O.J. Is a Space Alien." If you're interested in reporting the truth about KAL 007, as you claim, I suggest you find real experts instead of your so-called source Michel Brun. Is there anyone who honestly believes that an air battle that lasted three hours and resulted in the loss of aircraft and servicemen could be kept secret from the whole world's media?

Peter Conner
plcon@azstarnet.com
Tucson, Arizona

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), OCTOBER 1996, VOLUME 43, NUMBER 10, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS**: U.S., $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. **ADVERTISING**: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-5000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SD MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7575); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-999-4438.


"Mr. Jenkins wonders precisely what it is the Girls of the Big Twelve are studying."
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Of all the national media, only PLAYBOY has had the guts to discuss *Incident at Sakhalin*. Until this story is picked up by other media, government flacks and toadies will continue to trot out the usual denials, but Brun's book is a truly valuable account of an orchestrated cover-up.

E.W. Allen
Montclair, New Jersey

I was delighted that Asa Baber publicized Michel Brun's startling discoveries. No one believed that phony story about KAL Flight 007. We don't know who destroyed the airliner, but it wouldn't be far-fetched to think that Japanese defense authorities shot it down.

Paul Nash
Oakton, Virginia

I LOVE NEW YORK

Your *20 Questions* with Chazz Palminteri (July) reminded me of all the reasons I love New York. Thanks, Chazz, for motivating me to move back East.

John Michelini
Berkeley, California

CARVILLE INTERVIEW

James Carville (July) tells us that he pulled his shirttail through the open zipper of his pants and said to a female campaign worker, "Hey, look-a-here." I guess he thinks sexual harassment laws don't apply to him but that the rest of us need the federal government to legislate us into being responsible citizens.

Jeff Munger
Mishawaka, Indiana

While I respect Carville's views, it's obvious he's been breathing too much "rarefied air."

Ken Simmons
Auburn, Washington

James Carville and Mary Matalin's marriage confused Washington insiders. They couldn't understand how two presidential strategists of opposing parties could get together. The answer is obvious to me: There is no fundamental difference between the parties.

Mark Herber
Carlsbad, California

Carville describes an annual wage growth with no mention of productivity. Big government may please the ragin' Cajun and his cohorts, but we must live with its failures.

John Coe
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

SINGLED OUT

Thanks for the fabulous Jenny McCarthy pictorial (*Jenny's Got Juice*, July). I am crazy about her witty and winning personality. She's the woman every man dreams about.

Michael Daffron
St. Joseph, Missouri

William Blake once wrote that "the nakedness of woman is the work of God." After seeing the incredibly lovely Jenny McCarthy au naturel once again, all I can say is Amen!

Dave DelVal
Dana Point, California

ANGEL IN FLIGHT

While photographing the Hawaiian Tropic finals in Daytona Beach this spring, I had the good fortune to meet July's centerfold, Angel Boris (*Heavenly Angel*). In addition to being beautiful, she's intelligent, articulate, focused and the epitome of the word sweet.

Arthur Heath
Orlando, Florida

I'm sure that I won't be the only PLAYBOY reader to comment on the amazing resemblance of Angel Boris to the actress Lauren Holly (*Picket Fences, Dumb and Dumber*). Both of them are outstanding beauties.

Mike Devich
75771.705@compuserve.com
Lake Isabella, California

Thanks for your pictorial of the sexy Angel Boris. The minute I spotted her in the *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* video, I knew she was something special. Now you've confirmed it.

Will Pryce
Scotia, New York

After seeing my first angel, this atheist believes there really is a God. I know I'll see Angel Boris again next June as Playmate of the Year.

Alan Liu
West Covina, California

Believe it or not, I buy your magazine as much for the articles as I do for the photography. But in your July issue, I kept returning to Angel Boris' photographs for a look at her hard body and luminous smile.

Bill McFadden
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WOMEN

The horrific scenes of animal torture that are described in Cynthia Heimel's July column, "Hamburgers Unite!" are typical of large corporate farms. She should visit a family farm, where animals are nurtured, not tortured. If Heimel is concerned about farm animals, she should speak up for family farms.

Nathan Ellis
Morrisville, Missouri

A tour of a slaughterhouse would make vegetarians of most of us. I hope readers will think twice before teaching their kids to eat dead animal flesh.

Richard Werner,
Executive Director
American Pet Association
Atlanta, Georgia

As long as we have to kill a bunch of cows so you can have your shoes, belt, handbag, leather couch and suede gloves, we might as well not waste the meat. It's a good source of protein.

Helen Olson
Seattle, Washington

Holy Cow! Cynthia Heimel is amazing. Only she could spin animal rights into the destruction of America, birth defects and water shortages. I wonder what she feeds that dog Homer.

Brent Gilmour
Tacoma, Washington

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

Dana Priest's article (July) failed to mention one significant reason why sexual harassment continues to pervade the military: A woman who puts on a uniform and chooses to defend her country for a living gives up her legal rights in American courts. Lawyers are working in Seattle to change the law. We don't understand why the women who need the most legal protection have the least.

Kim Koenig
Seattle, Washington

WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS

Kudos on *The Girls of Venus Swimwear* (July). They are truly amazing, both in and out of their bikinis.

Charles Clay
Long Beach, California

WE DREAM OF JEANNE

A million thanks for the photo of Jeanne Basone in July's *Grapevine*. She was also one of the Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling, and she is still gorgeous.

Gary Hannon Lefkowitz
Forest Hills, New York

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of ENGAGEMENT RING anxiety?

1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress and Diamond Discounters.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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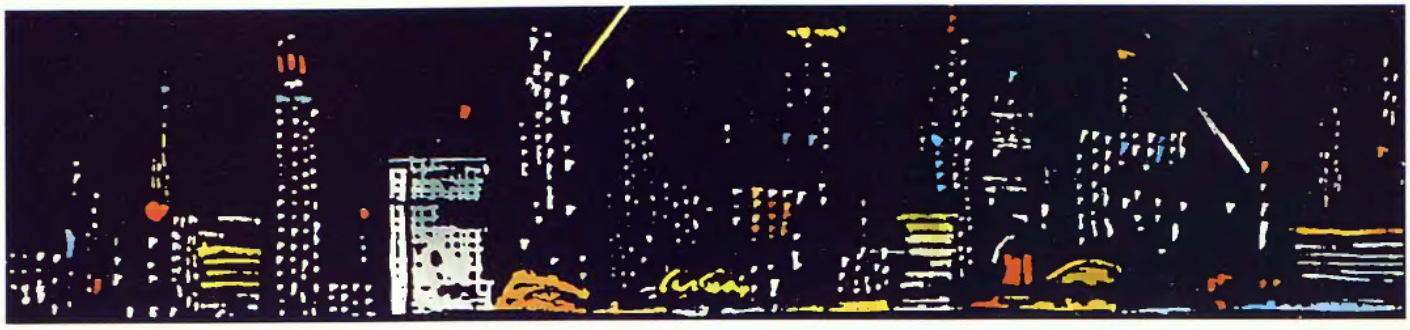
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE SHOW

The Red Sox had the lead, but the Blue Jays were coming back. The fans at Toronto's Skydome were following the action closely, and many had binoculars to catch every move and nuance. They weren't watching the field, though—the curtains were open in room 43 of the Skydome Hotel, where a couple was making like a pitcher and catcher, sans uniforms. Guests who take one of the 70 rooms overlooking the field must sign a pledge to refrain from sex visible to fans, but at least three couples have broken it. Some locals have suggested Skydome be renamed Exhibition Stadium. What's wrong with the Ball Park?

COPPING A PLEA

Well, he could join the LAPD and do both. David Mills, a criminal justice major, was arrested for stealing at a shopping mall in Akron, Ohio. He told the arresting officers, "When I get my police job, I won't have to do this anymore."

DEAD HEATS

As exciting as the Olympics were, we'd rather watch the Stiffs, a 13-person relay team from the West Los Angeles Veterans Affairs Medical Center. A group including autopsy technicians, pathologists and brain specimen lab personnel, the Stiffs show up at meets with an ice chest that resembles a coffin, uniforms that bear the number 187 (the state police code for homicide) and a femur instead of a baton. Presumably, they don't want to finish dead last.

UNA FOR ALL AND ALL FOR UNA

A bumper sticker seen in Montana—home state of the Freemen and the alleged Unabomber: "Montana—at least the cows are sane."

GOOMBATA GRAMMAR

The Washington Post ran a contest in which readers were invited to come up with Mafia terms for the Nineties. Among our favorites: "joggin' with Bubba": in protective custody; "get an Iraqi divorce": to be murdered; "breathing secondhand smoke": when a bystander is killed in a shoot-out; "past his freshness date": someone who is fingered for a killing; "in Dahmer's fridge": dead; "making new friends" or "learning to share": in prison; "take away all his entitlements": to kill someone; "feeling his pain": taking the rap for someone else; "whispered to Connie": squealed; "passing out doughnuts": bribing a cop; "buying cattle futures": taking a bribe.

CELLMARK

Traditional greeting-card sentiments such as "wish you were here" and "let's get together" miss the mark when sent by someone doing 25 to life. Fortunately, Luvacon (love-a-con, wink, nudge) Greetings can now fill the greeting-card needs of persons behind bars. So far, 40 cards have been designed by current and former prison inmates to express the thoughts of the incarcerated. Luvacon founder and five-time convict Mansfield Frazier says, "My objective is to earn a million dollars just to make my parole officer mad."

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

JUDGING SOLES

Any politician can kiss babies. But it took a devoutly religious soul, California attorney Robert Litchfield Jr., to run for superior court judge. Litchfield believes that "lawyers are so dehumanized, it's time to start ministering to them." In a letter sent to lawyers throughout the county, he offered to wash their feet. And we thought they just wanted you to kiss their asses.

TRICKY DICK

The We Read This Stuff So You Don't Have to Dept.: According to *Transgender Tapestry*, a magazine for transvestites and transsexuals, Malcolm Tenniper plans to show in his upcoming book, *Revealing Richard Nixon*, that our 37th president was a cross-dresser. "Nixon was heterosexual," says Tenniper, "but he loved to cross-dress in a garter belt and hose, high heels, ladies' underwear and frilly frocks and hang out with other transvestites." Tenniper claims he came across a photo of Nixon in drag among letters to a friend. Funny, we thought J. Edgar Hoover preferred the telephone.

TONSILTOWN

Buzz magazine reports the latest craze among the lip and trendy of Hollywood is the elaborate practice of tongue-scraping. Once used to combat hair-curling halitosis, the scrape is now popular among entertainment types obsessed with personal hygiene. The procedure involves a test to determine the presence of bad bacteria, a high-tech scraper that cleans the tongue and a new type of mouth rinse.

NICE BLUSH

Another reason that Château Mouton Rothschild 1993 will be a collector's item: The prestigious château is known for commissioning top-notch artists to design a label for its wine each year; Picasso, Dalí, Chagall and others have done so since 1945. This year, the château asked Balthus to design the 1993 label. He drew a reposing young

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Wherever you go in the NFL, fans are all alike. The only thing that separates them is what they throw. On the West Coast, they throw food. The farther east you move, the larger and harder the objects become. In Midwestern cities such as Chicago, it's an AA battery. When you get to Philadelphia, it's a D battery."—RON WOLFLEY, A FORMER RUNNING BACK FOR THE ST. LOUIS RAMS

RIP VAN WINKLE

Length of beard an average man would grow if he never shaved in his lifetime: nearly 30 feet. Amount of time average man spends shaving: 3350 hours (about 140 days or 84 workweeks).

RUBBER MATCH

Percentage of times polyurethane condoms will tear during use: 7 to 9; percentage of times latex condoms will tear: 2.

HOUSE OF HUSTLERS

For the first six months of 1995, the beginning of a two-year election cycle, the amount of campaign cash raised by the average GOP freshman: $142,000; by the average freshman Democrat: $78,000. Largest amount raised by one member of Congress: $1.2 million by Democrat Dick Gephardt. Second largest: $885,000 by Newt Gingrich.

SEX AND BEDIQUETTE

In a survey by *Healthy Woman* magazine, percentage of women who initiate sex with their partner: 15. Percentage who follow their partner's lead: 25. Percentage who take turns: 60. In a national survey of men by *Marie Claire* magazine, percentage who like sexually aggressive women: 62. Percentage who find aggressive women a turnoff: 9.

BUG ROGERS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Number of people in West Virginia who returned their license plates to the Motor Vehicles Bureau because the plates began with the letters OJ: 200.

9 TO HIGH 5

According to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, percentage of all illegal drug users who are currently employed: 70. Percentage of illegal drug users who go to work high at least once a year: 15.

BIRTHDAY BOOM

Rate at which baby boomers (those born between 1946 and 1964) are turning 50 years old: 11,520 per day.

TURNSTILE WATCH

Of the 28 National Football League teams, number that lost attendance last year: 15. Percentage decrease in attendance for the Arizona Cardinals, the team with the biggest drop: 26. Number of teams that had an increase in spectators: 11. Percentage increase for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, the biggest gainer: 35. Gate receipts for the San Francisco 49ers and the Philadelphia Eagles, league leaders: $18.6 million.

POMODORO AND THE PROSTATE

In a Harvard study of 47,000 men, percentage reduction in rate of prostate cancer for those who ate four to seven servings a week of tomato-based food: 20. Percentage reduction for men who consumed at least ten servings a week: 45.

FAILURE HAS ITS REWARD

In a survey by Gallup, percentage of Americans who believe that you cannot be a success and get enough sleep: 25.

BITE-SIZE BITUMINOUS

Asking price for a small piece of coal recovered from the wreckage of the *Titanic*: $25. —BETTY SCHAAL

female nude—a subject he often works with. However, activists against child pornography popped their corks. A press release from the firm that urged wine lovers to savor "an undiscovered pleasure, a pleasure to be shared" added fuel to their flame. About 60,000 plain-label bottles—20 percent of the worldwide distribution of the wine—will be the only ones legally available in the U.S.

PHI BETA KRAFT

Courtesy of *For the Love of Cheese*, a new book by the editors of *Might* magazine, some cheesy things all undergrads should avoid: listening to your roommate having sex, going to class high, taping a cartoon on your door, talking about strip poker but never playing it, returning from a year abroad with an accent, wearing flip-flops into the shower because there are a lot of germs in there (bonus: You still get a fungus), projecting yourself into an interpretation of literature ("I think Hamlet wasn't getting as much as he wanted from the ladies"), inviting a girlfriend from home for the big dance and making her promise not to tell anyone she's in high school, writing college newspaper feature stories (extra-cheesy: those about drinking or love on the Internet).

BEHIND BARS, BARS, BARS

Wisconsin prison inmate Alan Heath was supposed to be selling vacuum cleaners on his work-release assignment. Instead, he was playing slot machines in Red Wing, Minnesota. And winning $53,000. He was caught, alas, when the plane he chartered for the flight back to jail arrived 15 minutes late.

CLEVER MARKETING, PERIOD

Now on sale: PMS Crunch, a chocolate-and-nuts munchie made by the Time of the Month Company. Whatever gets you through it.

SPELL CHEKER

During his 28 years as mayor of Crestwood, Illinois, Chester Stranczek has achieved notoriety in the Chicago suburb for the messages he posts on the marquee outside the village hall. A recent proclamation worth noting is the following: ENGLISH IS OUR LANGUAGE—NO EXCETIONS—LEARN IT. Apparently, the mayor is one of those rare politicians who minds his Qs, if not his Ps.

CYBILL THE ORACLE

We've admired Cybill Shepherd for her free-and-easy nature. Recently, and for reasons that are still not clear, she discussed what she looks for in a nice set of breasts. "If they're natural," she told *Entertainment Tonight*, "they're so much more versatile. You wear them up, wear them down, or side to side."

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THOM WILLIAMS, Doral Smoker from Hayward, Wisconsin, claims he had a 21-pound walleye in his grasp – before "it got away".
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WIRED

AS THE WEB TURNS

Since the debut of *The Spot*, the first Web episodic, just over a year ago, cybersoaps have become a Net craze. A mix of journal-style text, graphics and sometimes audio and video, they run the gamut from *Techno3* (a cross between *Charlie's Angels* and *La Femme Nikita*) to *The East Village* (a *Peyton Place* for the pierced-nipple crowd). But a new episodic, which debuted this fall, provides a glimpse of online entertainment's future. *Grape Jam* is the first venture from Light Speed Media, a company formed by the creators of *The Spot*. In soap tradition, *Grape Jam* offers a serial plotline. A group of college friends reunite their comedy troupe several years after graduation to pursue a Hollywood calling. Scott Zakarin, chief

PETER PALOMBI

operating officer of Light Speed, calls it a "kind of *Saturday Night Live* meets *Friends* meets *The Big Chill*—with lots of interactivity." Surfers from around the world are being treated to real-time performances and are able to suggest skits and situations that are instantly acted out by the *Grape* troupe. There's also a three-dimensional virtual world in which you can navigate and communicate in cartoon-character (a.k.a. avatar) form. And at *Grape Jam*, everyone can be a comedian: If your own stand-up skills are stellar, you may be asked to join the cast.

AT YOUR SERVICE

An "intelligent agent" may sound like something out of a James Bond flick, but it's actually a hot Net trend. Also called bots (short for robots), intelligent agents are programs designed to assist you with certain time-consuming tasks. IBM's Infosage (www.sage.hosting.ibm.com), for example, uses an intelligent agent to make Net surfing more efficient. When you join, you fill out a survey outlining your interests. The software then scours more than 2000 sources on the Web for info and downloads updates to your PC twice a day. Firefly (www.ffly.com) takes the same approach but narrows the focus to movie and music news. Similarly, Songline Studios' Movie Critic (www.moviecritic.com) asks you to rate films you've seen in order to suggest new releases. And Pointcast (www.pointcast.com) combines an intelligent agent with a screen saver. When your PC is idle, the software displays info that's been gathered at your request. The downside: Ads keep the service cost-free, so along with all of your stock quotes and sports scores, you get a liberal dose of online pitches. Guess there are some things even intelligence can't erase.

GLENN ARVIDSON

GET IN THE AUDIO GROOVE

Audiophiles aren't surprised by the renewed interest in vinyl. Since the dawn of digital a decade ago, they've been saying that LPs are superior to CDs. But it took grunge rock—namely Pearl Jam's successful release of *Vitalogy* on vinyl last year—to drive home the message. Now LPs are hot commodities, and though they're tough to track down in the larger chain music stores, they're easily accessible through mail order. Among the best catalogs are Musicdirect, Quality Vinyl, Acoustic Sounds and Harvard Square Records. For jazz lovers, Sphere Marketing and Distribution's catalog offers a superb collection of LPs on Italy's premiere Black Saint and Soul Note labels that are priced at $5 each. You can also buy direct from alternative labels, including Sub Pop, Tim-Kerr and Mosaic. (A vinyl must-have from Mosaic is Miles Davis' *Plugged Nickel* ten-LP box.) Audiophile labels, such as Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab and DCC Compact Classics, offer heavier, high-quality vinyl reissues of rock, jazz, blues and classical recordings via mail order. (We love Nirvana's *Nevermind* from Mo-Fi.) And if you need a turntable, check out the Audio Advisor, a catalog that features record spinners from $400 to $15,000.

WILD THINGS

Attention fitness fanatics: Polar Electra Inc., the world's leading manufacturer of heart-rate monitors, has come up with a way to track the progress of yaur training program on a PC. First, you need the Vantage NV heart-rate monitor ($400, pictured) and the Advantage Interface System ($500). After you work out, the data stored in the Polar watch can be downloaded to a Windows-based computer ta generate graphs, charts and performance reports. Feel a bit high-strung? You olso can transmit heart-rate info into your PC in real time to monitor your stress levels. • Two consumer electronics manufacturers are getting into the PC biz. Hitachi and Sony have both introduced computers—the former for the road and the latter for the desktop. Prices range from $2000 to about $5500, depending on the features. And, yes, these PCs offer great monitor resolution—just like the companies' TVs. • Cut loose from your computer with Key Tronic's wireless keybaard. The Windows 95–compatible device features a built-in trackball and infrared technology that lets you work and play from up to 50 feet away. The price: about $130.

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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

If you're looking for grown-up tricks or treats this Halloween season, here is a sampling of CD-ROMs and Web sites that have a horror spin.

ON CD-ROM

The twisted art directors at Pulse Entertainment have come up with a way to make gamers' skin crawl—by turning them into cockroaches. That's what happens in the first few minutes of ***Bad Mojo,*** a Kafkaesque masterpiece in which you explore a seedy San Francisco hotel as a roach, dodging cats and rats while uncovering secrets that ultimately transform you back into a person. This realistically rendered CD-ROM mystery is so interactive, it will scare you right out of your seat. (For Windows and Mac, $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

Look out *Jeopardy*. A television version of the hilarious CD-ROM trivia game ***You Don't Know Jack*** is currently in the works. Chicago-based Jellyvision, which co-produced the title with Berkeley Systems, is shooting the TV pilot this fall and has teamed with Warner Bros. to launch the show late next year.

For the latest scoop on all things electronic, dial up ***E-Town: The Home Electronics Guide*** on the Web at www.e-town.com. Daily updates make this a timely source for info on wired gear, with detailed product reviews by some of the industry's top writers—many of whom have contributed to PLAYBOY.

Playing ***The Beast Within*** is like being plunked into an Anne Rice tale. This combination interactive novel and movie by Sierra combines the werewolf lore of Germany with the mysteries of Mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria (the crazed romantic who built that ostentatious Alpine castle). The story continues the adventures of schlock horror writer Gabriel Knight, who premiered in Sierra's hit 1994 game Sins of Our Fathers. This time around, Knight is a more developed character with mad Bavarian relatives of his own. Thanks to their scary exploits, this title provides hours of howlingly good fun. (For Windows, about $70.)

A new spin on Poe's dork tales

No one could shock the ears better than Orson Welles, who provided one of the greatest Halloween scares of all time when he broadcast *The War of the Worlds* in 1938. ***Theater of the Imagination*** is a CD-ROM collection of some of Welles' other chilling radio productions, including his eerie adaptations of *Rebecca*, *The Heart of Darkness* and *The Shadow*. Documentary photographs and transcripts of the shows contained on this disc underscore Welles' spellbinding genius. (By Voyager, for Mac and Windows, about $30.)

Bad Mojo: A CD-ROM Kafka would love

A creepy, hallucinatory journey awaits in ***The Dark Eye,*** a role-playing literary exploration that casts you as the star of three of Edgar Allan Poe's darkest tales: *Berenice*, *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Cask of Amontillado*. William Burroughs gives voice to Uncle Edwin, your gnome-like host in the house that becomes a portal to insanity. While navigating ominous 3-D environments, you experience the stories from both the killers' and the victims' perspectives. The graphics are wonderfully quirky and the tales are timeless. But don't expect a thrill ride. This is a richly textured encounter of the cerebral kind. (From Inscape, for Mac and Windows, $50.)

What ***Shivers*** lacks in pacing and story it makes up for in puzzles. Number puzzles, picture puzzles, logic and sound puzzles—all nicely engineered and thematically linked to the haunted museum of mythology and cultural anthropology in which you find yourself trapped. A sophisticated tone, slick graphics and toe-tapping music enhance the mental challenge and make Shivers a keeper. (By Sierra, for Windows, $50.)

Ripper's eerie atmosphere seems to seep from your mouth like a fog. A gory, six-disc epic, it's packed with three hours of full-screen video, impressive graphics, cinematic visual effects, a killer soundtrack and four possible endings. You're a crime reporter on the trail of a serial murderer in a futuristic Manhattan that's gritty and loaded with more than three dozen challenging brainteasers. And if you think Christopher Walken's over-the-top performance as lead detective Vincent Magnotta is frightening, wait until you see the game's finales. (From Take 2 Interactive, for DOS, Windows '95 and Mac, about $60.)

ONLINE

The macabre abounds in cyberspace. For a look at the more horrific Web sites, dial up ***The Grotesque*** (www home.elysian.net/~toddpatric/lovin.htm). This cleverly designed guide to gore offers lots of links, including one to a site called the Splatter Page, which offers repugnant background textures that you can download for use on your own home page. At ***The Dark Side of the Web*** (cascade.net/df.html) you can connect to 1500 horror-related sites, including the Cannibalism Page with its detailed recipes for "the preparation of humans for consumption." Named after the blockbuster Clint Eastwood flick, ***The Dead Pool*** (www.ftech.co.uk/~sugarman/deadpool.html) provides an opportunity to "bet" on which ten celebrities will be next to kick the bucket. Dan of ***Dan's Gallery of the Grotesque*** (www.grotesque.com) is a sick puppy with a collection of explicit photos of suicides, homicides and accidents. For something less morbid but equally bizarre, there's ***The Freakshow*** (www.zynet.com/~meatlog/freakshow.html) with a cast of carny characters that includes Alien Boy, Demon Lady and Camel Girl.

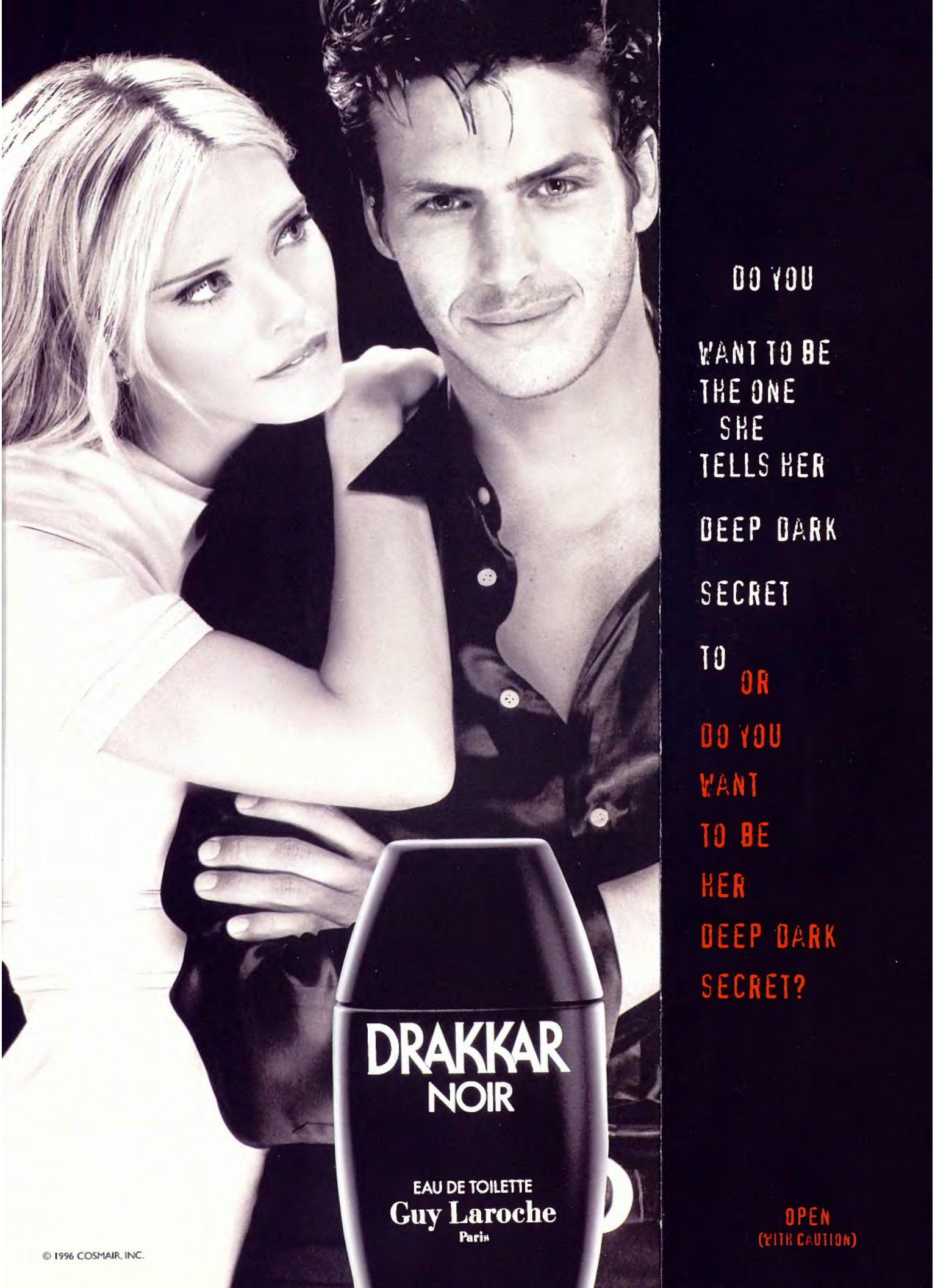
DIGITAL DUDS

Savage: The Ultimate Quest for Survival—With low-grade graphics and too-tame action, this "authentic and chilling" wildlife adventure is about as rousing as a trip to a petting zoo.

Virtual Corporation: A simulation of the rejection and frustration of the real-life rat race? No thanks. We gave at the office.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.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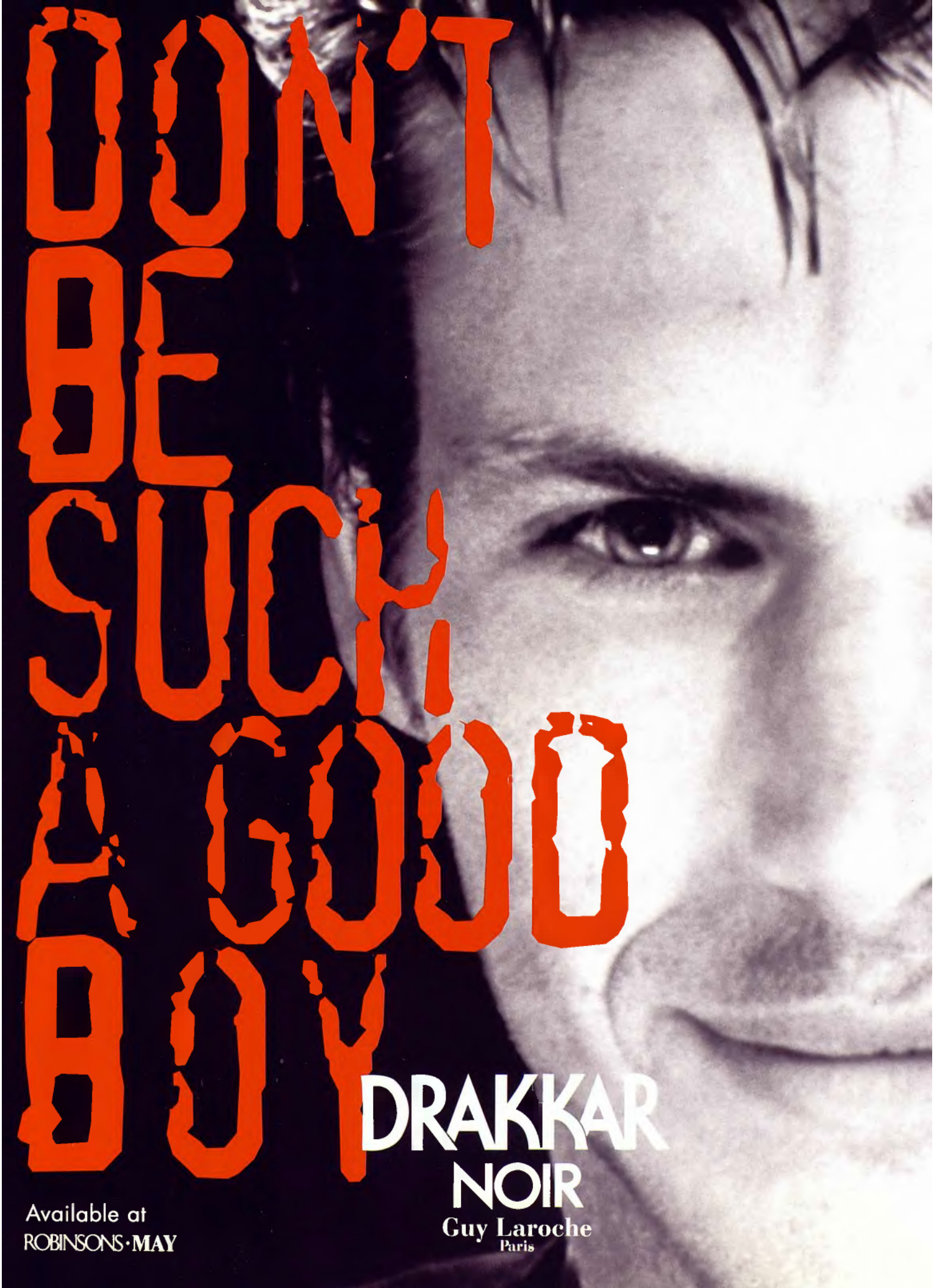
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MUSIC

ROCK

PATTI SMITH left the music business a cult hero and returned a myth. Unpredictable, funny, hugely ambitious, she was a poet who thrust herself into a pantheon occupied by the rock stars she adored. She was also at the center of New York's punk scene and cut four indelible albums. Then she retired after scoring a hit single, *Because the Night*. Long before her shtick got tired, she resettled in Detroit with MC5 guitarist Fred "Sonic" Smith, her collaborator on 1988's *Dream of Life*. When her husband died of a heart attack in 1994, she decided to answer the prayers of fans who had been soaking up her lore for years.

Gone Again (Arista) is pretty prayer-like itself: The recent deaths of her husband and at least three other loved ones have plainly left Smith grief-stricken. Nevertheless, the dolor of the title track—a solemn celebration of death's relief co-written by Fred—is nowhere present in the other song he co-wrote, a goofy anthem of ritual abandon called *Summer Cannibals*. And if *Cannibals* is the only full-fledged rocker with Patti's signature on it, she builds enough lyricism off it to appease the faithful and to enlarge her cult.

Stereolab and Sammy are two little bands too smart and catchy for their own good. Stereolab's ***Emperor Tomato Ketchup*** (Elektra) features wiseass English kids fronted by a French Marxist singsonging in a distracted soprano. Sammy's ***Tales of Great Neck Glory*** (DGC) features wiseass suburban kids whining about their small-time problems. These two records prove there are still young people who think popcraft is too important to be left to professionals. And I'm here to thank them for it. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

For many alternative rockers, surfing is a spiritual event. That attitude pervades ***MOM: Music for Our Mother Ocean*** (Surfdog/Interscope). It's a benefit album for the Surfrider Foundation, which preserves coastal areas and beaches. Highlights include Pearl Jam getting downright silly on an exhilarating cover of the Silly Surfers' *Gremmie Out of Control*, the Brian Setzer Orchestra's rockabilly take on *Honky Tonk* and Gary Hoey's Metallica-meets-the-Surfaris rendition of *Wipe Out*. Everclear, Soundgarden, Primus and Jewel contribute first-class material. A half-dozen surf punk bands you've never heard of add earnestly uptempo rants based loosely on the Ramones' rip through *California Sun*, which Joey and the boys enthusiastically rerecorded for this compilation.

The reverb-drenched twang and thundering drums of Dick Dale's *Miserlou*, Chantay's *Pipeline* and the Surfaris' original *Wipe Out* can all be heard on ***Cowabunga! The Surf Box (1960-1995)*** (Rhino). If four CDs seem like too much of a good thing, go directly to Rhino's single-CD ***Rock Instrumental Classics, Volume 5: Surf.*** It boasts all the aforementioned hits plus other gems you heard in *Pulp Fiction*.

—VIC GARBARINI

CAROLYN VAN HOESEN

Patti Smith is back with *Gone Again*.

Patti, Me'Shell, Sir
Mix-a-Lot and Swedish
folk you'll remember.

My vote for the most important record of 1996 is Me'Shell Ndegéocello's ***Peace Beyond Reason*** (Maverick). The androgynous singer who impressed critics with her debut, *Plantation Lullabies*, doesn't have to worry about a sophomore jinx. The 12 new songs form a rich tapestry of blistering funk, complex arrangements and artistic ambition. In tandem with producer David Gamson, Ndegéocello has made a well-played album whose musicianship recalls the crisp, impeccable recordings of Steely Dan.

With songs titled *Deuteronomy: Niggerman*, *Leviticus: Faggot* and *Mary Magdalene* (on which she expresses her desire to know Mary in the biblical sense), Ndegéocello issues a broad challenge to Christianity. A cover of Bill Withers' *Who Is He and What Is He to You* is sly and insinuating. *The Way* is a remarkable blend of soaring vocal harmonies and propulsive funk bass. Ndegéocello's musical confidence and gutsy lyrics make this a crucial record that will endure as a landmark of the mid-Nineties.

—NELSON GEORGE

R&B

Art 'n' Soul is a West Coast trio of vocalists that is produced by a member of Tony Toni Tone, which explains its sunny, melodic pop R&B style. Using real instruments including strings (with charts by the great Clare Fischer), Art 'n' Soul displays a seductive if lightweight sound on its debut, ***Touch of Soul*** (Big Beat/Atlantic). —NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

Veteran guitarist Johnny Copeland plays a sensual blues that lopes and dashes on ***Jungle Swing*** (Verve). Copeland's friendly magnetism and imaginative instrumentation make this record stand out of a crowded art form. So many blues albums seem to replow the same furrow, but Copeland keeps things moving with a variety of African percussion and by alternating electric and acoustic guitars. It's the blues, root and branch, and you will want to dance.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Primitive Radio Gods' *Standing Outside a Broken Phone Booth With Money in My Hand*, from the album ***Rocket*** (Columbia), is the Nineties' most perfect one-shot. The B.B. King sample will haunt you for the rest of your brokenhearted life, and you'll never hear from the artist again. This is the ultimate justification for the CD single. The album is worthless, of course.

At its best, especially on the opening *Goin' Down South*, R.L. Burnside's ***A Ass Pocket of Whiskey*** (Matador) takes primitive country blues into a place where Jimi Hendrix would have feared to tread. This is as close to punk as I've ever heard 12-bar stuff go. —DAVE MARSH

FOLK

Sweden: Land of buxom blonde babes who drink like fish and copulate like bunnies, or land of endless nights, high suicide rates and Ingmar Bergman films. Abba hailed from the Sweden of buxom blondes, and Garmarna hails from the Sweden of endless nights. Named for the dogs who guard the gates of hell in Swedish mythology, Garmarna sings ancient folktales about misery, death, regret, monsters and everything else that could torment you. Garmarna plays mostly traditional acoustic instruments. They generate a soul-uprooting drone with hurdy-gurdy, violin, viola, Jew's harp and various guitars. But they also have a modern appreciation for the mystical possibilities of psychedelia and know how to use modern recording technology. So their second album, ***God's***

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Garmarna *God's Musicians*	4	8	7	5	9
Me'Shell Ndegéocello *Peace Beyond Reason*	8	7	10	6	7
Various artists *Music for Our Mother Ocean*	4	8	7	7	8
Sir Mix-a-Lot *Return of the Bumpasaurus*	7	5	6	8	8
Patti Smith *Gone Again*	7	9	8	9	6

THE MAMBO KING DEPARTMENT: For all those people who loved Lucy but always thought Ricky got short shrift, record stores are now carrying *The Best of Desi Arnaz: The Mambo King*. Long live *Babalu*.

REELING AND ROCKING: **TLC's T-Boz** (using her real name, **Tionne Watkins**) went solo on the soundtrack of *Fled*, an action thriller starring **Laurence Fishburne. Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes** did the same on the *West Side Story* CD. This doesn't mean TLC is finished. . . . **Melissa Etheridge** joined **Big Brother and the Holding Company** to do three **Janis Joplin** songs for a crowd that included Joplin bio director **Marco Rocco**. She got good reviews from critics and the band. We hear that **Brad Pitt** will play **Kris Kristofferson.**

NEWSBREAKS: Sales of musical instruments and equipment are booming. Guitars and amps still lead the list, with percussion instruments and home studio equipment on the rise. . . . Since **John Kay** and **Steppenwolf** toured this past summer and released their first studio album in six years, we thought you should know that *Born to Be Wild* is still both the highest earner and most requested song for licensing in MCA's vaults. . . . **Dweezil Zappa** has been working on a 75-minute guitar record. **Jimmie Vaughan, Eddie Van Halen, Joe Walsh, Steve Vai** and **Brian Setzer** have already participated. The idea is to have 50 famous guitarists play a continuous piece of music with loads of solos. Zappa is still recording the blues section. **B.B. King, Jimmy Page** and **Jeff Beck** have all agreed to do it but haven't been scheduled yet. . . . After a two-and-a-half year wait, **Donovan's** album should be in the stores any day now. . . . The push to sell classical music to people who don't usually buy it has rock stars picking pieces for the CD *Exile on Classical Street*. They range from **Steven Tyler's** favorite, *Manuel de Falla's Ritual Fire Dance*, to **Bono's** choice, **Shostakovich's** *String Quartet No. 8*. Other rockers involved include **Keith Richards, Michael Stipe, Elvis Costello** and **Brian Wilson.** It's in the stores. . . . No grass is growing under Etta's feet: Blues- and jazz-woman **Etta James** is making a country album. First a CD of original songs will be released, then later this year will come an album featuring songs by **Hank Williams, Patsy Cline** and **Charlie Pride,** among others. James says, "I want to sing at the Grand Ole Opry. There haven't been any black women singing country, and I want to change that." . . . The reaction to **Mare Winningham's** role in *Georgia* and the soundtrack she sang on is interest from record labels. Winningham wants to release an album before beginning her next movie, *Bad Day on the Block* with **Charlie Sheen.** . . . You've seen those ads in the back of magazines: "Send in Your Songs" or "Poems Wanted." Carnage Press has put the best of them to music. The second volume, *The Makers of Smooth Music*, is available on CD for $8 from P.O. Box 627, Northhampton, MA 01060. It's hilarious. . . . Has the world gone mad? Wal-Mart will no longer carry the **Goo Goo Dolls'** *Boy Named Goo*, though the chain has already sold more than 50,000 copies. Why? A small number of people complained that the baby on the cover looked as if he had been smeared with blood. The baby, smeared with blackberry juice, is now 13, and his father took the photo. Let's lighten up. —BARBARA NELLIS

Musicians (Omnium/Rounder) is just about as good as it gets for roaming around in your unconscious and confronting whatever happens to be lurking there. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

RAP

It's hard to know exactly what the compilers were trying to prove with ***Roots of Rap*** (Shanachie), a collection of classic blues, old-time country, jug band and ragtime numbers. Many of these tracks are great (the set opens with Blind Willie Johnson's monumental *If I Had My Way*), and all feature speaking rather than singing. But with a couple of exceptions (Pine Top Smith's *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* and Memphis Minnie's *Frankie Jean*), there's little here that relates to the syllabic stew of rap.

But most of the cuts are funny, and humor remains hip-hop's second-greatest secret weapon (vulgarity being the first). Humor makes the vulgarity palatable. Every time I'm inclined to grow annoyed at a record such as Sir Mix-a-Lot's ***Return of the Bumpasaurus*** (American), I think of how many jerks its bad jokes are sure to alienate. Mix seems to have figured some of this out—the first half of the record alternates spoken comedy with raps. The second half is far stronger because the flow never gets interrupted, even though it's not a whit more respectable. Mix peaked a while back (somewhere between *My Hooptie* and *Put 'Em on da Glass*) but he does get off one of his classic cultural revelations: *Drag Artist* is a hilarious defense of those who wear their trousers so low the crack shows. He articulates the American passion for big boobs and ample buns—a perfect PLAYBOY artist. —DAVE MARSH

CLASSICAL

Wynton Marsalis' classical recording ***In Gabriel's Garden*** (Sony Classical) has been a surprising commercial success. This selection of baroque trumpet works recorded in London with the English Chamber Orchestra is accessible without being gimmicky. Marsalis' bell-like trumpet sounds perfect playing Torelli. This is a popular classical music CD that's actually good.

Johann Sebastian Bach's ***French Suites*** (Hyperion) is an extraordinary collection of delightful but reflective dance songs. Pianist Angela Hewitt plays these delicate pieces with precision and serenity.

American composer Harry Partch's peculiar compositions remain influential two decades after his death. Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart both owed him a debt. Partch wrote a variety of strange microtonal songs and built the instruments used to perform them. The four-CD ***Enclosure 2*** (Innova) shows his iconoclastic breadth. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

PROBABLY the best thing about ***Feeling Minnesota*** (Fine Line) is Cameron Diaz' performance as Freddie—a bruised, beautiful blonde forced to marry a strip-joint honcho named Sam (Vincent D'Onofrio). On the day of their drab wedding, Sam's wayward brother Jjaks (Keanu Reeves, and that's the spelling for Jacks—don't ask) shows up and furtively makes love to Sam's bride. It's love at first grope, and the movie goes on from there as a triangle involving fierce sibling rivalry, violence and deception. Writer-director Steven Baigelman, with his debut feature, shows striking originality even when the plot starts bobbing and weaving and all but defies logic. Overall, Baigelman's black comedy, filmed on location in Minnesota, has good grungy atmosphere and keeps a viewer guessing. The director obviously has a way with actors. Delroy Lindo, Tuesday Weld and Dan Aykroyd round out the cast of intriguing misfits. Even Courtney Love hits the proper low notes as a wry waitress. Call this *Minnesota* wall-to-wall wacky but worth a side trip. ¥¥¥

•

Heartwarming must be the appropriate word to describe ***The Spitfire Grill*** (Columbia/Castle Rock). Director Lee David Zlotoff's sloshy little drama was voted winner of the audience award at the 1996 Sundance Film Festival, which simply proves that festivalgoers often get swept up in schmaltz. If good acting were all that mattered, *Grill* would be a winner, with first-rate work by Ellen Burstyn, Marcia Gay Harden and Alison Elliott, who plays a female ex-convict named Percy, newly arrived in a stodgy Maine community to work at the Spitfire, a local gathering place owned and operated by Hannah (Burstyn) and her unhappily married friend Shelly (Harden). When Hannah decides to sell out, Percy has the bright idea of a contest—with applicants sending in money and essays explaining why they should take over the Spitfire. The rustic locals don't take kindly to this. But the money pours in, along with gobs of sentimentality. All hell breaks loose before *Spitfire Grill* sputters to a finish full of moral rectitude and tolerance. By then, if you're not crying your eyes out, you're probably wishing you were somewhere else. ¥½

•

Not since the 1987 Danish delight *Babette's Feast* has there been such a mouthwatering comedy about food as ***Big Night*** (Samuel Goldwyn). Two immigrant Italians run the Paradise restaurant on the Jersey shore: Stanley Tucci as Secondo Pilaggi is the hustling host and his elder brother Primo (played deliciously by Tony Shalhoub) is the passionate chef. In the sketchy plot there are minor matters afoot about sibling rivalry and romance (Minnie Driver, Isabella Rossellini and Allison Janney provide the love interests). But what really matters is a fabulous dinner party that is meant to put the Paradise on the map (an additional wrinkle is the promise that musician Louis Prima will show up as guest of honor). While waiting for Prima, *Big Night* whets the appetite with good humor, sex appeal and a dazzling array of dishes—from antipasto to a masterful family recipe for the main course called *timpano*. You'll be amused, impressed and probably left famished by this paean to culinary pleasure. ¥¥¥½

Reeves and Diaz with *Feeling*.

Brothers duke it out for a dishy blonde and cook up a storm while girls raise all hell.

•

A conventional love triangle is played out with several convincing twists in ***Caught*** (Sony Classics). Edward James Olmos is Joe, who owns a New Jersey fish shop. His wife, Betty (Maria Conchita Alonso), finds her boredom easier to bear after a young drifter named Nick (Arie Verveen) drops by to elude some policemen. Nick turns out to be a handy guy in several ways—as an agreeable assistant to Joe, who has a weak heart, and as a hot-blooded secret lover for Betty. Small wonder she can't resist, for newcomer Verveen saunters with the effortless arrogance of a young Brando. All's well on the surface until the unexpected arrival of Betty and Joe's son, Danny (Steven Schub), a would-be comedian who returns from California with his young wife and baby son in tow.

He's never been close to his father, but the jealousy-prone Danny begins to take a close look at his mother and at the boarder who appears to have taken his father's place. Veteran director Robert Young, with Edward Pomerantz' sensitive screenplay based on his own novel, capably juggles the movie's overlapping themes. Steamy sex scenes abound, yet there is a corresponding emphasis on human frailty and the real needs that may drive decent people to infidelity, envy, cruelty and murder. While the trapped-fish symbolism seems forced, *Caught* is blue-collar drama with the sting of home truth and authenticity. ¥¥¥

•

Getting even with guys dominates ***Girls Town*** (October Films), a feisty testament to female empowerment, and the girl at the center of it is Lili Taylor. Street-smart grit seems to be Taylor's main strength as an actress. She's all pluck, profanity and attitude as Patti, the toughest cookie in a racially mixed quartet of New York high school seniors who will never become cheerleaders. Patti is an unwed mother who is trying to keep her distance from the abusive father. Aunjanue Ellis, Bruklin Harris and Anna Grace are her chums, one of whom commits suicide. The survivors raise hell with the dead girl's ex-boss. According to the credits, the gritty, partly improvised *Girls Town* was "devised and directed by Jim McKay" with three of his four actresses listed as co-authors, including Lili, which may explain why the movie looks and sounds Taylor-made. ¥¥

•

Actor Matthew Broderick takes a leading role and makes his directorial debut in an engaging, unexpected love story called ***Infinity*** (First Look). Broderick plays Richard Feynman, the Nobel Prize–winning scientist who worked on the atomic bomb at Los Alamos. Forty years after the Manhattan Project, Feynman detailed that period of his life in a couple of autobiographical books. He wrote about his total devotion to his wife Arline (played in *Infinity* by Patricia Arquette), whom he met in New York in 1934. Although Arline had tuberculosis, Feynman married her against his family's wishes. After their subsequent move to New Mexico, he divided his time between exploring the mysteries of nuclear fission and making the most of his remaining days with his beloved wife. It is an unusual relationship, spelled

ADVERTISEMENT

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ARLISS MICHAELS

a candid conversation with the man who put the $ in $ports

As one of professional sports' top agents, Arliss Michaels has negotiated contracts and cut deals for such superstars as Barry Bonds. But on our way to lunch with John McEnroe, he just cut a deal that was truly impressive - he negotiated his way out of a speeding ticket. In a town where the police blotter could be mistaken for the guest list to a movie premiere, cops aren't too impressed by celebrity faces or executive names. But thanks to a couple of courtside Lakers tickets, both Arliss and the officer "walked away happy." Just another negotiation, which is what Arliss Michaels is all about.

PLAYBOY: You just dealt your way out of a major speeding ticket, and you didn't even break a sweat.

ARLISS: After negotiating with tough owners, men who run sports empires, men who crush men on a regular basis, you learn not to be afraid. In 1976, I closed my first deal for Kirby Carlisle. You think August Boyer, the venerable owner of the Falcons, would have even had me in his office if I didn't have something he wanted? Absolutely not! You just have to concentrate on the deal. Both sides have to walk away happy, that's one of my mottos.

PLAYBOY: Owners are one thing, but the cops?

ARLISS: I understand and admire police, because they're like athletes. They're both role models. At Arliss Michaels Management, I represent role models. Millions of children go to bed every night dreaming they could be like them. That's why I make it a point not to represent anybody of questionable morals. I want my athletes to be beyond reproach.

PLAYBOY: What do you love most about your job?

ARLISS: You'll think I'll say my house in Bel Air, my Gulfstream, my Mercedes, my new pool. But those are just the incidentals. I'm just a man in love with what he does. As John Lennon said, "Love is the answer."

PLAYBOY: You talk about being beyond reproach. But you've been described as ruthless when it comes to cutting contracts.

ARLISS: As Arliss always says: "Negotiating, it's never personal." Basically, I'll do whatever it takes to get my client the biggest compensation possible. That's not unethical - that's impeccable business sense.

PLAYBOY: That sort of contradicts your other motto: "I want both sides walking away happy." What about the accusations that you're the cause of skyrocketing athletic salaries?

ARLISS: Arliss Michaels is the working man's friend. Athletes have families, houses, car payments, paternity suits. They have to eat too, you know.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship like with your clients? You sound like a father figure.

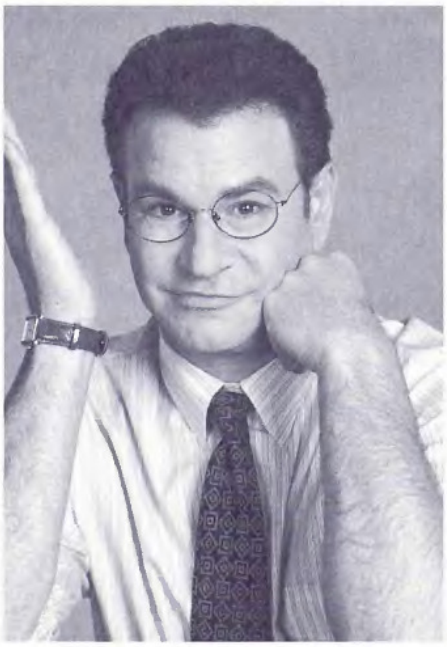
ARLISS: I'm all things to them. Father figure, friend, relative...

PLAYBOY: How about a lover? There were rumors that you and a prominent female tennis player you represent were romantically involved.

ARLISS: Absolutely false. No truth to that whatsoever. We have clearly defined lines that I would never cross. And I'm the kind of person who follows the rules, you know that.

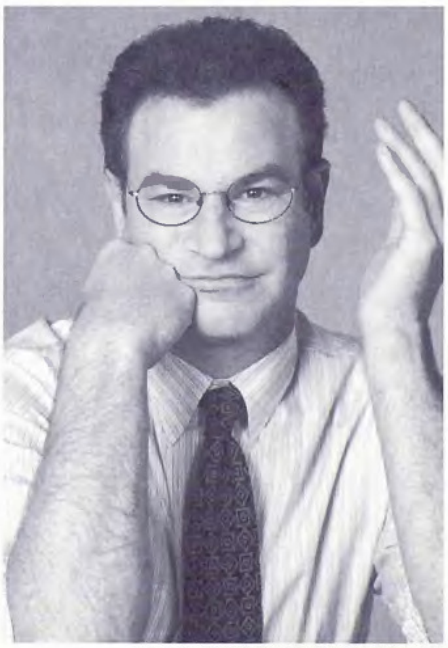
PLAYBOY: A man of ethics, you might say?

ARLISS: True to my code. I'm unwavering. In pursuit of opportunity. In the hunt for talent. God, I love what I do. I'm a very lucky man.



"When I get a little down, I just remember what an old timer pro football coach once told me: 'This business isn't pretty. . . but the girls usually are.' That usually makes me feel better."

"After my college roommate saw how well I could deal, well . . ., other things, he thought it was only natural that I represent him. Eventually I got him signed with Atlanta for a cool million. Then I had to go to chemistry class."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

"I'm in talks right now to have one of my clients have the logo of a major athletic shoe manufacturer tattooed on his neck. So any time he just goes out in public, he would get paid. This is just an example of the kind of forward thinking you need in sports today."

McDermott: Animal magnetism.

OFF CAMERA

At the age of 34, **Dylan McDermott** will soon be all over the media in the leading-man roles. He's starring in Paramount's *Til There Was You*, and he's about to launch an ABC-TV series, *The Practice*. McDermott calls his movie "a smart romantic comedy. Sarah Jessica Parker plays my girlfriend, Jeanne Tripplehorn is my destiny." On TV, he'll play a Boston defense attorney who takes tough cases.

Girlfriends were a big part of McDermott's world until last year, when he married an artist named Shiva and settled down in Santa Monica. He's now the proud father of a baby girl. Formerly linked with Julia Roberts after playing her husband in *Steel Magnolias*, he earned a brand of fame as a ladies' man who gave animals to his ex-girlfriends. Roberts got a basset hound, though Dylan denies he has a fetish about furry creatures. "That was mostly publicity," he recalls. "I liked dogs, and I had girls, and, sometimes, the girl would wind up keeping my dog."

Born in Connecticut and raised in and around New York's Greenwich Village, where his father tended bar, McDermott recalls drinking, acting and waiting tables in his youth. "I used to wait on William Hurt and John Belushi at Jimmy Day's saloon."

Nowadays he concentrates on his career and a more serene private life. One of his favorite working experiences was wooing Holly Hunter in *Home for the Holidays*, directed by Jodie Foster ("both are so smart and talented"). Before that, he played the romantic lead in the remake of *Miracle on 34th Street*, and was Clint Eastwood's doomed sidekick in *In the Line of Fire*. Increasingly, he receives rapturous fan letters from women. "I answer if it sounds as if someone really gives a damn. Of course, if they send a nude photo, you have to answer."

out with sly humor and pathos, acted with understated simplicity both by Arquette and by fledgling director Broderick, who can now add another feather to his cap. ¥¥¥

•

The antihero of ***Nothing to Lose*** (Dove Entertainment) is a New Jersey shoe salesman who borrows $10,000 from a loan shark and then bets and bungles his way into real trouble. Adrien Brody convincingly plays Ray Jr., the cocky congenital loser. There is grim honesty in this first feature by director and co-producer Eric Bross. It's a sharp-edged slice of Jersey lowlife that begins in 1987, when Ray Sr. is first hauled off to jail for running an illegal gambling joint. Nine years later Ray Jr. compounds his father's mistakes: He lies, connives, borrows and cheats his friend Butchie (Tony Gillan) out of $2000. He even feels wronged when his best friend Mike (Michael Gallagher) sleeps with his steady girl (Sybil Temshen) after Ray Jr. fails to show up at her 21st birthday party. Depressing all the way, *Nothing to Lose* wins in the end as Bross' compassionate portrait of a bad boy who can't do anything right. ¥¥½

•

Basquiat (Miramax) was written and directed by painter Julian Schnabel, friend and colleague of the young artist whose meteoric rise lit up the galleries during the Eighties. Jean-Michel Basquiat, a blazing success at 19, died of a drug overdose in 1988 when he was 27. Jeffrey Wright's charismatic performance in the title role is bolstered immeasurably by Schnabel, who has directed his impressionistic screenplay with quite a painterly eye. Clearly, Schnabel understands the price paid by the young, beautiful and damned in their search for acceptance. Hovering into focus around Basquiat are Claire Forlani as Gina, a girl he loves but loses, Michael Wincott as poet Rene Ricard, singer David Bowie in a vivid stint as Basquiat's friend Andy Warhol, Christopher Walken as an unctuous interviewer, Gary Oldman as a fictional mentor a lot like Schnabel and Dennis Hopper, Courtney Love and Parker Posey as other characters. *Basquiat* is about a tortured young genius' high road to hell. ¥¥¥½

•

It's unfortunate that ***Killer: A Journal of Murder*** (Legacy) comes so soon after *Dead Man Walking*. Again, we witness the final days of a habitual criminal, Carl Panzram (James Woods), soon to be hanged, and the young prison guard (Robert Sean Leonard) who befriends him and ultimately finds a publisher for the killer's diary of death-dealing. Both Woods and Leonard succeed in making an overworked tale look fresh. ¥¥

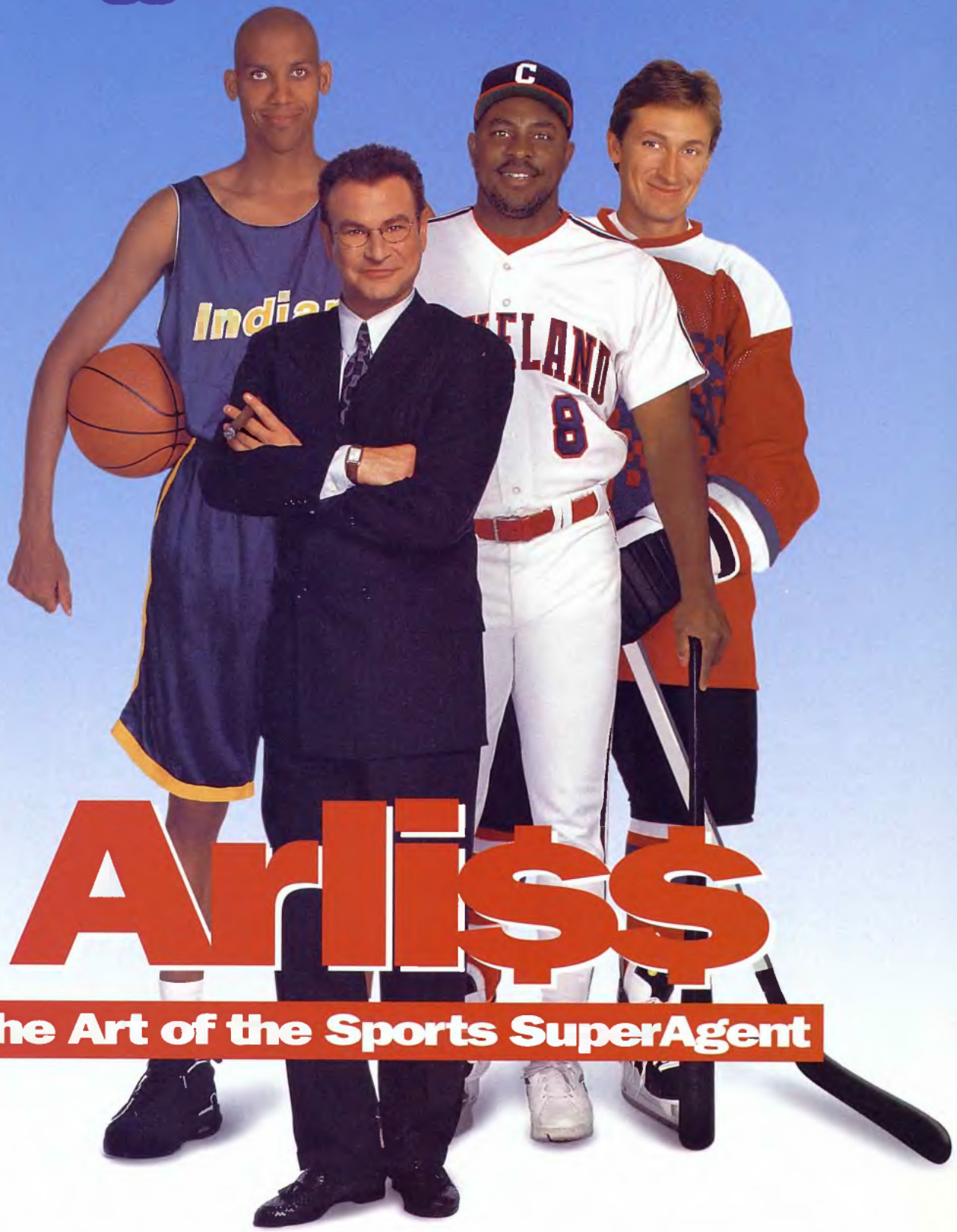
MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Basquiat (See review) A riveting portrait of the artist's brief career. ¥¥¥½
Big Night (See review) A feast of a film about an Italian restaurant. ¥¥¥½
Bound (Reviewed 9/96) Two lesbians take the Mob for a couple of million simoleons. ¥¥¥
Caught (See review) The fishmonger's wife is hooked by a handsome drifter. ¥¥¥
Emma (9/96) In the title role, Gwyneth Paltrow does Jane Austen justice. ¥¥¥
Feeling Minnesota (See review) The dangerous blonde spearheading this love triangle is gorgeous Cameron Diaz. ¥¥¥
Flirt (9/96) So-so tale told three times by director Hal Hartley. ¥¥
Foxfire (9/96) Some sexually harassed schoolgirls even the score. ¥¥¥
Girls Town (See review) Profane feminist vengeance, with Lili Taylor in charge. ¥¥
Independence Day (Listed only) Invading aliens in a superpowered UFO thriller with typically preposterous plot. ¥¥¥½
Infinity (See review) A nuclear scientist recalls the love of his life. ¥¥¥
Kansas City (9/96) Vintage jazz, color and crime—all courtesy of Robert Altman. ¥¥¥½
Killer: A Journal of Murder (See review) Nothing new, but played well. ¥¥
Moll Flanders (8/96) Robin Wright is right as an English whore. ¥¥¥
Mouth to Mouth (8/96) Phone sex with a Spanish accent. ¥¥¥
Nothing to Lose (See review) Portrait of a born loser's downward spiral. ¥¥½
She's the One (9/96) Director Ed Burns has another look at guys with girl trouble. ¥¥½
Small Faces (Listed only) Sixties teenage gangs play it with a Scottish burr. ¥¥¥
The Spitfire Grill (See review) Cloying tragicomedy about small-town prejudice in Maine. ¥½
Stealing Beauty (8/96) Liv Tyler, as the vibrant virgin, brightens a long Italian summer for some jaded Bertolucci expatriates. ¥¥¥¥
A Time to Kill (9/96) One more John Grisham thriller, from his deft first novel. ¥¥¥
Trainspotting (9/96) No fun to watch but on target if you can handle this British shocker about drugs and violence. ¥¥¥½
Walking and Talking (8/96) The mobile gals are New Yorkers, the subject is men. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

What do Albert Belle, Wayne Gretzky, and Reggie Miller have in common?



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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Actor **Leonard Nimoy**, known in most corners of the galaxy as Mr. Spock, recommends *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* as the space series' best entry. But as a director, Nimoy calls *The Good Mother* (starring Diane Keaton and Liam Neeson) "my best work to date—a complicated movie, more for adults." Nimoy's favorite actors include Robert De Niro ("especially in *Raging Bull*") and Susan Sarandon (*Dead Man Walking*), "but Pacino and Cage are also great in everything they do." The author of *I Am Not Spock* and its *I Am Spock* sequel is also of two minds when pressed to choose the best film of all time. "*Casablanca* is a great love story," he says, "but *The Grapes of Wrath* also appeals to me, because it's about the survival of the human spirit." A logical choice. —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Overkill of the month: Oliver Stone's ***Natural Born Killers: The Director's Cut*** (Vidmark), a new release of the grisly 1994 joyride, packaged with three additional minutes of mayhem (in 150 cuts) originally excised to ensure the film's R rating (and you thought John Grisham had a problem with the old version). Also includes a separate reel of outtakes, featuring deleted scenes with Ashley Judd, Steven Wright and Denis Leary. . . . *Wagon Train* enthusiasts saddled up weekly from 1957 to 1965 to watch their favorite pioneer families go westward. Now comes ***Wagon Train: The Collector's Edition*** (Columbia House, 800-638-2922), a digitally remastered batch of episodes from the landmark series. Get a load of the big-name weekly guest stars hitting the trail, including Bette Davis, Nancy and Ronald Reagan, John Wayne, Barbara Stanwyck and Lou Costello in his only dramatic TV role. (Nancy Reagan in a covered wagon? Get real.)

OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD VIDEO

Independence Day, *Apollo 13* and Tim Burton's forthcoming *Mars Attacks* look to the stars for adventure. But Hollywood never has had its feet entirely on the ground. Prepare for blastoff:

Alien (1979): Sigourney Weaver in a sexy torn tee takes on a mouthy monster aboard the good ship *Nostromo*. Light years better than the two sequels.

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968): Keir Dullea does the ultimate reboot on computer HAL in Kubrick's masterpiece. Set the standard for space flicks to follow.

The Ice Pirates (1984): Hilarious swashbuckler in the sky finds Robert Urich and Mary Crosby getting it on in a spaceship cabin that simulates Earth's weather. FYI: They choose rain on the beach.

The Right Stuff (1983): Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid and Ed Harris top all-star spin on Tom Wolfe's Mercury-mission memoir. Chuck Yeager cameos as a bartender.

The Black Hole (1979): It sucks—no, really. Celestial whirlpool vacuums Ernest Borgnine and company to the other side of the universe. Happy landing.

Marooned (1969): Three astronauts stranded in orbit with no air, no heat and little chance of rescue. Call it *Apollo 12½*.

Lifepod (1993): Nifty planetary update of Hitchcock's *Lifeboat* finds eight space-station survivors whittling down their number in an escape ship.

In Like Flint (1967): Derek Flint (James Coburn) takes to space to stop society of bikini-clad women who want to dominate the world. Uh, there's a problem with that?

Star Wars (1977): Cinematic space—and movies in general—was never the same after we met George Lucas' interplanetary folk heroes: Luke, Han, Leia, Yoda, Darth and R2D2 and C-3P0.

Spaceballs (1987): Prince Valium vs. Dark Helmet in Mel Brooks' *Star Wars* send-up. May the farce be with you.

Capricorn One (1978): The first manned mission to Mars is a hoax, but no one will believe astronaut O.J. Simpson. And who would doubt O.J.? —BUZZ MCCLAIN

X-RATED VIDEO OF THE MONTH

As the sequel to his kinky hit *Latex*, Michael Ninn's erotic dream ***Shock*** fails to break new ground in character development. But does the plot make a difference when the real story here is about gorgeous women, torrid sex and first-rate filmmaking? Best bits: the six-girl pile-on and ménage-à-gargoyles (VCA).

LASER FARE

It may take a couple nights to get through MCA/Universal's Signature Collection release of Steven Spielberg's ***1941*** ($130), but it's decidedly worth the effort. The seven-sided package of the 1979 film—all about a paranoid Los Angeles in the wake of Pearl Harbor—weighs in at 146 minutes, 20 percent longer than the theater and home-video versions. Included: great outtakes, behind-the-scenes footage and commentary by Spielberg and company. By the way, check out how much of the film's Japan-bashing—like Slim Pickens' chasing Japanese sailors with an ax—was cut from the original theatrical version. Is it just a coincidence that Universal, which had promised to deliver this disc long ago, was sold by Matsushita to Seagram's within the past year? —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***The Birdcage*** (campy queens Robin Williams and Nathan Lane go butch for straight in-laws in Nichols' winning *La Cage* remake), ***Fargo*** (lady sheriff tracks kidnappers in bitter North Dakota; darkly comic crime caper from the Coen brothers).
SLEEPER	***A Family Thing*** (Robert Duvall seeks long-lost half-brother James Earl Jones; racial retread saved by fine acting, solid script), ***Stand Off*** (David Strathairn is good-guy cop in quirky, satisfying Canadian hostage drama).
ACTION	***Executive Decision*** (Kurt Russell saves airliner from terrorists, Seagal swan-dives early; call it *Fly Hard*), ***The Demolitionist*** (ex-*Baywatch* suit-stretcher Nicole Eggert is motorcycle-straddling superbabe in black leather; dumb fun).
COMEDY	***Flirting With Disaster*** (neurotic adoptee meets his wacky natural folks; Mary Tyler Moore's bra-flashing already classic), ***Girl 6*** (aspiring actress Theresa Randle turns phone-sex diva; not Spike's best, but worth a call).
ART HOUSE	***Shanghai Triad*** (singing hooker comes between two mob dons; director Zhang Yimou's gorgeous Thirties gangster epic), ***The Celluloid Closet*** (fine historical portrait of gay themes in cinema—from homoerotic *Ben-Hur* to lesbian vampires).

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ALMOST EVERYTHING we know about the modern Mafia we owe to Mario Puzo. *The Godfather* romanticized organized crime in all its brutality. Now, 27 years later, Puzo tries it again with ***The Last Don*** (Random House). It's another family saga, but it's also a story about how the Mob distanced itself from its past by going west to Las Vegas and Hollywood.

The don summons the heads of ten Mafia families to his walled estate in upstate New York to announce his retirement. He tells them his powerful family will get out of unions, transportation, alcohol, tobacco and drugs. It will control gambling and maintain a presence in New York City, but the rest of the country is theirs.

He then sends his sons and loyal lieutenants out to conquer legit businesses: restaurant management, construction and a hotel in Vegas. The Mob's divvying up of the American pie is cynical but plausible. Puzo hooks readers with such inner machinations, but when the story switches focus to Hollywood and Nevada, the Mafia's secret world is replaced by well-known turf. The crafty Puzo rescues the story with an intense love affair between a former hit man and a Hollywood star, and he pulls it off because the lovers' fate is intertwined with that of the dying don.

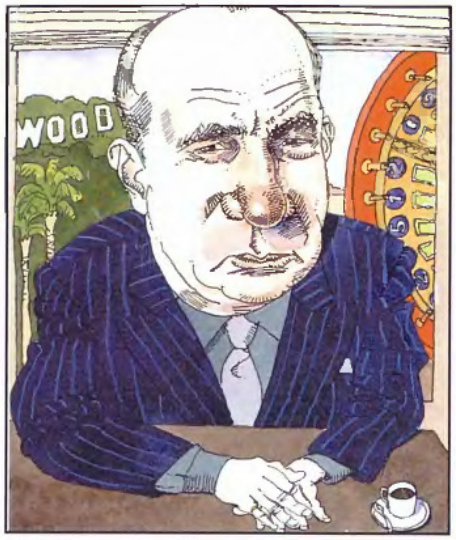
Bring on the popcorn and the Multiplex. You'll remember the last don the way you remember Brando's edgy whisper—with grim fascination.

Split Image: The Life of Anthony Perkins (Dutton), by Charles Winecoff: Was it just great acting in *Psycho* or was that the real Perkins? Anecdotes from interviews with his friends, colleagues and leading ladies reveal an offscreen life as strange and fractured as his most famous role.

Murder at San Simeon (Scribner), by Patricia Hearst and Cordelia Frances Biddle: How do you follow being kidnapped and co-starring in a John Waters movie? Write a mystery thriller about Hollywood in the Twenties. Patty offers a fictional solution to an unsolved case involving grandpa William Randolph himself.

Golf Dreams: Writings on Golf (Knopf), by John Updike: These days everyone plays golf, but Updike's fictional suburban guys play it with a special passion. Here the master reminisces about caddies he has known, players he has studied and golf's mystique.

Falling Up (Harper Collins), by Shel Silverstein: We loved the best-sellers *Where the Sidewalk Ends* and *A Light in the Attic* as much as the kids did. The poems and drawings are wickedly funny. This new collection, Silverstein's first in 15 years, pokes us again, in all the right places.



Mario Puzo's *Last Don*.

The Godfather's return, showbiz thrillers and the debut of *Bookmarks*.

Dog Eat Dog (St. Martin's), by Edward Bunker: The toughest con who ever stroked a keyboard has written another prison novel, featuring three desperate killers. He should know.

Cadillac Jukebox (Hyperion), by James Lee Burke: Detective Dave Robicheaux knows the bayous and fishing camps of Louisiana as well as the ribald streets of New Orleans. He's as flawed as the bad guys, and in this ninth adventure he stands between a former Klansman convicted of murder and the governor. If you haven't read Burke, get going.

Dark Star: An Oral Biography of Jerry Garcia (Morrow), by Robert Greenfield: Jerry's gone, but everything else lingers on—the music, the Deadheads, the rest of the band. This testimonial by people who knew him will be embraced like an extra-long set.

The Love Song of J. Edgar Hoover (Simon & Schuster), by Kinky Friedman: Now that he's written nine mysteries, there's an entire generation of people who never saw Friedman front his band, the Texas Jewboys. Luckily, the same dark humor runs through his comic crime capers. This time, a leggy blonde is looking for her husband, and once Kinky gets involved, the FBI starts looking for him.

The Prehistory of Sex (Bantam), by Timothy Taylor: Cole Porter said it best: Birds do it, bees do it. But do you know how our precursors did it? This archaeologist provides intriguing descriptions of cave lust 4 million years ago.

A Father's Kisses (Donald Fine), by Bruce Jay Friedman: Anyone who loved *A Mother's Kisses* and wondered about Dad will find the answer here. It's the hilarious tale of a dutiful father who becomes a hired assassin to finance his 11-year-old daughter's dreams.

Outrage: The Five Reasons Why O.J. Simpson Got Away With Murder (W.W. Norton), by Vincent Bugliosi: The man who put away Charles Manson was rooting for the prosecution in the Simpson trial—until the lawyers presented their case. This smart best-seller examines Clark's and Darden's decisions with an eye toward what they left out. Read Bugliosi's hypothetical summation to the jury and you'll wish he'd been there.

BOOKMARKS

The NBA at 50 (Park Lane) celebrates a half century of hoops with more than 200 color photographs and an introduction by **David Halberstam**. It is touted as being one of the great sports books. . . . Books@Random, the redesigned Web site for Random House (http://www.randomhouse.com), has positioned itself for an Internet battle with Bantam Doubleday Dell (http://www.bdd.com) for the title of hottest publisher in cyberspace. . . . **Arthur C. Clarke** has announced that he will wind up his *2001* series next fall with *3001: The Final Odyssey* from Del Rey/Ballantine. NASA has been providing him with data from the Jupiter space probe. . . . **Francis Coppola's** Zoetrope studio optioned **Christopher Hunt's** *Sparring With Charlie: Motorbiking Down the Ho Chi Minh Trail*, with Coppola's nephew **Chris** to direct. If made, it will be the first American feature film shot in Vietnam since the end of the war. . . . As a gesture of support, **Walter Mosley** will publish his much-discussed first Easy Rawlins novel, *Gone Fishin'*, with Black Classic Press, an African American publishing house. Mosley has been working on this book, which deals with Easy's earliest years, for a decade. It will be out in early 1997. . . . Film rights for **Don Winslow's** *The Death and Life of Bobby Z* were snapped up for $625,000 by director **Richard Donner,** backed by Warner Bros., even before Knopf's **Sonny Mehta** bought publishing rights for *Bobby Z* and for Winslow's second, as yet unwritten, novel for $600,000. . . . Last, what is the real fallout from St. Martin's refusal to publish **David Irving's** contentious biography of **Joseph Goebbels?** Is it a censorship issue or a publishing one? If no American publisher buys it, Irving may self-publish in the U.S. An industry source charges the book is being frozen out by overly sensitive folks who haven't read it.

MEN

By ASA BABER

MY FUTURE CENTERFOLDS

It happened one day this past spring. Mary and Helen, my 12-year-old twins, were both wearing pink taffeta skirts and fluffy white sweaters as they curtsied to me before sitting down at our breakfast table. Primly, they checked their makeup and hair in the mirror that each carries in a purse.

"We are ready, dear father," Mary and Helen said as they put on white gloves.

"Ready for what, girls?" I asked.

I always call my sons "girls" in the hope it will feminize them. Feminization is also why I named them Mary and Helen and gave them dolls to play with.

On the best advice (as you will soon see), my role as a father has had only one goal: to destroy my sons' sense of masculinity. Why? Unless I taught my sons that being male is a dishonorable condition, I knew they would never be able to contribute to the making of a better world.

"Oh, father," Mary said with a giggle as he toyed with his charm bracelet, "how hopelessly out of touch you are."

"Really, papa," Helen said in his surprisingly deep voice, "you just don't get it, do you?"

"Get what?" I asked.

"This is a special day, pater," Helen said. "Have you forgotten?"

I looked at the date at the top of the sports page. "It's April 25th," I said. "What am I missing?"

"Today is Take Our Daughters to Work Day!" Mary said harshly. "We shouldn't have to tell you this."

Helen, always the historian, continued the scolding: "Take Our Daughters to Work Day was started four years ago by the Ms. Foundation for Women, and it has become a great success. So we are ready to go with you to your workplace to learn how girls can have professional careers despite this evil patriarchy in which we have been forced to live."

I felt like such a fool! The Ms. Foundation had taught me everything I knew about raising my two sons, and yet here I was, ignoring one of its most significant events.

"Mother of Gaea, I'm sorry!" I said. Then it hit me. "But what can we do?" I asked. "I can't take you to work with me today."

"Why not?" they both shouted.

"Because technically speaking, you're not girls," I said.

"But we want to be girls," Helen said. "We're trying as hard as we can."

"How can you say we're not girls?" Mary sobbed. "It's all you ever taught us to be, father." Then she and Helen started the chant they always sing when a decision of mine is questioned. "Call *Ms.*, call *Ms.*," they cried.

"Oh, all right," I finally said, "I'll call the Ms. Foundation. Those folks always know what is best."

I should tell you that after the twins were born, their mother left me for her Women's Studies professor. Since then, I have relied on feminist sagacity at places such as NOW and *Ms.* to lead me through the thicket of parenthood.

I reached Rachel Radical, the Ms. Foundation president, on her private line. Some people see Ms. Radical as a lobbyist and propagandist, but she has served me well as I struggle with the unwholesome burden of raising two sons.

"As I understand the rules of Take Our Daughters to Work Day, only girls are supposed to go to the office with their parents today. Isn't that true?" I asked Ms. Radical.

"Absolutely right, Asa," Rachel Radical said. "We can't have boys mucking about and taking all the attention away from our shy and passive daughters today. Young men know they can succeed in a business environment, but girls don't."

"OK," I said, "but I'm a little confused, because I've raised my sons as girls, just as you told me to do. They wear girls' clothes, eat S'mores and watch soap operas, and they put their hair in curlers every night before they go to bed. So why can't they come to work with me?"

"It is simply not allowed, Asa, because they are still of the male gender, unfortunately. But we do have something for you. It's called Son's Day, and it's coming up October 20th."

"Oh, wow!" I said. "Can I take my kids to the office on Son's Day?"

"No, Asa. You see, October 20, 1996 is a Sunday, and we chose it intentionally. We don't want boys going to the workplace on Son's Day."

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Well, October happens to be National Domestic Violence Awareness Month, so we think you should take your sons to a radical feminist rally that chastises all men for the violence that some men commit against women."

"But my sons aren't violent," I said. "They would never hurt anyone."

"Nonsense. They are males, aren't they?" Ms. Radical asked. "However, if that event doesn't please you, perhaps you could have them participate in a sporting activity in which no one keeps score and where there are no winners or losers."

"Do I have to watch that?" I asked.

"It would do you good," she said. "And because Sunday is Son's Day, we suggest that you take your boys to the grocery store and show them how to shop, then take them home and teach them how to prepare a meal. And don't forget to make them wash all the dishes afterward."

"So many men, so few dishwashers," I said. "Aren't guys the pits?"

"Yes, indeed," Ms. Radical said.

Even though October 20 will be a Sunday, I am excited by the thought of bringing Mary and Helen to the office. I will show them where I work. Then, just before we leave, I will take my sons into the PLAYBOY photo studio. "A few years from now, if you take the right shots and get the sex-change operations this culture wants you to have, one of you might make a great centerfold," I will say.

They are aiming for Miss October 2006, and I am so proud!

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I love your book *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life* and thought you might enjoy a trick from mine, *Creative Screwing* ($15 from P.O. Box 20412, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49019). I call it the Pussy Roll. In order to perfect this trick, the woman must have tight vaginal muscles and should practice on a dildo or vibrator. If the woman is already wet, she wipes herself dry and with an antiseptic wipe removes any precoital fluid from her partner's erection. After carefully unrolling a nonlubricated condom, she folds it back three rolls from the base. She then inserts three fingers into the condom and glides it into her vagina until the rolled base is tight against her opening. She tightens her vaginal muscles to hold the condom in place and gently guides the man's erection until its head is touching the latex. As she slides him into the length of the condom, she relaxes her vaginal muscles. Once he's inside that much, she tightens up and rolls the rest of the condom down to the base of his cock. As I said, this takes practice, but it's worth the effort. And it will improve any man's view of condoms!—Nannette Hernandez, Flagstaff, Arizona

Thanks, Nannette, you saved the day. We didn't account for the leap year in "365 Ways," so we needed something to do on New Year's Eve.

Here's the correct origin of the Hairy Buffalo cocktail, which you mentioned in your June column. It was born on a rainy afternoon in September 1955 at the 19th Hole Bar in Fort Worth, Texas. There were five of us in the booth from two colleges. Our sole purpose was to invent a mixed drink for women that would create a strong interest in the opposite sex. The original formula was a quart each of grain alcohol, 100-proof vodka and rum mixed with pink lemonade. Women loved it and we were not disappointed. We also tried a Hairless Buffalo (low fat) and Bald Buffalo (low cal), but they never caught on.—F.A., Los Angeles, California

That's all well and good, but what have you done for us lately?

Is there such a thing as a "fluffer" in the porn business?—R.R., Washington, D.C.

If you're lucky. A fluffer is a woman who gets an actor hard before he steps in front of the camera. The position has never been common, mostly because budget-minded directors aren't willing to pay for sex they can't get on film. One former porn actor recalls using a fluffer only once in his long career—his co-star didn't want to mess up her makeup. The most notable recent use of fluffers was during the filming of two "World's Largest Gang Bang" videos in which porn

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

actresses set new standards for continuous acts of sexual intercourse. (For insider info on the adult film industry, check out the alt.sex.movies FAQ at http://w3.gti.net/director/faq/) We've long been fascinated by the idea of a fluffer, so we experimented with a sex trick by the same name: Your partner does all she can to keep you hard without benefit of intercourse and without exciting you so much that you lose your cool. You act nonchalant, trying not to give anything away, all the time thinking like the jaded movie star that you are ("where's my Fresca?"). The object is to come without her suspecting you were close. Play fluffer for her and everyone's a winner.

Every few weeks, my wife gives me a manicure and finishes it off with a layer of clear polish. She says it's distinguished and sexy. I feel self-conscious having shiny nails around my buddies. What's your take?—S.S., Baltimore, Maryland

We enjoy a good manicure as much as the next guy, but you shouldn't be able to see yourself in your nails.

What's the best pickup line?—R.T., Los Angeles, California

Pickup lines take too much energy, and it appears they're becoming relics. One of the questions PLAYBOY *asked college students in our campus sex survey (see page 64) was, "Do you know a surefire opening line?" Only one response stood out: "Do you mind if I sit here?" It was suggested by a woman. The bad news: She was one of the few virgins in our sample. The good news: She'd had ten oral sex partners. Rather than dropping a line, the best way to approach a woman is to sincerely compliment her—there was a reason you picked her out of the crowd, right? You'll know soon enough whether she's looking for conversation.*

I'm a nurse working my way around Europe. I recently stayed overnight with an English girlfriend and her lover, and through the bedroom walls I heard her squealing and being slapped repeatedly. I was too startled to intervene, but the next morning she told me—with a dreamy grin—that she'd been getting a "quite delicious" bare-ass spanking before sex. I'm intrigued. I'll try anything once, but what are the risks?—M.J., London, England

You risk waking your houseguests.

Do you know the origin of the word beaver in reference to a woman's genitals?—T.R., Chicago, Illinois

Beaver is an American word—aren't we proud? One explanation of its origin comes from Alan Richter's "Dictionary of Sexual Slang": "Since a beaver is a furry animal, this sexual sense is not surprising. The beaver has a flat tail, and a flat cock is slang for a woman considered sexually (dating from 18th century Britain—meaning the absence of a penis)." Another was offered by Kurt Vonnegut in his novel "Breakfast of Champions": "The expression was first used by news photographers who often got to see up women's skirts at accidents. They needed a code word to yell to other newsmen to let them know what could be seen in case they wanted to see it." We won't suggest what that says about the morals or manners of journalists.

Recently I was diagnosed with testicular cancer. My wife and I would like to have children, and my doctor suggested I donate to a sperm bank. Have you heard of this?—D.M., Tampa, Florida

Sure. Chemotherapy, surgery or radiation therapy can leave you infertile, so a sperm bank will freeze and store samples you donate before treatment. Reproductive technology has advanced enough to give you a good shot at having children. The American Society for Reproductive Medicine (205-978-5000) can supply more information. Some men have stored sperm before testicular or prostate surgery or even vasectomies, just in case.

What's the verdict on wearing a belt with suspenders?—D.W., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Wearing suspenders with a belt is rustic. It's immediately apparent you're wearing them to look hip, which means you're not hip.

A while ago I toured a distillery in Scotland and the guide mentioned "the angels' share." I didn't ask what he

meant by that but now wish I had. Can you help?—T.R., Colorado Springs, Colorado

When aging Scotch whiskey, distillers expect about two percent to evaporate each year as it breathes out of the barrel. That portion drifts to heaven.

Last week I discovered that my boyfriend has been cheating on me with his ex. I intend to break up with the lying scumbag, but because I caught him only by reading his diary, I'm not sure how to approach it. What should I do?—D.B., Santa Monica, California

Tell him you read his diary. What difference does it make now? You've both violated whatever trust existed between you, and the relationship is probably kaput. That's too bad, since you were made for each other: You both sneak around.

Why is it that I end up with lousy seats for shows after waiting in line, while ticket brokers always offer front-row spots? No one can provide any explanation beyond "that's how it works."—A.N., Boston, Massachusetts

Brokers usually reserve the best tickets by paying someone to stand in line or by bribing a box-office lackey. But some rock artists have adopted voucher distribution systems that ensure everyone a fair shot at a great seat. Typically you must show identification when you buy the tickets. You are then given a voucher with your name and a number from your ID. At the concert, your name and number are checked at the door against a master list. This isn't a practical approach for large venues, so some bands have required IDs only for prime seats.

I have been a PLAYBOY subscriber for 20 years. My wife and I are fairly liberal and make no effort to keep your magazine from my 17-year-old son. I don't show our 13-year-old the magazine, but if he looked at it I would view it as healthy curiosity. What's your view?—F.D., San Francisco, California

You can't go wrong being up front with your kids about sex. If teenagers believe their parents are uptight or unapproachable about the topic, they'll enter adulthood with more questions than answers. That said, we can't see the value of PLAYBOY *to a 13-year-old—it's not designed as a starter manual, and most of the sexual content will sail over his head. ("But Dad, I only read it for the cartoons.") Better his father sit him down and answer his questions.*

Recently you answered a letter about irritating shaves. As a master barber with 36 years' experience, I've seen a lot of faces. I recommend preparing the face with an oil-based moisturizer or conditioner before applying foam lather. The key to not cutting yourself is to direct the blade at a 15 percent to 30 percent slant with the growth while stretching the skin with your free hand. For a closer shave, use a fresh blade against the growth. You'll feel great and she'll give you delightful sighs from her face, breasts and thighs.—P.S., Scottsdale, Arizona

But for that last part, we'd probably all have beards.

I read the letters you've published about people who initiate sex while asleep. My new boyfriend told me he falls asleep after he climaxes. I thought he meant he likes to hit the sack, but he passes out for 30 seconds. I laugh or tickle him and get no response. He also told me he can't have sex in the shower because he might injure himself. Is this for real?—P.L., Miami, Florida

It's unusual but not unheard of. Dr. Michael Thorpy of the Sleep-Wake Disorder Center at Montefiore Medical Center in New York, who gave us the rundown on sleep-bonking earlier this year, suspects your boyfriend may suffer from a combination of narcolepsy (sudden unexpected sleep or sleepiness) and cataplexy (the extreme muscle weakness or temporary paralysis associated with narcolepsy). The two conditions usually appear separately but sometimes merge. The emotional stimulus of orgasm can trigger cataplexy, which can lead to sudden, brief REM (dream-state) sleep. According to Dr. Thorpy, cataplexy occurs at orgasm in about 40 percent of narcoleptics. And about 30 percent suffer from sleep attacks during sex. Certain antidepressant medication can help. For more information, contact the National Sleep Foundation (1367 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20036).

Please settle a family argument. My sister-in-law insists that the gratuity be based on the cost of the food and drinks alone. I contend that it is based on the total bill, including tax. Who's right?—M.V., Glendale, California

It depends on your mood. If the service was only adequate, take out the tax. If it was excellent, factor it in.

Can you give me an update on a contraceptive pill for men?—T.A., Detroit, Michigan

Don't hold your breath. Researchers have developed hormonal methods, but they involve regular injections and mess with libido and male sex characteristics such as muscle mass. The cottonseed oil derivative gossypol looked promising, for instance, until researchers discovered it shrank testicles over time. Scientists in Boston are studying a way to stimulate sperm before ejaculation so the little guys are too tired to swim very far, while a team in North Carolina has found a sugar that appears to prevent sperm from attaching to the egg. In tests on rats, it prevented fertilization 98 percent of the time, with no apparent side effects. Tests have not been performed on human sperm, however, and there are obstacles outside the lab. Carl Djerassi, who invented the pill for women, has noted it could take 20 years and millions of dollars in research for a men's version to reach the market. That's assuming one of the four pharmaceutical companies conducting contraceptive research worldwide takes a chance. Even with government approval of a contraceptive, you can still get sued—ask the makers of Norplant. If a male oral contraceptive reaches the market, don't expect condoms to disappear—the pill won't prevent sexually transmitted diseases.

I've been dating my girlfriend for about eight months. Before I met her, she lived with a man for seven years and never had an orgasm with him. In fact, she says she's never had an orgasm and never had received oral sex. They fucked only in the missionary position, only in the dark and only at night. So I went to town. We had sex day and night, lights on, different positions, and I went down on her often. To my surprise, she still isn't able to come. When I go down on her, I can't find her clitoris. I have heard of something called a "hooded clitoris." Could this be the cause of her inability to climax?—G.G., Atlanta, Georgia

Could be, or perhaps it's all the pressure she feels to have an orgasm. Sex is more than the finish line. Concentrate on her pleasure and don't worry about her orgasm. Give her a back rub, touch her gently, tease her a little, have fun. That will help her relax, and that elusive climax may just sneak up on her. Finding her clitoris could help, though not every woman needs direct stimulation. The clitoris is somewhat concealed, or "hooded," by a fold of skin where the top of the inner labia meet. Gently pushing up the fold of skin at that spot allows for a better view, though the part of the clitoris you're staring at (the head) is only about the size of a small pea. Here's the tricky part: When a woman becomes sexually aroused, the clitoris pulls back against the pubic bone and the labia swell, precluding direct contact. If you're still having trouble, use a vibrator or ask your girlfriend to masturbate (if she has never touched herself, she needs to start). As she and her clitoris get to know each other, kiss her thighs and watch carefully.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

A few insights into the dreams of men.

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SAME-SEX MARRIAGE

should heterosexuals feel threatened?—you bet

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

The prospect of legal same-sex marriages has ignited intense moral outrage among our legislators. As a result, we now have a proposed law that permits states to deny formal recognition to such unions. Congress titled this legislation the Defense of Marriage Act—meaning, of course, heterosexual marriage.

As a married straight man, I agree that the endangered hetero marriage needs all the defending it can get. Given that the bonding of a man and a woman is currently as likely to lead to estrangement, abuse and/or divorce as to lasting happiness, the marriage of two persons of like gender makes sense as an alternative. Consider:

Men Are From Mars, Men Are From Mars. We Have a Match. Men and women are unarguably different creatures, and while we say *vive* the differences that produce passion and fulfillment, we're also stuck with those differences that generate discord, alienation, resentment and even physical harm.

For starters, take the stress inherent in marriage. How do we handle it? According to a survey by the Princeton Survey Research Association, women (two to one over men) go shopping, while men (almost two to one over women) drink alcohol. Let's review: You have an already stressful situation, and a wife comes home from a spending spree to a husband who's on the sauce. Need we spell out the potential for unpleasantness?

In a gay union, by contrast, the partners might respond to marital stress as a unit: They go out and shop their asses off or tie one on. This is called togetherness, a quality high on any family values list.

Much of the friction in heterosexual relationships arises from the man's desire for male companionship, expressed as "some time with my buddies." In the case of a gay mating, however, the spouse is one of the buddies. The flash points of conflict are automatically diminished in countless little ways. No more of those *Monday Night Football* versus *Murphy Brown* and *Cybill* arguments. With two gay men, it's unanimous for Murph and for Cyb.

The larger truth is that, in general, men find it easier to live with other men, while women are far more comfortable in the company of other women. Add mutual sexual attraction and satisfaction to that equation and you have—no blasphemy intended—a marriage made in heaven.

The Perks. Ancillary benefits of homosexual marriage include:

Shotgun weddings are virtually unheard of.

No prenuptial tiffs over whether to register at Neiman Marcus or Ace Hardware. And two bridal showers, hence twice as many gifts.

Physiologically, both partners are equally likely to snore, be flatulent or suffer PMS.

Conversations tend to be on subjects that interest both parties.

An end to the divisive, age-old debate over toilet seat placement.

Extreme unlikelihood of arguments over whether anal and oral sex are improper and disgusting.

With two working partners, no gender-based inequality of income. And statistically, there's less chance of either spouse engaging in romantic liaisons with co-workers.

Little if any parental pressure to "give us some grandchildren."

In general, it would mean less contact with in-laws.

No embarrassment at having to buy tampons for mate.

No unilateral complaints about pantyhose hung to dry in the bathroom.

Innocent, offhand remarks aren't angrily pounced upon as sexist.

Ironically, the strongest argument for same-sex pairings comes from heterophiles themselves: that the primary purpose of marriage is to produce children—those being humans at their most disruptive, annoying and, these days, dangerously violent stages. The American family is already up to its neck in kids it can't feed, house, educate or control. Any union that is less likely to add more offspring is a blessing.

A childless marriage doesn't have to resolve (and survive) inevitable conflicts over diapering duties, explaining sex, watching *Free Willy* (again), means of discipline and how to handle the discovery that one's precious lamb has: (a) a swastika tattoo, (b) the IQ of a mollusk, (c) been arrested, (d) the complete Seka tape library, (e) herpes, (f) a handgun. What havoc can children wreak upon a marriage? Three words: Lyle and Erik.

Conclusion: Those who decry gay wedlock as a threat to marriage as we know it may be closer to the truth than they realize.

They might be right.

FREEDOM ON TRIAL

how the communications decency act played in court

By DECLAN MC CULLAGH

Day 1 (March 21)

In the shadow of the Liberty Bell in downtown Philadelphia, the future of online liberty is being decided. A panel of federal judges has gathered to hear a challenge to the Communications Decency Act, which bans "indecent" or "patently offensive" material from being transmitted or displayed online where minors might access it. That means just about anywhere online.

The challenge to the law, filed by the ACLU on behalf of my free speech organization, Justice on Campus, and 18 other plaintiffs, charges that the CDA is overly broad and violates the constitutional right to free speech. The law makes no effort to distinguish between sexual material protected by the First Amendment and the vile and probably illegal images available in the dark corners of cyberspace. The law also is unnecessary, because parents and teachers already have the ability to control what children see online.

The courthouse lobby is jammed with plaintiffs, lawyers and journalists, as it will be throughout the five days of testimony. The courtroom itself is crisscrossed with cables. Computers near the bench will be hooked up to the Net for demonstrations.

The four-member ACLU team, joined by three lawyers for the American Library Association and others, will present our case. Their first task is to show how effective "filter" software can be in limiting access to explicit material, negating the need for the CDA. Judges Dolores Sloviter, Ronald Buckwalter and Stewart Dalzell watch intently as Ann Duvall of Surfwatch Software, Inc. demonstrates her firm's product, one of several "nanny" programs on the market. Duvall's testimony is strong but not without problems. Her computer crashes twice, and heavy traffic prevents her from accessing the Louvre or Playboy's Home Page. When she tries to visit *Penthouse*, however, the software does its job, returning the message "Blocked by Surfwatch."

Blocking programs are not flawless, so Christopher Hansen of the ACLU calls a witness to explain that exposure to sexual material that may slip through is not inherently harmful. William Stayton, an American Baptist minister and sex therapist, testifies that based on research and his observations, a child's (or adult's) psyche is not automatically damaged if he or she sees sexually explicit images. But when Justice Department attorney Patricia Russotto begins her cross-examination, she avoids the "protect the children argument that spawned the CDA. Borrowing one page from the antiporn zealot Catharine MacKinnon and another from the Meese Commission on Pornography, Russotto fills the courtroom with corrosive questions such as "Do you agree that these pictures don't depict a healthy view of women as sexual beings?" and "Do you agree that these pictures are part of a socialization process that uses women as sex objects?"

ROBERT KOPECKY (2)

As part of its case against sex, the Justice Department has presented the judges with examples of sexual images downloaded from the Net. After the hearing, some of the plaintiffs and a few reporters try to take a look, but Justice Department attorney Jason Baron says that the photographs are off-limits.

Day 2 (March 22)

When a Harvard computer specialist takes the stand to explain the structure of cyberspace, Judge Dalzell asks, "Hasn't the growth and utility of the Internet occurred precisely because governments have kept their hands out of it and haven't set standards everybody has to follow?" He's right. The heart of the Net is its ability to make anyone a mass-market publisher and to allow unfettered speech without interference. That's why the CDA is such a serious threat.

A key witness today is Robert Croneberger of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. The judges are pleased with his description of the Internet as a library—finally, someone who isn't using technobabble. Croneberger testifies about the difficulties and expense of implementing the CDA, noting that his library would have to hire 180 people to review and censor the 2 million listings in its catalog. Russotto, the government lawyer, is skeptical. During her cross-exam, she tries to make the case that the job wouldn't be so difficult as Croneberger portrays it:

Q: Can you do a keyword search through your catalog for words related to sex or for the seven dirty words [to find material to restrict]?
A: It depends.
Q: But a keyword search on sex wouldn't turn up books about physics, would it?
A: I doubt it.
Q: And a search on sex isn't going to turn up books about gardening?
A: Obviously plants proliferate and flowers grow, but it depends on the words you're using.
Q: Would a search on sex turn up a biography of Abraham Lincoln?
A: I've read several articles about Lincoln's supposed sex life or lack thereof.
Q: Would a search on sex turn up any books about geology?
A: Only if "rock" is put together with "roll."

Croneberger's point is subtle but clear. Sex can't be taken out of a library

any more easily than it can be separated from life.

Day 3 (April 1)

Judge Sloviter is astonished when Net expert Howard Rheingold testifies that some online communities elect cyberjudges. Judge Dalzell wonders, "Is there impeachment?"

The judges' questions to Rheingold—who takes the stand in a glowing blue suit, an iridescent pink shirt and the first tie he's bought in ten years—show that they are trying hard to understand Net culture. The ACLU hopes Rheingold's testimony will point out the futility of applying "community standards"—the traditional test in defining obscenity—to a place that has no borders. Because Rheingold is an authority on online communities, Russotto presents him with a hypothetical: "Do you think Michelangelo's *David* would be found patently offensive according to community standards?"

"Which community?" Rheingold replies. Russotto moves on.

Day 4 (April 12)

The government witnesses take the stand. First up is Howard Schmidt, an Air Force special agent who says he has conducted 30 to 50 investigations of online porn. The judges are growing weary of demonstrations and sex, so when Schmidt offers to download provocative images from Usenet groups, the panel asks for G-rated animals instead. After the second or third waterfowl image, Judge Sloviter rules, "I think we've seen enough cute ducks."

Schmidt skips ahead to the World Wide Web. He begins by typing the search term XXX into the popular online catalog Yahoo. A list of 120 sites pops up, including one devoted to Super Bowl XXX. From there Schmidt points and clicks to reach sites such as Sex Vision, Cyberbabes and the Honey Page. Rather than explore the sites beyond their opening pages (which requires a credit card or password), Schmidt refers the judges to images he downloaded and printed earlier. My dream of watching a government special agent present a smutty slide show in a darkened federal courthouse evaporates.

After his online demonstration, Schmidt answers questions. Ann Kappler, a lawyer for the ALA, poses a few zingers: Had Schmidt used Surfwatch or any other filtering program while searching for porn? He had not. Would a filter have permitted his keyword search using "XXX sex"? It would not. Schmidt also reveals where he found three of the Web addresses he visited—in the *Women of the Internet* pictorial in the April issue of PLAYBOY, a magazine children cannot buy. (One of Schmidt's exhibits is a nude image he photocopied from the same issue—probably because the online version was cropped by PLAYBOY to be less revealing.)

Judge Buckwalter has a question. "You said sexually explicit sites can be found even if one is not looking for them. But isn't it highly unlikely that you'll come across a sexually explicit site by accident? Aren't the odds pretty slim?"

"The odds . . . the odds are slim, Your Honor," Schmidt says.

AFTER THE SECOND OR THIRD WATERFOWL IMAGE, JUDGE SLOVITER RULES, "I THINK WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH CUTE DUCKS."

The government next sends Dan Olsen to the stand. Olsen, who heads a computer science institute at Carnegie Mellon University, has invented an online rating system he calls -L18 (for "less than 18"). He insists it can make the CDA viable. Under it, every American online would tag his or her e-mail messages, files and Web pages as suitable or unsuitable for children.

But Olsen seems ill prepared to explain his scheme. He admits that he hasn't read the CDA ("Mr. Baron showed me parts of it") and that he spent all of two weeks on his proposal. Asked how -L18 would be forced on other countries, as the Internet has no borders, Olsen says that he has not considered it.

During cross-examination, Olsen concedes his system has fatal flaws. (What do you expect for two weeks' work?) For starters, the millions of dollars in software now used to navigate the Internet would need to be recoded. More important, the -L18 plan relies on the content provider to decide what deserves an adults-only rating. In other words, every American who posts text, sound, video, graphics or photos online would have to determine what is and what is not "indecent." If a prosecutor somewhere feels a judgment is wrong, the individual could face a fine or prison time. At the very least, the threat of legal action could close many controversial sites to anyone under 18. Several teenagers who believe they have a constitutional right to access information about sex, AIDS and other mature topics are among the plaintiffs in our lawsuit.

Beyond its sheer stupidity, Olsen's plan seems to be built with prudery rather than technology. During cross-examination, the judges didn't appear to take him seriously:

Q: If you thought about posting a centerfold from PLAYBOY, would you think the image might be indecent or patently offensive for persons under 18?
A: If we consider the local community that consists of Dan, Dan would be offended.
Q: And how about the seven dirty words?
A: Dan would be offended.
Judge Buckwalter: Who's Dan?
Judge Sloviter: Yes, who's Dan?
A: That's me. I'm sorry.
Judge Dalzell: Oh, he's the community. He is an expert on what would offend him.
A: It's a relatively small community, but it's the one I know best.
Buckwalter: I thought Dan was an acronym.

A moment later, our lawyers show Olsen a list of Internet addresses and ask if they appear to be porn sites deserving of unsuitable-for-children tags. He hesitates, then says, "I don't know, but I wouldn't go there."

Looking over the list, Judge Dalzell adds the punch line. "Chick of the Day could be poultry," he suggests.

"You really are in for ducks and poultry," says Judge Sloviter.

"It's a leitmotiv."

Bruce Ennis, counsel for the ALA, asks Olsen how content providers

would verify the ages of those who visit their sites. Olsen stammers a bit and then hits on an idea. Ask the Social Security Administration! It keeps records of such things.

Big Brother couldn't have said it better.

Day 5 (April 15)

The government has a tough road ahead. It has to convince three skeptical judges that enforcing the CDA would not become a boondoggle. Olsen, at least, believes it can be done. When asked if his rating system would slow the growth of the Net, he quickly responds, "Absolutely not!"

But nearly everyone in the courtroom seems to feel Olsen is being a weasel. Judge Dalzell, the most Net-savvy judge and the only one with young kids (I'm guessing the two are related), helps pin the inventor down. "Assume a chat group—say, students from 13 to 18—is talking about the CDA. In the course of the chat, an 18-year-old is exasperated and types 'Fuck the CDA.' Is it your proposal that before he types the message, he should tag it -L18?" Dalzell is paraphrasing *Cohen vs. California*, a First Amendment case in which the U.S. Supreme Court overturned the conviction of a teenager who wore a jacket that read FUCK THE DRAFT.

Some of Dalzell's other questions are equally astute. "If in one issue of *The Economist* the word fuck appears," he asks Olsen, "would the library putting it online have to go through the entire issue?"

"Somebody would have to make that judgment," Olsen replies. He suggests that librarians band together to censor material. He insists his plan is "flexible." To that, Bruce Ennis responds testily, "Is it flexible if you, the librarian, risk going to jail for two years if you make the wrong judgment and put material online that is found to be patently offensive for a minor?"

Judge Sloviter raises another important issue. "Once everything is tagged -L18, would that facilitate the government's attempt to keep certain material off the Internet?" She is referring to a legal concept known as prior restraint, which the Supreme Court has ruled to be unconstitutional. The government cannot restrain a person from publishing something that might be illegal—it can only act after the fact.

Sloviter isn't finished. After Olsen claims that a voluntary rating system developed at MIT is unfeasible because it will "slow the flow" online, she asks how an adult could show -L18 materials to a mature teenager. Olsen replies that a "teacher or parent could log on."

"But wouldn't that slow the flow?" the judge asks.

Flustered, Olsen suddenly discharges a series of staccato, high-pitched giggles. It's the damnedest thing that I have ever heard—it sounds like a rabbit being tortured to death. The gallery stares in horror.

Thus ends the testimony of our best witness—and we didn't even call him to the stand.

Day 6 (May 10)

During closing arguments, Justice Department attorney Tony Coppolino dances around providing a legal definition for indecency. He hints that it would include only hard-core porn but concedes the government can't guarantee that an ambitious prosecutor somewhere wouldn't take on an absurd case.

Judge Sloviter is growing impatient. "I've been taking the position for 17 years that people should know what they can be prosecuted for," she says. "I still don't understand" what indecency means under the CDA.

"We've been trying to get at this for 40 minutes," grumbles Judge Dalzell.

When Justice lawyer Baron brings up Olsen's -L18 scheme, even the quiescent Judge Buckwalter comes to life. "It's not available now. It's a hypothetical." Judge Sloviter goes further, calling the plan "a product of Mr. Olsen's creative imagination. This tagging scheme is something that he thought of after you hired him."

The most unusual sideshow of the day occurs when the government attorneys are forced to defend free speech—but only for publications that use ink and paper. Judge Dalzell offers this scenario: Would a Newspaper Decency Act banning violence above the fold on the front page be constitutional? To make his point, he cites an edition of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* that includes a photograph of a Liberian prisoner being executed.

"The print medium has the broadest First Amendment protections," replies Coppolino. "The Internet is becoming more television-like."

If the Internet were television, the CDA would shut down every channel—maybe even the cartoons.

EPILOG

In June, judges Sloviter, Dalzell and Buckwalter strike down the CDA. Their action is not a surprise.

In the decision, Judge Sloviter shows her dissatisfaction with the Justice Department's "just trust us" explanation of how it would enforce the CDA. "That would require a broad trust indeed from a generation of judges not far removed from the attack on James Joyce's *Ulysses* as obscene," she writes.

We have won—for now. The government's appeal will reach the Supreme Court during the next few months. If the Court upholds the lower court decision, outraged right-wing groups will demand action. Congress will spring to attention. Bills will be drawn up, campaign funds raised, and porn once again waved in the Senate chamber.

Censorship is often championed by adults who want to protect children from a world the adults do not understand. During the hearing, Judge Buckwalter raised this issue while discussing the computer gap between parents and children that helps fuel fears of online dangers. "In another generation that will fade from the picture, don't you think?" he asked. Archaic restrictions over what we can share online, however, may not.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CHAIN REACTION

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA—*The state prison commissioner resigned after the governor cut down his proposal to establish chain gangs of female prisoners. Despite a*

statewide poll in which 58 percent of the respondents said they supported equality in chains, an embarrassed Governor Fob James declared that "there will be no woman on any chain gang in the state of Alabama today, tomorrow or any time under my watch." Apparently not—soon after, shackling prisoners together for work detail was abandoned altogether in the state.

TARGET MARKET

COLUMBUS, OHIO—*A rape prevention program at Ohio State University took a novel approach to educating male students. The program placed 300 rubber screens in urinals across campus that read, "You hold the power to stop rape in your hand." According to organizers, three janitorial supply companies refused to print the screens because of the message.*

STALKERS WITH SIGNS

PORTLAND, OREGON—*Citing a state law aimed at stalkers, a judge banned an anti-abortion zealot from having contact with the director of a women's clinic outside her home. Paul de Parrie, editor of "Life Advocate" and a staff member of the Advocates for Life Ministries, had organized protests and distributed* WANTED *posters and leaflets in the woman's neighborhood that read:* YOUR NEIGHBOR IS AN ABORTIONIST. LET HER KNOW THAT YOU THINK SHE SHOULD NOT KILL CHILDREN FOR A LIVING. *"I can follow her," a defiant De Parrie told* PLAYBOY. *"I can do anything I want. I just can't go to her home." Or bring a gun. The sheriff has revoked De Parrie's license to carry a concealed weapon.*

DEFENDING THE FAITH

ROME—*The Reverend Gonzalo Miranda, a prominent Roman Catholic theologian, caused a stir when he stated that mentally handicapped women who might be raped or coerced into sex could take the pill as an "act of defense." The church forbids all artificial contraceptives as morally wrong. At a convent in Madras, India, meanwhile, the sisters are learning a different method of protection—karate. "I am ready to defend myself," said one nun after taking a 45-day course, "although I will still pray for my attackers."*

MALE COMPLAINTS

LONDON—*Great Britain's Equal Opportunities Commission reported that for the first time in its 20-year history, more complaints of gender discrimination in hiring came from men than from women. The commission received a record 820 grievances from men who were denied jobs and 803 from women. Among the complainants: A male nurse refused a position with the Royal Air Force, a bricklayer turned down for secretarial work and two men denied jobs with the Women's Environmental Network. Once employed, men have fewer beefs: Only a quarter of sex discrimination complaints filed with the EOC from inside the workplace come from men.*

A SMALL VICTORY

CINCINNATI—*A U.S. district judge ruled that Hamilton County prosecutor Joseph Deters acted improperly when he warned a bookstore to hide certain publications—including* PLAYBOY*—or face possible prosecution. In his letter to a suburban Barnes & Noble store, Deters cited an Ohio law that bans the "display, description or representation" of material deemed "harmful to juveniles." The judge ordered the prosecutor's office to pay the legal costs of* PLAYBOY *and 13 other plaintiffs that sued last year. He declined, however, to overturn the vague state law that gave Deters a foothold.*

VIRGIN FINES

WUHAN, CHINA—*City officials denied reports that hospitals routinely fine single women whose hymens have been broken, an indication that they may not be virgins. A newspaper had reported that some city hospitals were charging some women $25 to $250 after mandatory premarital exams. Single women found to be pregnant faced an additional fine, the paper said, and women deemed not to be virgins are required to write a "self-criticism." The newspaper noted that there is more than one way to break a hymen.*

THE DRUG TRAIN

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—*Undercover narcotics police regularly search baggage—and sometimes private berths—aboard Amtrak trains arriving from Los Angeles, prompting complaints from passengers. Police say that during the first six months of this year, "mass transit interdictions" yielded 84 pounds of cocaine, 1897 pounds of marijuana, 47 ounces of PCP, 13 pounds of methamphetamine, 28 guns, 40 hits of LSD and $173,000 in cash. The ACLU says the sweeps may be illegal.*

"If you search everyone on a train, you might find someone with contraband," a spokesman said. "But it doesn't justify violating the rights of innocent people."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

THE SHAME GAME

I am writing in response to your thought-provoking article "The Shame Game" (*The Playboy Forum*, June).

Sex workers choose to perform a service. My brief tenure as a phone sex operator was an economic choice made solely by me, and I was never exploited, humiliated or degraded. I provided my clients with aural gratification and let them work out their fantasies. Often they just wanted to talk with a nice girl from a small town. I never imagined that my clients could be arrested or extorted for exercising their constitutional right to free expression.

Let's face it, nothing is going to change unless someone is willing to risk a little public humiliation by admitting he patronizes sex workers. Perhaps Hugh Grant would like to volunteer. His career certainly has not suffered since his encounter with Divine Brown. As for the money being wasted on enforcing this victimless quality-of-life issue: Remember Reagan's Star Wars campaign. Don't we all feel a little silly now?

Jill Mally
New York, New York

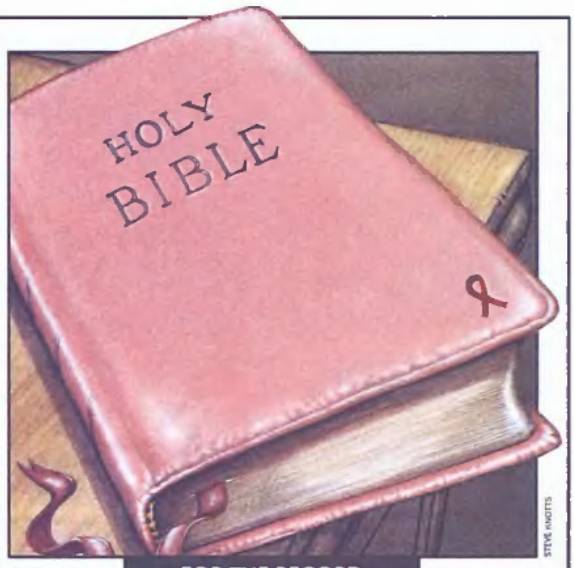
As a police officer, I say that if the country is to regulate and legalize the prostitution industry, it should follow Nevada's example. That state brought the industry under control and instituted mandatory protection, health checkups and myriad other regulations to govern the direct and collateral effects of the trade. Prostitution regulation in its current state is pathetic. If the prostitutes' rights organization Coyote has a uniform mission statement to present to some of the more levelheaded politicians, more power to it.

Michael Brown
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I was pleased to see Coyote and its founder, Margo St. James, get proper credit in the June issue. I've been a friend and an admirer of the enterprising Margo since the Sixties, when she conducted Remedial Oral Sex classes for backward gentlemen entering the age of Aquarius. Congratulations on fighting the good fight for love.

Herbert Gold
San Francisco, California

Margo St. James is running for the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. Her platform includes the decriminalization of prostitution, advocacy for the homeless, environmental legislation, public accountability and disciplinary arbitration for the police department, domestic violence prevention, funding for a women's baseball league and the right of exotic dancers to form a guild.



FOR THE RECORD

NATIONAL COMING-OUT DAY

Prayer: "Once we waited in the shadows and allowed the church to silence and estrange us, to tempt us with the fruit of deceit. We looked on as queer brothers and sisters were bashed, ostracized and murdered for their lovemaking and justice-doing. In the presence of our enemies—silence, fear, and violence—you called out to us out of our closeted shame and self-pity to be a people of hope and joy."

Declaration: "I praise God, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Wonderful are the works of God—that I know very well. Therefore, I am proud to say I am a lesbian/gay/bisexual/transgender child of God."

—TEXT FROM CHRISTIAN LITURGIES FOR HOMOSEXUALS INCLUDED IN *We Were Baptized Too*, A BOOK WRITTEN BY TWO AMERICAN METHODISTS THAT DENOUNCES CHRISTIANS' TREATMENT OF GAYS

Your June article and "vigilante lawyer" characterization did not accurately portray the lawsuit I filed on behalf of homeowners in Peoria. With libertarian sympathies, I question government's right to illegitimize consensual relationships between adults. However, the solicitation nuisance imposed on neighborhoods is not consented to by those living there, nor does it benefit them in any way. In balancing the rights of citizens to own and enjoy property versus those of solicitors, I side with children who are not safe, women being harassed and property owners who are unable to sell or rent their homes.

Human sexuality is and should be more than purely physical, and adultery and fornication are indeed sins against one's own body. I make no apologies for the methodology of the "Dear John" letter. If there is nothing immoral or harmful about open solicitation and we are simply being too uptight, why are men who are loose enough to solicit sex so ashamed of themselves when they are exposed?

Chase Ingersoll
Ingersoll & Associates
Peoria, Illinois

Terry Glover's article makes a number of insightful criticisms of campaigns against prostitution, but it also makes three major mistakes:

First, it grossly distorts the motives of the antiprostitution forces. I have conducted extensive research on these campaigns, as well as on the prostitutes' rights movement. It is simply not true that most antiprostitution activists profit financially from their efforts. Most volunteers are driven by the adverse effects of street prostitution on the quality of life and safety in their neighborhoods.

Second, the article makes no distinction between street prostitution and indoor prostitution. A strong case can be made for decriminalizing discreet indoor prostitution (call girls, massage parlors, etc.), but decriminalization of street prostitution is naive and risky.

RESPONSE

Third, the article takes offense at crackdowns on prostitutes' customers and sympathizes with the unfortunate men who are arrested or targeted for shaming by antiprostitution forces. Coyote and other prostitutes' rights groups have long complained about the double standard by which prostitutes, not johns, are punished. Now that the double standard is eroding and johns are beginning to feel the heat, they cry foul.

Ron Weitzer
Sociology Department
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

Your first point is well taken: By Ingersoll's own admission, money isn't the goal—what he really wants is to be moral arbiter. Today, Peoria. Tomorrow, the world. But your distinction between indoor and outdoor sex smacks of class bias and offers no options to the street prostitutes who are most in need of legislative support. As for the double standard of harassment, the objective of groups such as Coyote is to eliminate the hassle for both genders. Further, we did not say that "most" profit from playing the shame game—we pointed to specific players who have. Those who practice coercion on an amateur, nonprofit level are still misguided.

The problems associated with prostitution have one common cause—the laws that ban prostitution. As it stands, prostitutes and johns cannot turn to the police when they are assaulted, robbed or defrauded. Their only option is silence. Laws against prostitution hamper efforts to combat venereal diseases among prostitutes and are emblematic of our hypocrisy concerning sex. We need legislators who are courageous enough to legalize prostitution. Earning a living from one's sex appeal should be no less honorable or any less legal than earning a living using one's mental or athletic abilities.

Brian Rodgers
Grove City, Ohio

Thanks for "The Shame Game." Here in northeast Pennsylvania, the powers that be are chasing prostitutes around our city streets while ignoring an increase in drug-related violence. The more things change, the more they remain the same.

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

Prostitution laws are detrimental, and I wonder why they still exist. Could it be that good women know their hold over men would be broken if sex became available without the hassle and strings? Say you love her with flowers. Show her your love with diamonds. Is that not a form of buying love and, ultimately, sex? Women have always demanded payment for sex, be it dinner, flowers or marriage. The cost of three dates is equal to the price of a prostitute. Let's just legitimize it with cash, check and credit card.

Jim Rogers
Bethesda, Maryland

Could you please put me in touch with someone at Coyote who can help me obtain the posters mentioned in your article?

Keith Hornberger
Haslett, Michigan

The Coyote posters can be purchased for $5 each, or the set of seven for $27.50. Contact Coyote at 2269 Chestnut, #452, San Francisco, California 94123, or call 415-435-7950.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

THINGS GO BETTER WITH PLAYBOY

An ad designed to promote foreign sales of Coca-Cola links two of the most recognized trademarks in the world. The catchy campaign affirms what we've known all along—the Rabbit Head is the international symbol for pleasure, sophistication and a quenched thirst.

THE SMOKE-FILLED ROOM

norml takes on congress

On March 6, R. Keith Stroup, executive director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, presented the views of his organization to the House Subcommittee on Crime. The following is an excerpt from Stroup's testimony:

At NORML, we believe that marijuana smokers have a responsibility to behave appropriately and to ensure that their recreational drug use is conducted in a responsible manner. Marijuana smoking is never an excuse for misconduct of any kind. Smokers must be held to the same standards as all Americans.

NORML recently issued the following statement . . . which defines the conduct we believe any responsible marijuana smoker should follow.

I. ADULTS ONLY

Cannabis consumption is for adults. It is irresponsible to provide cannabis to children. Many activities are suitable for young people, but others absolutely are not. Children do not drive cars, enter into contracts or marry, and they must not use drugs. As it is unrealistic to demand lifetime abstinence from cars, contracts and marriage, it is unrealistic to expect lifetime abstinence from all intoxicants. Rather, our hope for young people is that they will grow up to be responsible adults. Our obligation to them is to demonstrate what that means.

KEN WARNEKE

II. NO DRIVING

The responsible consumer of cannabis does not operate a motor vehicle or other dangerous machinery while impaired by cannabis or—like other responsible citizens—any other substance or condition, including some medicines and fatigue. Although cannabis is said by most experts to be safer than many prescription drugs, responsible cannabis consumers never operate motor vehicles in an impaired condition. Public safety demands not only that impaired drivers be taken off the road but also that objective measures of impairment other than chemical testing be developed and used.

III. SET AND SETTING

The responsible cannabis user will carefully consider his or her set and setting, regulating use accordingly. "Set" refers to the consumer's values, attitudes, experience and personality. "Setting" means the consumer's physical and social circumstances. The responsible cannabis consumer will be vigilant as to conditions—time, place, mood, etc.—and should not hesitate to say no when those conditions are not conducive to a safe, pleasant and/or productive experience.

IV. RESIST ABUSE

Use of cannabis to the extent that it impairs health, personal development or achievement is abuse, to be resisted by responsible cannabis users. Abuse means harm. Some cannabis use is harmful; most is not. That which is harmful should be discouraged; that which is not need not be. Wars have been waged in the name of eradicating "drug abuse," but instead of focusing on abuse, enforcement measures have been diluted by targeting all drug use, whether abusive or not. If marijuana abuse is to be targeted, it is essential that clear standards be developed to identify it.

V. RESPECT OTHERS' RIGHTS

The responsible cannabis user does not violate the rights of others, observes accepted standards of courtesy and propriety and respects the preferences of those who wish to avoid cannabis entirely. No one may violate the rights of others, and no substance use excuses any such violation. Regardless of the cannabis' legal status, responsible users will adhere to emerging tobacco smoking protocols in public and private places.

•

As these principles indicate, we believe there is a difference between use and abuse, and the government should limit its involvement and concentrate its resources to discourage the irresponsible use of marijuana. The responsible use of marijuana causes no harm to society and should be of no interest to the government in a free society. . . .

The war on drugs has become a war on marijuana smokers, and in any war there are casualties. According to the latest FBI statistics, nearly half a million Americans were arrested on marijuana charges in 1994. That is the largest number of marijuana arrests ever made in this country in any single year and reflects a 67 percent increase over 1991. Eighty-four percent of the arrests were for possession, not sale. Those are real people who were paying taxes, supporting their families and working hard to make a better life for their children. Suddenly they are arrested, jailed and treated as criminals, solely because of the recreational drug they chose to use. This is a travesty of justice that causes enormous pain, suffering and financial hardship for millions of American families. It also engenders disrespect for the law and for the criminal justice system overall. Responsible marijuana smokers present no threat or danger to America, and there is no reason to treat them as criminals. As a society we need to find ways to discourage any personal conduct that is abusive or harmful to others. Responsible marijuana smokers are not the problem.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAY LENO

a candid conversation with the current king of late-night television about his driving ambition, how he keeps his chin up and why he's clobbering dave

He can't stop. Jay Leno, formerly the laughingstock of late-night TV, now the undisputed champ, is riding home from work on a 1918 Pope motorcycle, one of his many classic vehicles. The Pope is in near mint condition—a gray-green comet zipping Leno through Burbank as he waves and grins at motorists. His fans yell and cheer and give him the thumbs-up.

"Hi Jay!"

"You're number one, Jay!"

Leno waves. He likes the attention. He is the least standoffish of celebrities, a guy who would rather chat with fans than visit a network boardroom. But he can't stop right now, and the reason has nothing to do with his fame. Today Jay Leno can't even slow down, for his bike isn't fully restored. It's missing one component.

"No brakes!" Leno says, as he whizzes around a corner at 20 miles an hour.

Is Leno headed for a crack-up? It's unlikely. There's no doubt the man is driven. Once noted for logging millions of miles on the stand-up circuit, where he made up to 300 appearances a year, he now brings the same zeal to "The Tonight Show." Leno's monolog is one of the most quoted acts on earth, a cultural artifact that defines the American mainstream five nights a week. His ratings appear to be better than ever. In fact, after trailing "The Late Show With David Letterman" for two years, Leno now beats Letterman like a drum. With each ratings point representing 959,000 TV households in the lucrative 11:30 P.M. time slot, an hour in which the top show's revenue can approach $100 million per year, he is clearly earning his pay. Leno pulls down an estimated $14 million annually—enough to keep his gymnasium-sized garage stocked with vintage vehicles such as the unstoppable Pope motorcycle.

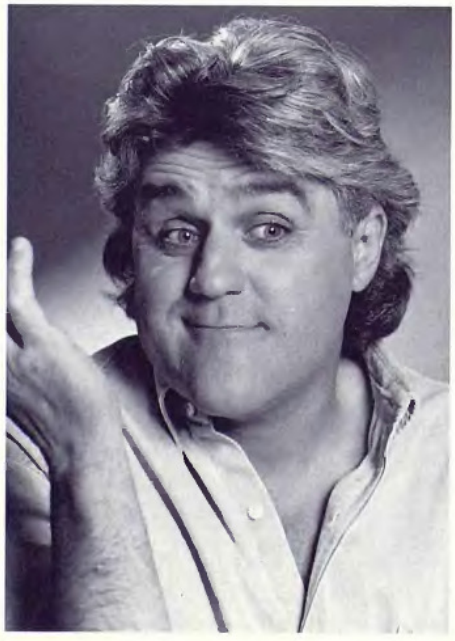
"Hey, hey, we're happenin'," he says, snapping his fingers like the too-cool showbiz types he loves to make fun of.

But it wasn't always such fun. The comedy world's consummate survivor bears the scars of his very public war with Letterman. Sure, he's riding high now, but the hardest-working man on TV can't seem to relax and enjoy success. It's as if he were afraid to look behind him to see who might be catching up.

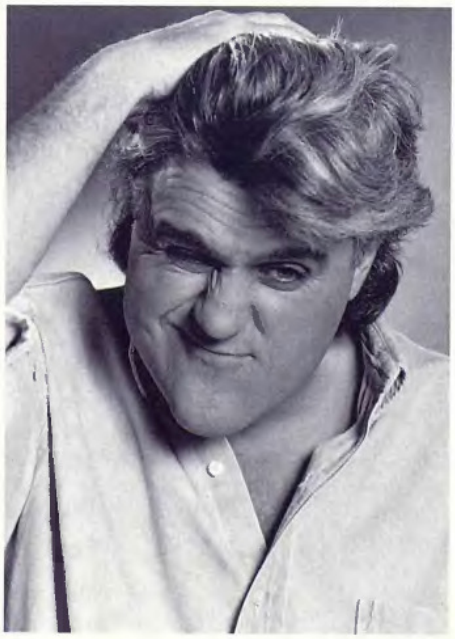
"I never slow down," he says. "I don't take vacations. I don't take days off. I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I weren't working."

Born 46 years ago in New Rochelle, New York, he was the second son of Angelo and Catherine Leno. Angelo was an insurance salesman, a big talker who moved the family to Massachusetts when James, then called Jamie, was nine. Ten years later young Leno was doing stand-up comedy in nightclubs, nursing homes and even college study halls in and around Boston. Like most kid comics, he dreamed of making "The Tonight Show." It happened in 1977, when the nervous youngster first appeared on Johnny Carson's stage. He took a pal along for moral support that night: then-unknown Robin Williams, whose cackle is audible on the tape.

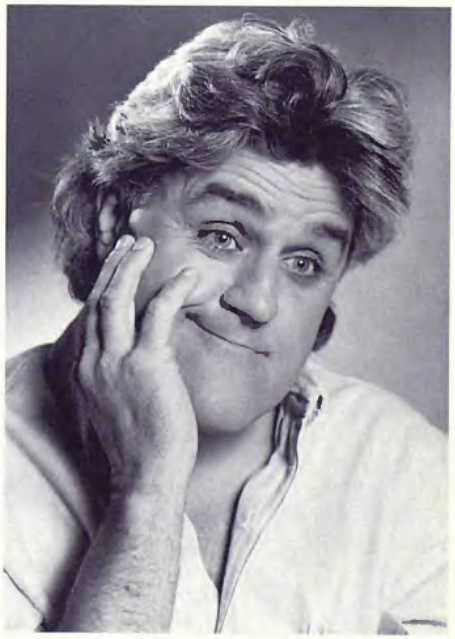
The show's talent scouts dismissed Williams when Leno tried to get him on the show. "Too crazy," they said. But Jay was just right for the mainstream. He was edgily funny enough for Letterman, whom he cracked up during countless segments on his show. But Leno's goal was to move from "permanent guest host" on "Tonight" directly into Carson's chair once Johnny retired. Garry Shandling, another contender, cleared the way in 1987 by leaving for cable TV, where he would satirize them all. But Carson delayed his departure, and NBC eventually botched the transfer. Leno was anointed Johnny's successor, then the network scurried



"Ambition wins over genius 99 percent of the time. Sooner or later the other guy is going to want to eat, drink, sleep, get laid, go on vacation or go to the bathroom. And that's when I catch up."



"I'm Italian, I understand business. My wife thinks it's hilarious that I get angry watching 'The Godfather, Part III,' just enraged, yelling at the screen, 'Mike, don't be a wimp. Go after those guys, take 'em out!'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"The worst time to do a monolog is when there's a national tragedy. You still have to go out and tell jokes. And while it's incredibly selfish, you can't believe this horrible event has messed up your job."

back to Letterman, who hungered for the job. Would Dave get "Tonight" after all? Network executives reportedly offered it to him, promising to yank Jay out of the host's chair. In the end, however, Letterman took a megabucks contract and bolted to CBS. "The Late Show With David Letterman" first aired opposite Leno's "Tonight Show" on August 30, 1993. Letterman won that night and kept winning for 84 weeks in a row.

Leno was America's late-night loser. A "New Yorker" cartoon showed a Leno fan-club T-shirt that read, I, FOR ONE, DO NOT FIND JAY LENO PAINFULLY EMBARRASSING TO WATCH! *But then, in April 1995, Leno finally topped Letterman's ratings. Like the tortoise who never gave up, he had slowly, steadily improved his position until he had a chance to win. After a brief seesaw battle, he took the lead for good. Now "Tonight" beats "The Late Show" almost every week.*

Last month Leno taped his 1000th "Tonight Show." We sent Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *to mark the event. Cook's report follows:*

"I met Leno at his workplace—the 'Tonight Show' soundstage in Burbank, across the street from the Johnny Carson Municipal Park. We would have four interview sessions, each one during his daily kick-back hour following the show's five P.M. *taping. Each day he drove a different vintage vehicle. There was a gleaming white 60-year-old Jaguar, leather straps holding down its hood. There was a 1931 Bentley and an ancient Duesenberg as well as the Pope, which has a plate reading* CALIFORNIA ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE #893.

"He is everything you hear he is: polite, generous, an utterly regular guy who makes you feel like going bowling. After a minute with him I am already 'Kev,' a nickname only my wife uses. Immediately after every show he strips off his 'dorky suit' and dons jeans and a flannel shirt. Of course, he isn't really a regular guy. He's terrifically rich, blazingly ambitious and a lot smarter than he lets on. Before this interview I wasn't crazy about his humor, which sometimes seems a little dumbed-down for the multitudes. I preferred Dave. But talking with Jay—often in the boxing terms he likes to use—made me like them both more. They're Ali and Frazier, one more dazzling but the other more dependable, the artist and the workman. I defy anyone to watch Leno's monolog for a week without becoming a little addicted.

"We started by delving into his late-night battles and the personal emptiness he sometimes feels these days."

PLAYBOY: What have you learned in the ratings war?

LENO: How much I like the game. I never thought of myself as a competitive guy, but I guess I am.

PLAYBOY: How happy are you to be number one?

LENO: I am happy we won the May sweeps. We won the year. With two networks fighting for huge bragging rights, I'm glad the people paying my salary are happy. At the same time, I don't like the trash-talk mentality out there now—as if number one were all that counts and number two were nothing. People talk about boxing that way. They call one guy a champ and say the other sucks. But he doesn't suck; he could kill everybody in the world except that one man. You should respect that. And it's the same with Dave and me. Ultimately, maybe the best that can happen is what's going on now: Dave won the first couple of years, now we've won a couple. Then maybe he'll win again. It could go back and forth.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you would share the lead with Letterman after years of gunning for him?

LENO: Why not? I've proved I can stay in the ring with him.

PLAYBOY: You're a bit of a medical marvel, aren't you? We hear you never sleep.

LENO: Three or four hours a night. My blood pressure is incredibly low, around 110/70. That's no big deal. But I am mildly dyslexic. I got Cs and Ds in school; you'll hear me mix up words in the monolog sometimes. And one thing about mildly dyslexic people—they're good at setting everything else aside to pursue one goal. I go five nights a week every week, no days off, no sick days. Can you wear thin that way? Maybe.

I have a morbid fascination with hitting bottom, getting as low as I possibly can. What saved me, finally, was the monolog.

PLAYBOY: Three years ago you almost got a forced vacation.

LENO: I was an inch from being fired. They were going to shoot me and replace me with Dave.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENO: I sucked. I was trying to do *The Tonight Show* exactly the way Johnny had done it, and it didn't work. And I almost wanted it to be that way. I almost wanted to lose, because I have a rather morbid fascination with hitting bottom, getting as low as I possibly can before crawling back up. What saved me, finally, was the monolog.

PLAYBOY: The stand-up part of your job.

LENO: It always got good ratings. You see, Dave is a broadcaster who did stand-up comedy briefly before going back to broadcasting. But I was always stand-up, stand-up, stand-up. Jokes are what I do best. So I lengthened the monolog.

PLAYBOY: And the rest is——

LENO: A good, steady job. My parents were pleased that I didn't get fired.

PLAYBOY: Explain your "morbid fascination" with failure.

LENO: I was always that way. In junior high I took boxing and wanted to see how much punishment I could take. So one day I just stood there and got the hell beat out of me, actually was knocked unconscious. When I came to I thought, That wasn't so bad. I had a headache, but I wasn't dead. It was the same in my career. I started out in my teens, playing strip joints in Boston. The crowd would yell, "You suck, get out!" And I thought, What more can I ask? I wasn't working nine to five. I made more money than my friends. Stand-up comedy couldn't get worse than this, and it wasn't so bad already.

PLAYBOY: How does performing in nightclubs compare to hosting *The Tonight Show* for millions of people?

LENO: There's no comparison. The fulfillment of doing TV isn't so good as doing stand-up. Nowhere near. In a club you can control the room, 300 or 3000 or 15,000 people. Find the guy who's not laughing and play to him, win him over. You can rock the whole room. You have less control in television. You just broadcast it out there to people you can't see. TV is also a team effort, while in stand-up you're your own writer, producer and director. It's your show, it's you.

PLAYBOY: How did you get interested in stand-up?

LENO: I would always do anything for a laugh. If hitting your head on a tree gets a laugh, let's do it a lot. When I was about nine I got teased about my hard head. One kid hit me with a hammer, *bonk!* It felt like I'd been shot. But for some reason I grinned, fighting back tears, and waved to the other kids. If you're that sort of child, you almost have to go into show business.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you were called to your vocation like a priest.

LENO: It was the first thing I ever did that didn't make me think of something else when I did it.

PLAYBOY: Including sex?

LENO: With sex your mind might wander. But you're always thinking about comedy.

PLAYBOY: What if you've done the same material 100 nights in a row?

LENO: It can get automatic. You are adding columns of numbers in your head. It's not that you're bored; it's that you can now do it without really listening to the words. If I hear Jerry Seinfeld, for instance, I might laugh only at the six new jokes he has that night. The rest of the time I'll enjoy the flow of the words, the pauses he uses.

PLAYBOY: You weren't always so abstract.

LENO: No. In high school I snuck into the girls' locker room and poured water into the Kotex dispensers, which would swell up and break off the wall. But I was getting ready to do stand-up. When I had

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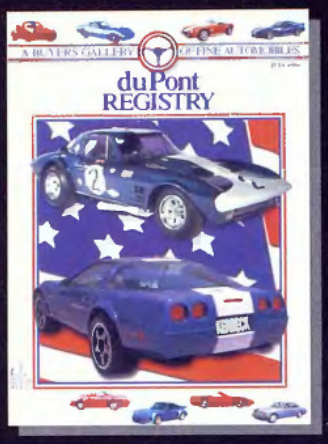

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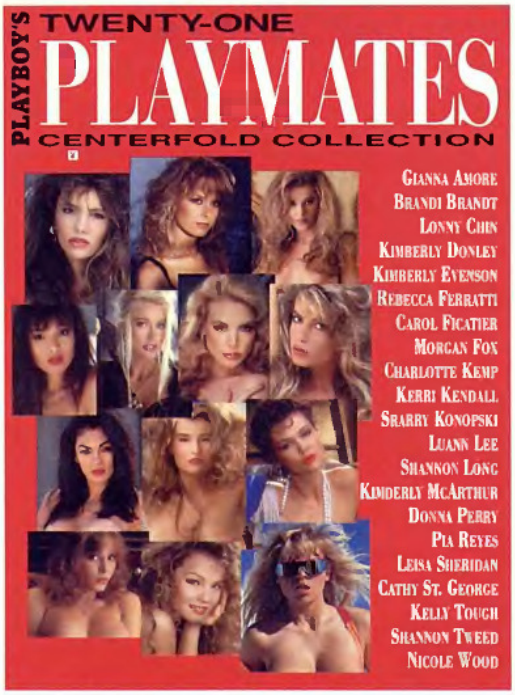

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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to stand up in class I'd ask the teacher, "What do I have? Two minutes?"

PLAYBOY: In 1959 the Lenos moved from New Rochelle, New York to Andover, Massachusetts, near Boston. You surprised your folks by getting work in strip clubs. How was your love life?

LENO: I was working a Boston strip joint, the Teddy Bear Lounge, when I was 19. One stripper says, "I think Silver Moon likes you." I go to her dressing room and Silver Moon is completely naked, one leg up on the arm of the couch. But I was a kid and an idiot—I walked out of there a minute later bragging, "Hey, yeah, I got her phone number!"

PLAYBOY: Were you always backward romantically?

LENO: Like most men, I feel better calling the shots. It's tougher when the roles are reversed.

PLAYBOY: How did you do in college?

LENO: I went to the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance until the dean said, "Why are you here? Just get out." Then I applied to Emerson College in Boston. The admissions officer said I wasn't what they wanted. But I sat outside his office 12 hours a day until he said he'd let me in if I went to summer school. The tuition was $1200. I took out my wallet and gave him $1200 cash. I was already making good money in nightclubs. I eventually graduated from Emerson.

PLAYBOY: Your relentlessness helped in comedy, too.

LENO: I'd go to auditions at Catch a Rising Star or the Improv in New York. The comics had to be there at three in the afternoon to line up for a spot. Guys would stand in line six hours, then say, "This sucks, I'm outta here." And I'd move up. In the mid-Seventies, I saw a comic on *The Tonight Show* who I thought was terrible. Next day I got on a plane to California. Didn't pack, just left. I think it's good to back yourself into a corner, because if you leave yourself any options, you'll take them. If you have no options but success, you'll hustle more.

PLAYBOY: Even now you take only two weeks off from the show per year.

LENO: That vacation is for the other people who work here. I instantly go on the road. Why don't I take a vacation? Simple. I'm scared I might like it. Then I'm really screwed. Comedians are superstitious: They're afraid that if they change something they won't be funny anymore. And it's not just superstition. Have you ever seen a comedian quit and then come back successfully? No. They try, but when they get back something's gone. The energy, the heart. It's because they found out they could live without it. Thank you and goodbye.

PLAYBOY: What's better, getting tons of belly laughs or making smart people chuckle?

LENO: Dennis Miller and I have argued about that. Dennis would shoot for a

select audience. I'd tell him, "Young man, you're losing a lot of the crowd." With profanity, for instance. But to him that was part of the idea. I want the widest possible audience, though. I try to please everybody.

PLAYBOY: Only a few years after appearing at the Teddy Bear Lounge you were playing Las Vegas.

LENO: After my debut in Vegas, opening for Tom Jones, this woman says, "Great show." She wants to join me. We sit in the Caesars Palace coffee shop and I'm thinking how great I am when she says, "It's $200." "Huh?" Turns out she's a hooker who said "Great show" to every man coming out. Now she's shouting at me while the audience streams out. I'm hiding, cowering in fear as they say, "He seemed like such a nice young man," and wonder what depraved act I want that makes a Vegas hooker scream.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember when you first saw Letterman?

LENO: He appeared at the Comedy Store with a perfectly formed comedic sense. "We are vehemently opposed to using orphans as yardage markers at driving ranges," he said. I perked right up.

PLAYBOY: Over the years, you, Letterman and other comics would meet at the Green Kitchen in New York and at Cantor's in Los Angeles, and later would kibitz at your house in Beverly Hills. Who showed up?

LENO: Letterman early on, though he wasn't much for hanging out. Jerry, of course. Jim Brogan, who's still with me on the show—we work on the monolog every night. We had Larry Miller, Freddie Prinze, Carol Leifer, Richard Belzer. Dennis Miller came along a little later.

PLAYBOY: Who did the cooking?

LENO: Me. We'd have pasta, chicken wings and Lenoburgers—huge, thick burgers.

PLAYBOY: Recipe?

LENO: Meat. But you have to put an ice cube in the center when it's raw. Grill it; the ice melts and keeps the burger moist.

PLAYBOY: Were you the most famous?

LENO: Nobody was huge. One day when Jerry and I were starting out he called and said, "Jay, congratulations. I see you were named best caricature subject by the American Caricature Association." He was very impressed, seeing my picture in the paper. I said, "Jerry, I *am* the American Caricature Association. I made it up and sent in my picture." And Jerry went nuts. "No!" He was furious. He didn't believe anyone could do such an underhanded thing.

PLAYBOY: Twenty years later you shocked Letterman and company. According to Bill Carter's best-seller *The Late Shift*: "Letterman and his staff did not understand how Leno could have risen up . . . zombie-like, from the competitive dead." There's that relentlessness again.

LENO: I approached everything the same way. I figure that eventually things will

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go my way. Ambition wins over genius 99 percent of the time. Sooner or later the other guy is going to want to eat, drink, sleep, get laid, go on vacation or go to the bathroom. And that's when I catch up. I guess people thought I might give up, just go off the air when Dave came on and started beating us. But I thought of *The Tonight Show* as a marathon, not as a sprint.

PLAYBOY: Letterman left you in the dust at first. From his CBS debut in late August 1993 until last year, he beat you every single week, just as you're doing now. Why did you flop before starting your crawl back up?

LENO: I asked people who had worked on *The Tonight Show*—who knew how to do it—and wound up doing the show by committee. It was, "Get your hair cut shorter. Wear really straight clothes. Keep to the formula, because it worked for Johnny." The idea was to keep the audience we already had, not to try to appeal to anybody else. That show wasn't me. That show sucked. Still, I wasn't discouraged.

PLAYBOY: You always surrounded yourself with women—including *Tonight Show* producer Helen Kushnick, who supervised those early efforts. It was said you were pussy-whipped.

LENO: That wasn't the problem. I listen to women because humor is like sex. All men think they're good at it. Talk with women if you want to know the truth. And they're as competitive as men, but more clever. A man walks into a cold room and says, "Turn off the goddamn air conditioner!" A woman says, "Is it cold, or is it just me?" Either way the air conditioner gets turned off. But the woman doesn't have people plotting to kill her afterward. "Think like a man, smile like a woman," that's what I do.

PLAYBOY: But Kushnick was by all accounts a producer from hell. She yelled at everyone—you, your guests, NBC executives. She sparked a turf battle with every other talk show by threatening to ban guests who appeared on rival shows. Why didn't you stop her?

LENO: I tend to block out things I dislike, and I hate yelling. When she was producer and guests complained, I would just say, "That's not my area. I don't handle talent." And I kept getting it drummed into me that it wasn't my end of the business, that I didn't know anything about it——

PLAYBOY: Was Kushnick as monstrous as Kathy Bates played her in the HBO movie of Bill Carter's *The Late Shift*?

LENO: I didn't see the movie.

PLAYBOY: But you see all. Dennis Miller says you know almost every comedy bit that's ever been on TV.

LENO: I didn't watch it because I knew someone would ask, "Was your producer really like that?" I'd have to comment, and they'd go to her for a response and here we go again.

PLAYBOY: Following Kushnick's instructions, you didn't mention Carson even once on the first night of your reign on *Tonight*. Critics and fans were appalled.

LENO: That was the biggest mistake of my life. I'm lucky he's gracious enough to speak to me after that.

PLAYBOY: Carson occasionally pops up on Letterman's show, but he hasn't appeared on yours.

LENO: He can come on any night he wants. I'd get out of my chair. I'd give him my chair and I'd sit on the couch.

PLAYBOY: Does winning heal all wounds? Or do you have other regrets?

LENO: There was an incident with Jerry. His show had just gone on the air. I'd just taken over *The Tonight Show*, and he wanted to use our set for a scene in *Seinfeld*. My producer at the time——

PLAYBOY: Kushnick.

LENO: My producer said no. Forget it. I said, "Wait, Jerry's my friend." She said no way. She said Warren [Warren Littlefield, president of NBC Entertainment] wouldn't allow it. I honestly believed her. Later I found out Warren wanted me to say yes, but I wasn't communicating with people then and I didn't know what to do. I had an out-of-control producer. I went along with her. I said no, and Jerry was really hurt. But here's the thing: He was kind enough,

and smart enough, to work around it. To wait. He could have said, "Jay's an asshole. Screw him." But what he said was, "I don't think Jay knows what he's doing right now. I'm going to wait and see, and I hope he'll come around."

Finally it all passed over and we talked again. He said, "Hey, welcome back." And I will never forget that. I owe him big-time.

PLAYBOY: How about NBC? The network almost dumped you.

LENO: But in the end I got to continue and fix what I was doing wrong.

PLAYBOY: Still, weren't you mad when NBC executives wooed Letterman by offering him your show?

LENO: I'm not naive. I'm not saying they didn't want to give him my job. But I'm Italian, I understand business. I mean, my wife, Mavis, thinks it's hilarious that I get angry watching *The Godfather, Part III*, just enraged, yelling at the screen, "Mike, don't be a wimp. Go after those guys, take 'em out!"

PLAYBOY: Please translate that for us non-Italians.

LENO: Don't count on loyalty. Maybe you get it, maybe you get paid a lot of money instead.

PLAYBOY: You've been called the nicest guy in show business, but you're not above scheming. You hid in a closet at NBC to eavesdrop on network execs discussing you and Dave.

LENO: My career was at stake. I had to know where I stood. Am I dead meat? Who's on my side and who isn't? I had my supporters, including Warren Littlefield, but it was also fascinating to hear my own eulogy. I recommend it as excellent therapy. It sure keeps you humble.

PLAYBOY: Was it spontaneous—you jumped in the closet when the moment presented itself?

LENO: I don't do things spontaneously.

PLAYBOY: So you planned it. But what if a janitor had discovered you?

LENO: I would have laughed.

PLAYBOY: It must have been grim, knowing your job was on the line.

LENO: [*After a pause*] It wasn't just that. I haven't talked about this before, but. . . . Both my parents were dying. I was flying home to see them on weekends, then flying back here to tell jokes. It's so odd, such a shock, that people can get so old in a few months' time. Mom went first. After that my dad, in that Italian-guy tradition, couldn't go on without her. He was so used to having things prepared a certain way. . . .

You know why my father became a prizefighter? When he was 15 he was walking down the street and was jumped and robbed by seven guys. They beat the hell out of him. And my dad actually sent away for the Charles Atlas course. He became a Golden Gloves boxer. And he went back and found each one of the guys who robbed him. He beat them up pretty bad. Well, six of them. He never found the last guy, and that bothered him all his life. Last year he was on his deathbed and he said to me, "I never got that seventh guy." I told him to relax. If the guy was still living he was probably in his 90s now. Dad didn't care. "I never found him." I said, "Pop, I'll see if I can get him for you." The next day he passed away.

It was hard losing both my parents within a year.

PLAYBOY: Has it changed you?

LENO: Sometimes I ask myself who I'm doing the show for. Who do I do it for now?

PLAYBOY: Was there a moment you knew you were OK with your folks—when they knew their Jamie was famous?

LENO: Years and years ago, the first time I did Carnegie Hall, my mother was amazed, looking up at the marquee with my name on it. That was better than when I made the cover of *Time* magazine, because with *Time* she was sure they put my picture only on the magazines in her neighborhood.

PLAYBOY: What's the key to your success?

LENO: You know the difference between Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin? Johnny always had the jokes. Merv had jokes in the beginning of his show, but then he'd play piano or sing, and however good he was, it wasn't jokes. When Dick

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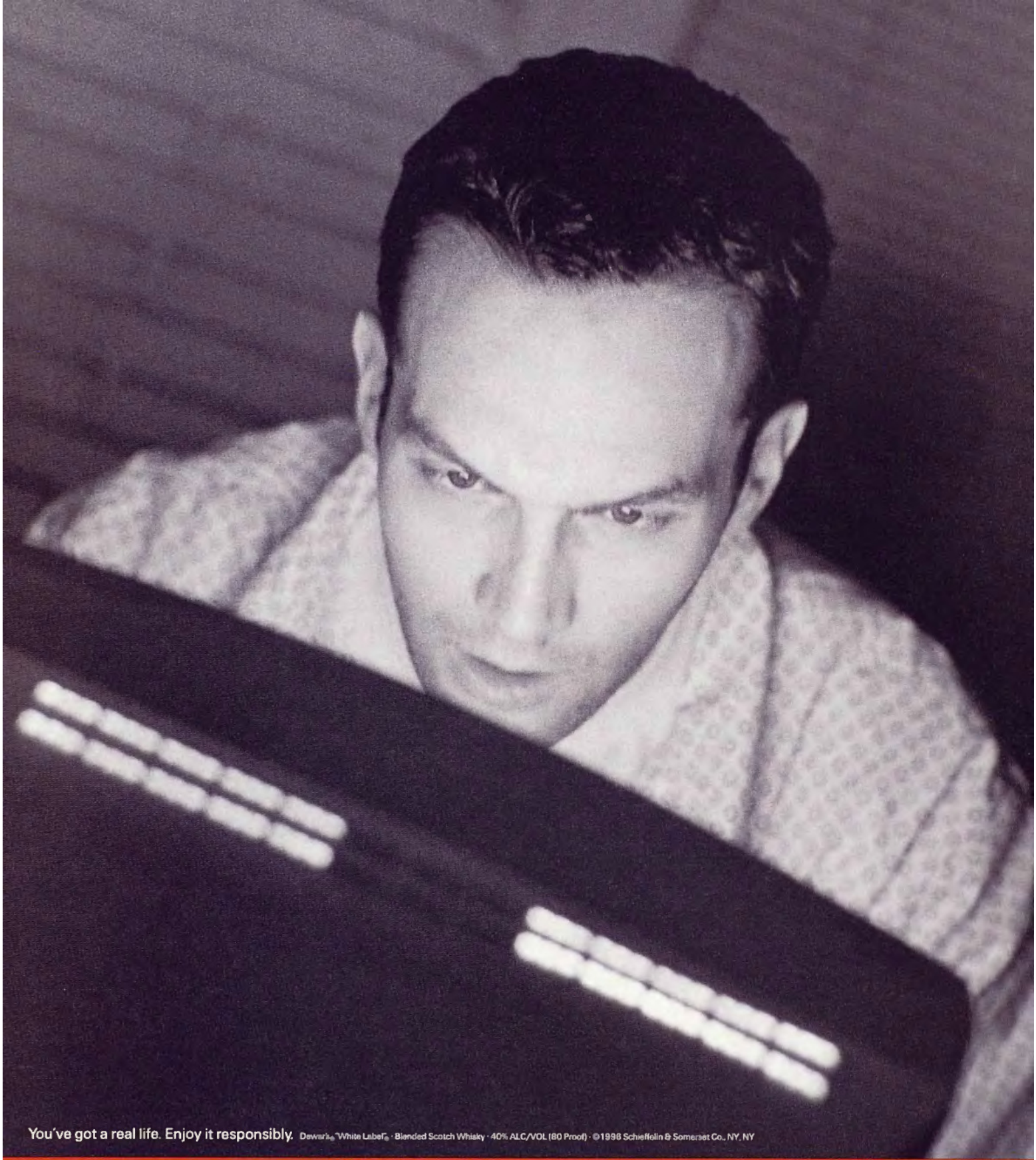
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Cavett started his show he was a comedian, then he stopped doing a full monolog. I think that's why his show didn't last. He stopped being a comedian. Cavett was extremely bright, an intellectual, a good interviewer, but a lot of people are. This job is about jokes. That's why Carson was always the best. For years people came home after a hard day and they wanted jokes. They wanted to laugh at what Johnny Carson said about that day's events—especially if it involved sex or money.

PLAYBOY: It must sting a little that he hasn't come back to *Tonight*.

LENO: I was not his original choice for the show. I accept that. If the choice had been his, I'm sure he would have chosen Dave over me. But nobody asked him. Yes, he's done a few walk-ons with Dave. I saw them. I thought they were funny. But nobody's saying, "Screw you, Jay." Those guys had a long-term relationship before I came along.

PLAYBOY: You have admitted you were "awed by Carson's legacy" when you took over his show. You think you failed, and you destroyed the tapes of the first 12 weeks of your *Tonight* shows.

LENO: They were no good.

PLAYBOY: Did you burn them? Smash them with a hammer?

LENO: No. I just taped over them. Taped a few Letterman shows, a couple *Saturday Night Live* shows.

PLAYBOY: You taped Dave right over your own show?

LENO: Sure. I like Dave. He makes me laugh. Even when I was getting my head kicked in I liked him and enjoyed the game. Even if I knew I was going to lose every week for the rest of my life, I'd do the show the same way. What else am I going to do, sell insurance? Here's how I think of it: The worst comedian in the world still has it pretty damn good, and I'm not the worst.

PLAYBOY: What's your theory on the monolog?

LENO: People want to hear your joke on the day's news, whether it's Whitewater or Kathie Lee. There are news seasons; unfortunately we're in a slow one right now. Dole is old, Clinton's a philanderer, blah, blah, blah. The worst time to do a monolog, of course, is when there's a national tragedy. You still have to go out and tell jokes. And while it's incredibly selfish, you can't believe this horrible event has messed up your job. When a jet crashes you can't do an airline joke, even about airline food, for a month. I did a joke about that little girl pilot, the youngest cross-country flier: "Next time you're on a flight and you hear a baby crying, it might be the pilot." Got a big laugh. Then boom, the girl's dead. I had to pull the show in Europe, where it runs a day later, or people would say I was making fun of a dead little girl.

PLAYBOY: Your O.J. Simpson jokes, always predicated on his guilt, helped you turn the ratings around. Letterman shied away from the issue. You've been praised for your courage on that count.

LENO: Oh, that didn't take any balls. It might take balls to say it to his face. A truly brave comedian would tell the audience O.J. was innocent. I was just reaffirming what people already believed. Do I think O.J. did it? Yes. I took a cake to a party for the LAPD that said HE'S GUILTY. But come on—I hate hearing about "brave" comedians. You don't change anyone's mind with comedy. I might call tobacco companies liars and thieves and drug dealers, which they are, but the laugh comes first. A comic should never get confused about why he's out there. It's not about philosophy. It's not about right and wrong. You're there to get a laugh, that's all. There's an old saying in prostitution: When you start coming with the customers, it's time to get out of the business.

PLAYBOY: There's a new saying in prostitution, too: Hugh Grant can make you famous.

LENO: I like Hugh Grant. He seemed genuinely embarrassed, coming out to take his punishment. He got us huge ratings.

PLAYBOY: Helping you turn the corner in the race against Letterman. Is it true that Grant chose your show over Dave's because you're more predictable? He knew you'd be gentle, didn't he?

LENO: That wasn't it. We had already booked him weeks before.

PLAYBOY: You opened with your now-famous question: "What the hell were you thinking?"

LENO: That one, believe it or not, was spontaneous.

PLAYBOY: How did you know he wouldn't punch you in the nose?

LENO: You never know until you look in the guest's eyes. Sometimes a guest will freeze with fear. Once I went in before the show to ask a guest, as usual, "any funny stories, anything happen to you recently?" "Yes, I was in Europe." We get out there and the guest freezes. "Been to Europe?" "No. I don't travel much." "Oh, well, *anything happen on a boat?*" Now they remember, but they tell the story 100 miles an hour, the crowd can barely hear it, you get zero response. All you can do is smile and say, "We'll be right back."

It'd be wonderful to talk with Dave about this stuff, to commiserate over bad guests. I'd really enjoy that. Will it happen? No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LENO: Too awkward. What are you going to say, "Oh, we're doing this new bit on such and such," and give it away? You can't do it. Maybe you and he are the only ones who really know what the job is like, but you can't talk it over. Too bad.

PLAYBOY: Since your dark days on *Tonight* you've mended fences with a few former enemies.

LENO: Those fences weren't really down. You might be on the outs with guys you compete with, like you're dating the same girl, but you can't hate them. They're the only ones who know what the job is like. I mean, Arsenio and I had some rough times, but I always knew we'd be friends again.

PLAYBOY: He swore he would "kick Jay's ass" in the ratings.

LENO: But he said it to a magazine. Now that looks serious in print, but I didn't take it that way. You never saw any response from me, did you? Because I know Arsenio's a professional wordsmith. Like any comic, he can use words as a saber, and if he really hated me he could have been a lot more cutting than "I'll kick your ass." That line was a butter knife. I mean, he didn't say that I'm not funny.

PLAYBOY: You also feuded with Dennis Miller. He was pissed about Kushnick's threats to ban his guests from your show. Her tactics were "like dropping an atom bomb on an ant," he told us. Did you apologize?

LENO: I tried calling him a couple times, but Dennis wasn't ready. Finally he called me. I said, "Listen, some stuff happened that I didn't know about. It's over now." We got to talking, and laughing, and it was like this "feud" hadn't happened. You can't stay mad at somebody who makes you laugh. You can't be enemies. It's like good sex—whatever you were angry about somehow falls by the wayside while you do this.

PLAYBOY: He accepted your apology?

LENO: No. "Jay, man," he says, "you know everything that happens. You know who appeared on *Madame's Place* in 1971." And I laughed out loud because it was such a perfect, completely obscure Dennis reference, and he laughed on the other end of the phone, and we then were OK.

PLAYBOY: You're 46 with no little Lenos. Don't you feel a duty to pass on that jaw?

LENO: If Mavis had wanted kids we'd have them. I'm a good uncle; maybe I'd have been a good dad, but now it's just too late.

PLAYBOY: You still do stand-up gigs, just like a beginner. Almost every weekend you can be found at the Comedy and Magic Club in Hermosa Beach, performing for 150 to 200 people.

LENO: Because I'm a comedian. My stand-up act is the principal; TV is only the interest. I don't want to be a TV personality, I want to stay sharp like the kids who are after my job. Kids such as Chris Rock, who are edgy and funny and make me ask myself if I'm getting lazy. "Am I getting worse? Am I not hitting the corporate structure hard enough because I'm part of it?"

(continued on page 158)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who is smart about his future. Whether he's made his commitment to higher education or to the latest laptop, he knows the power of an investment. Forty percent of PLAYBOY's male college readers own and use a computer. At work, 2.4 million readers use a PC. In the past 12 months alone, PLAYBOY men spent more than $1 billion on computer system purchases. PLAYBOY—it's the magazine that keeps him plugged in. (Source: 1996 Spring MRI.)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE Sex SURVEY

A MOST STIMULATING LOOK AT LOVE AND LUST ON CAMPUSES ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Take note: On any given day college students are doing it in dorm rooms, libraries, trucks, showers, hotel rooms, at parties and, on occasion, in their parents' beds. They are having orgasms you wouldn't believe. They are busy exploring one another's bodies, making sexual discoveries by the dozens. They have fantasies that would curl your toes, and they share them with partners, sometimes over the phone. They think the secret to great sex is being in love, of feeling connected with a special person—but they also know the value of candlelight, music, lingerie, vibrators, bondage, light spanking and making noise. If they haven't actually done those things, they have certainly talked about them.

Today's students do it in the missionary position, woman on top and facing backward, standing, cuddled like spoons, on beds a few feet from sleeping roommates. Sometimes all in the same night. And a few—very few—don't do it at all.

•

Welcome to PLAYBOY's College Sex Survey. This year we decided to take a close look at the sex lives of students across the nation. We recruited professors at a dozen colleges and asked them to administer a 152-item survey to their classes. (The questionnaire was not identified as a PLAYBOY project.) In addition, we asked students to complete ten essay questions. While statistics can be interesting, a figure showing that Joe College has sex an average of twice a week doesn't do justice to the details and complex feelings that accompany sex. We wanted

ARTICLE BY MARTY KLEIN & JAMES R. PETERSEN

COLLAGES BY POLLY BECKER/GRAPHIC DESIGN BY CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

WE ASKED STUDENTS TO DESCRIBE THEIR MOST RECENT SEXUAL EXPERIENCE. BRACE YOURSELF.

"We were in his room. The lights were down low and Enigma was playing on the stereo, very seductive and sensual. We slowly took off each other's clothes. I put his black leather belt around his neck and I used it as a collar and chain. It was all very passionate, in rhythm with the music." Female, 19, Northern Arizona

"The last time I had sex was with my boyfriend at my house while everyone was sleeping. I was scared my father or brother might walk in. I took off my **panties** but kept my loose shorts on. I was on top and my boyfriend slipped his penis from his boxers. It was quick but very erotic. I waited for him to come, then **kissed his penis**." Female, 25, Cal State at Los Angeles

"I began by stroking his inner thigh. I gave him oral sex, then we had vaginal intercourse. He was on top, and as he moved in and out, I moved my FINGERS gently up and down his back and butt. I had never before touched his butt when we had sex. He really liked it. He came fairly quickly, in less than ten minutes. I was happy I could please him. Maybe next time he will want to please me." Female, 24, University of Maine

"I went over to my boyfriend's house and found him napping in his room. I took off my clothes and crawled under the blankets from the bottom of the bed, careful not to touch him or wake him. I began sucking his nipples, **licking** his stomach—but not touching his penis. He got hard and woke up. Teasingly, I apologized and said I would let him go back to sleep. I kept this up until he asked me to go down on him, which I did. He reached orgasm and then returned the favor. After we had both climaxed via oral sex we had intercourse. ***Teasing*** him like that, until he asked for it, made me feel confident, sexy, desirable." Female, 23, Northern Arizona

"The last time I had sex was with my fiancé. We were at my place. We had spent the day together and had gone to bed. Around 3 A.M. I woke up and began to **cuddle** with him. Soon we were looking into each other's eyes. I told him I loved him and thanked him for such a nice day. He then told me he could make the night even nicer. I giggled, but prayed that ***God would give me strength***. My desire was stronger than my faith at that point, so I positioned myself over him and assisted him in entering me. He was so thick and I was tight and wet, the perfect combination. We made love for an hour. My favorite part of sex is watching my fiancé's expressions. I find them so sexy and revealing. My least favorite part is when it is over, because then we reflect on what we've done and how **wrong** it is in the eyes of the Lord." Female, 22, Northern Arizona

"It was the last time we were going to see each other for a while, so we made it special. We tried a bunch of positions. Me on top, him on top, from behind **on our knees**, lying down, from the side with one leg over his shoulder. We fucked against his dorm room door and I know everyone down the hall could hear us. We made love by ***candlelight*** on top of his desk, in front of the open window. We both performed oral sex. We had vaginal and anal sex. We tied each other up—used **handcuffs and whips**. It was all very exciting. We had the three categories of intercourse—making love (my favorite), which is slow and sensual and shows we're into each other's feelings; sex, which is boom-boom-boom and it's over; and **pure fucking**, which is when we can't get enough of each other. It's rough and hard and exciting because we try new things. Then we took a shower together and slept holding each other all night." Female, 20, University of Maine

"I was on the roof of the music building with my best friend's boyfriend. We both MASTURBATED and then had sex. We'd both just been practicing and getting into some intense work together. I guess I just allowed caution and loyalty to go to the wind." Female, 19, Bowling Green State

"At some point during the evening I went back to his room and passed out. When I woke up I was naked and he was performing oral sex on me. I ***don't remember*** much of the evening. He just kept flipping me over and changing positions. I was so out of it that I had no idea what was going on. I woke up the next day and my clothes were in a pile on the floor next to the bed. My hair was wet and I asked how I got back to his room and if it had rained or something. He said yes. I remembered later that we had been in the shower together. He acted **as if nothing had happened**. That was 11 months ago. I haven't had any sexual contact since." Female, 20, University of Maine

to get beyond multiple-choice answers and dry statistics to hear students describe sex in their own words.

The results are revealing:

• Most of our respondents practice serial monogamy: More than half the men and almost three quarters of the women had one partner during the past school year. (Our students were overwhelmingly heterosexual. We heard from a few gays, bisexuals and lesbians, but the number was too small to report on.)

• While sex is on their minds almost all the time, an amazing number of students have no idea when sex is going to happen. Almost half did not expect to lose their virginity when they did; only ten percent know before going out on a date whether sex is probable. Most decide to have sex after considering the vibe in the air, how their partner responds to an advance, how someone kisses, how rough or gentle their partner's touch is.

• Some things never change. Parents still don't talk with their kids about sex, except for the usual messages: "Sex makes babies."

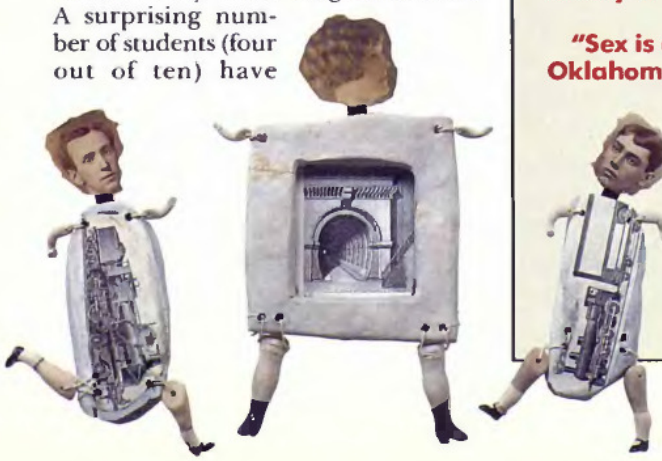
• But students talk with students, and most say the one thing their parents never could: "Sex is great, get it while you can." But after years of safe-sex messages, they have a new standard of behavior: "Sex is OK as long as you use a condom."

• More than half the men and 42 percent of the women have had sex in the presence of other people, either in parked cars or at parties.

• College students have taken safe-sex advice and used it as a route to great sex. About half of the men and women had masturbated in front of their partners—sometimes because they didn't have condoms, sometimes as a stand-in for intercourse, sometimes as a form of sex education.

• While few of these students have borrowed the family videocam, almost all have watched X-rated videos, some in groups, many with their partners.

• Health messages that warn against the dangers of some forms of anal sex seem to have heightened awareness of this formerly taboo erogenous zone. A surprising number of students (four out of ten) have



Orgasms

"How does an orgasm feel? Sometimes like I've died or left my body, sometimes like I've exploded into a million pieces, sometimes like I've merged, however briefly, with my partner. Sometimes like I've scratched an itch." Female, 28, San Francisco State

"Orgasm is like going up to hit a volleyball, and during the long, slow-motion glide through the air, I spot a short guy on the other team, and I swing high and hard and nail him right on the tip of the nose." Male, 19, Cal State at Los Angeles

"Orgasm is like an unlatching of the brain, a brief separation from yourself, a shudder of ecstasy." Female, 23, University of Texas at Austin

"An orgasm is a deep breath your body takes." Female, 20, University of Maine

"Sex is a nuisance without orgasm." Female, 38, Central State in Oklahoma

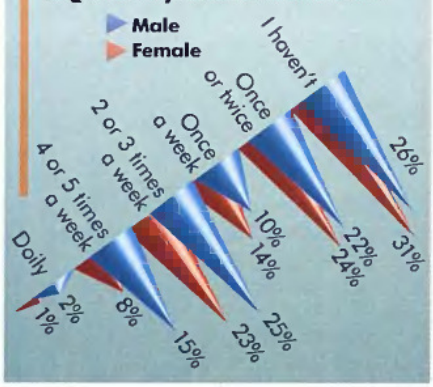
"An orgasm can feel different. Sometimes it is fabulous and my legs become weak, like I'm on some beautiful drugs. Other times I can have an orgasm and barely realize it." Male, 23, Northern Arizona

"Orgasm seems important to all men, considering that's mostly when sex ends." Female, 20, Bowling Green

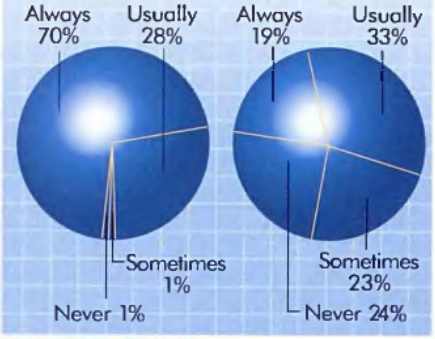
Sex BY THE NUMBERS

STATE U.

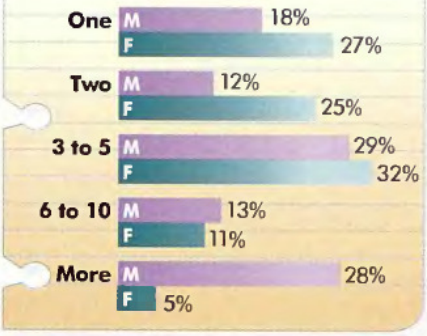
Q: In the past month, how often have you had intercourse?



Q: How regularly do you reach orgasm during intercourse?

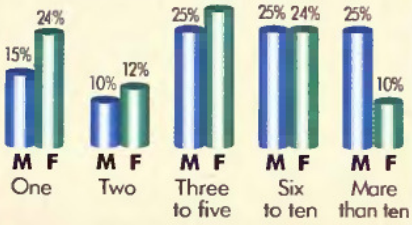


Q: With how many partners have you had oral sex in your life?

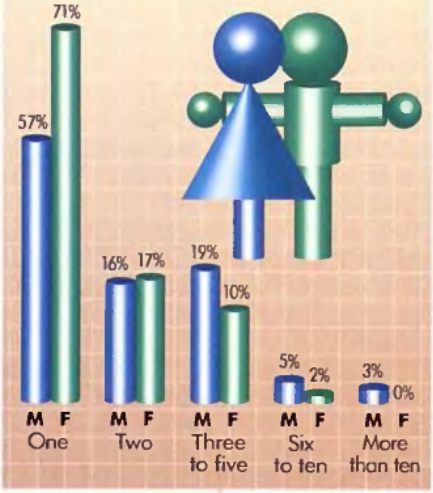


Q: With how many partners have you had intercourse . . .

. . . in your life?

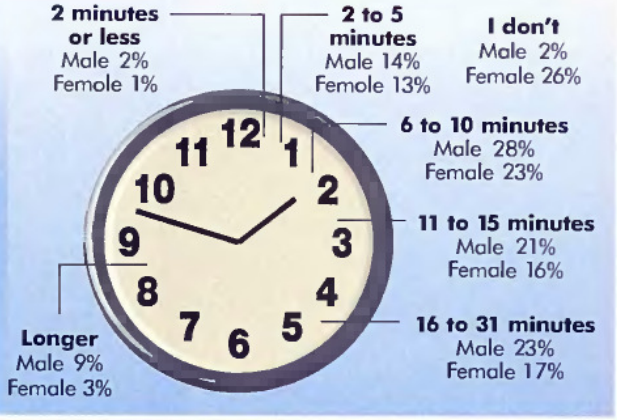


. . . in the past school year?

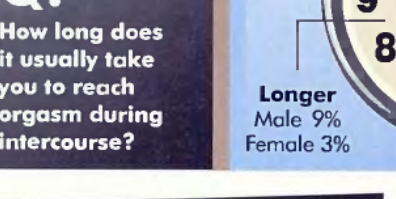


Pop Quiz

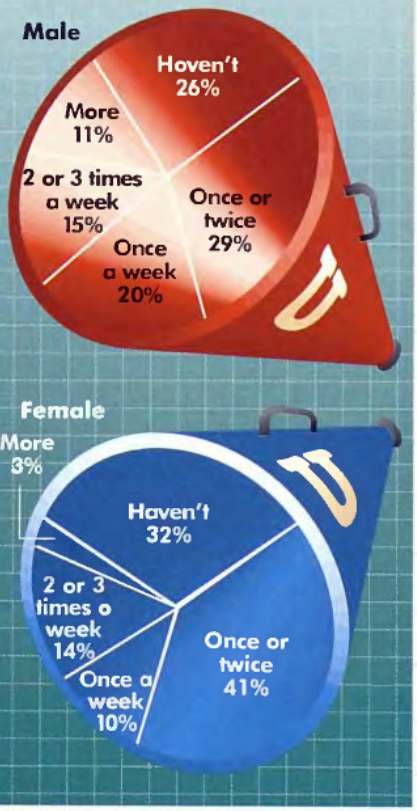
Q: How long does it usually take you to reach orgasm during intercourse?



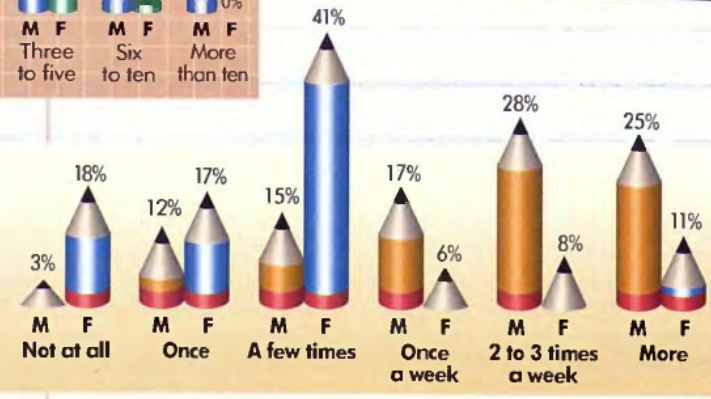
Q: Have you ever had intercourse in the presence of other people (at a party or in a car)?



Q: In the past month, how often have you engaged in oral sex?



Q: In the past month, how often did you masturbate?



(All figures rounded off to nearest percent.)

THE BATTLE OVER WHO WEARS THEM AND WHEN

The Great Condom War

Condoms have become the latex chaperons of college life. "Unprotected" has replaced "premarital" as the adjective that is most frequently attached to the word sex.

Even people describing great sex wanted the world to know that they had used condoms.

"The last time I had sex was in my boyfriend's room. I initiated the whole process by unbuttoning his shirt. We took off our clothes rather slowly. We played around a lot, tickling each other. He put on a condom and we had sex. He sat on a chair and I was on top of him. I came. Then we took a break. About 15 minutes later I put another condom on him, and we had sex again, this time in his bed with me on top." Female, 21, Bowling Green State

"We talked until four in the morning, then went to bed. He made advances at me, but didn't want to use a condom. I persuaded him to use one. It didn't really work. Then he got on top of me without a condom. I remember sort of whimpering and saying no. So he slid off and we both went to sleep." Female, 20, University of Maine

"It was at a friend's house, on a couch. We used a condom until he took it off, complaining about the lack of sensation. I tried to talk him into putting another on, but caved in. I was really upset with myself for allowing the unsafe sex to happen." Female, 24, University of Maine

"We were making out for a while and got out the condom, and he lost his erection. So we made out for a little while longer and regained composure. It was a generally frustrating experience since he lost it again. I pretended I was OK and was extremely supportive of him." Female, 20, University of Maine

"My least favorite part of sex is when the male wants to do 20 different positions with a condom on, like that's really going to work. I would like to do 20 different positions, but only with my husband when I get married, so condoms won't be troublesome." Female, 21, Cal State at Los Angeles

"I hate when the guy just wants to put it inside of me for a minute before he uses the rubber. It is uncomfortable to have to say no when you're trying to be lovable and doing something romantic. Having to be mean and say, 'No, you must wear a condom,' ruins the moment. Then if the guy gets an attitude, I don't even want it anymore." Female, 21, Ferris State

More than anything, condom use has put issues of control into sex. Consider the following: "It started in my room and finished in my car. Neither of us had any protection. I didn't want to continue it, so I stopped it, but of course he got mad about that. Well, then I was taking him home and we went at it again. I tried to make him happy and I did it manually. Actually it was a lot of fun for me because I was in control, and I was biting him all over his chest while my right hand jerked him off." Female, 24, LaGuardia Community College.

engaged in anal stimulation—and a third have engaged in anal intercourse, most without using a condom.

What we have is a snapshot of college sex in the age of AIDS. The sex education of these students was safe-sex education. A virus has changed how people have sex—but not the way you would expect.

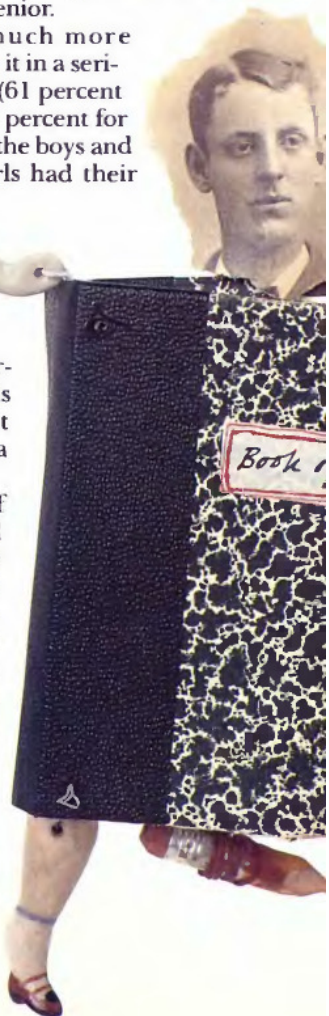
Studies of college students in the early Seventies suggested that the average age of first intercourse was 17.5 years among men and 17.9 years among women. By the Eighties those figures had dropped to 16.5. College students today started having sex in high school; the average age for first intercourse is 16.6 years for both men and women.

In 1991 the Kinsey Institute found that 80 percent of male and 73 percent of female college students were sexually active. We found that nine out of ten college students are sexually active.

THE FIRST TIME

Recent studies have shown that in more than half of teen pregnancies, the father is more than 20 years old. Much has been made of the age discrepancy, but our survey found that almost everyone loses their virginity with a more experienced partner (around two thirds said their partner was not a virgin). Boys lost it to girls one year their senior, girls to boys more than two years their senior.

Girls were much more likely to have lost it in a serious relationship (61 percent as opposed to 40 percent for boys). A third of the boys and a fifth of the girls had their first sexual experience in a casual relationship; 14 percent of the boys and ten percent of the girls said they first tried sex with "a friend."



Almost half of both men and women said they did not expect to lose their virginity when they did. Still, at least one partner thought it might happen, since a majority (more than 60 percent) managed to use a condom or other birth

HAVE YOU EVER ?

"I want to have sex in the library because it's quiet and the risk of getting caught is high. When I mentioned it to my partner, he laughed and said I was crazy." Female, 18, University of Maine

"I'd like to strap on a dildo and penetrate a man just to see what it's like to be inside someone. I have not discussed this specific act with anyone. I have put my finger in a man's ass, though, and that was cool for both of us." Female, 21, San Francisco State

"I have always wanted to blindfold him and massage every part of his body, exploring each crevice and curve. I would also use a little ice to entice him." Female, 20, Cal State at Los Angeles

"We sometimes pretend we are someone else, but we tell each other who. Once, my boyfriend pretended I was a girl who had been flirting with him. He told me what I looked like, how I dressed, how we met." Female, 21, Pacific Lutheran

"I would like to try bondage or S&M—I would love to feel completely helpless or out of control, maybe even experience a situation in which I was forced to have sex. I would not want to be raped for real but would like a man I wanted to have sex with to take me forcibly." Female, 21, Central State in Oklahoma

On campus, even the virgins have incredible fantasies. Said one: "I fantasize about wearing only panties and having a man lie (without touching me) on a bed while I undress him roughly. Then I begin to lick and suck him from his toes up. Then I beg him to let me give him oral sex. Finally, he allows me to. Next I masturbate using his body parts without his help. After I'm finished, we cuddle and fall asleep." Female, 19, Ferris State

We asked, "Do you believe anything goes?" and received this answer from a 22-year-old woman at the University of Texas:

"Yes. Who am I to judge what turns people on and makes them happy? There are lots of things I wouldn't do: urinate for someone, dress up as the opposite sex, take pornographic pictures or perform hard-core S&M. I had a partner who wanted to use a vibrator and try anal sex. I explained that those are intimate acts and that I would try them only with the man I marry."

By the Numbers

Three out of four college students discuss their fantasies with their partners. And a surprising number act them out:

* 28% of the men had **shaved** their pubic hair for a sexual reason; 48% of the women had done so.
* 57% of the men had gone *skinny-dipping* with the opposite sex; 46% of the women had done so.
* 22% of the men and 20% of the women had used a BLINDFOLD during sex.
* 54% of the men and 35% of the women had USED A MIRROR to watch themselves during masturbation or partner sex.
* 38% of the men and 31% of the women had *tied up someone* or been tied up during sex.
* 43% of the men and 33% of the women had **spanked** or been spanked as part of sex.
* 83% of the men and 86% of the women had *showered with a lover.*
* 18% of the men and 20% of the women had used a VIBRATOR with a lover.
* 21% of the men and 6% of the women had had a *threesome.*
* 33% of the men and 10% of the women had downloaded SEXUAL IMAGES from the Internet.
* 20% of the men and 15% of the women had had a **sexual chat** with someone online.
* 70% of the men and 64% of the women had *"talked dirty"* to someone over the telephone.
* Nearly one fifth of our students had POSED IN THE NUDE or taken nude photos of a lover.
* 11% of the men and 6% of the women had *videotaped* themselves having sex.
* More than a third of the men and a fifth of the women had **used Marijuana** to enhance sex.

control. This figure also means that almost 40 percent of the first-time lovers risked pregnancy or infection.

A writer once said that "sex is perfectly natural, but it's almost never naturally perfect." Since many of these students did not expect to lose their virginity, they may not have been emotionally prepared. Nor had they thought about what they might do to make sex better the first time. Not surprisingly, most of the students reported having mixed or disappointed feelings about the first time. The majority of the women (55 percent) wished they had waited longer. More than a quarter of the men felt this way.

No matter what their feelings about the first time, most of our students moved quickly on to the second and third times. A sizable minority (23 percent of the men and 16 percent of the women) said it was months before they tried sex again. In fact, when we asked people to describe their most recent sexual encounter, some ended up describing their first and only sexual encounter.

"The last time I had sex I was 15 and drunk. My boyfriend had been drinking, too, and I was so drunk I didn't even realize that he had put his penis in me. He didn't use a condom, and he didn't ask me. I felt dirty and used, and I haven't had sex since." Female, 18, Ferris State

ONE-NIGHT STANDS VS. RELATIONSHIPS

Sooner or later, most college students seem to settle into relationships. Forty-one percent of the men and 54 percent of the women described themselves as being in a steady relationship with one person; another 14 percent to 16 percent were living together or were married. The steady-relationship crowd had sex—lots of it. Not so those who were actively single.

Not surprisingly, social situation defines the kind of sex a student has: Those who described themselves as single and dating around (39 percent of men, 23 percent of women) had more partners but less intercourse and less oral sex. More than half of the daters had had no sex in the past month; only 13 percent of those in a serious relationship gave that answer. A third of the steadies reported having sex two or three times a week; only eight percent of the daters had sex that frequently. Half of the daters said they had gone without oral sex for the past month; only 13 percent of the steadies said the same. What is the cruising crowd doing? Half said they masturbate more than twice a week; only 20 percent of the steadies reported that frequency.

Social situation also affected the kind of sex one had. If you want to have sex without a condom, you have to be in a relationship.

The greatest differences between the two groups concerned condom use. Three quarters of the daters reported having condoms in their wallets, purses or in their rooms. Fewer than half of the steadies reported having condoms on hand, and the reason is simple: They don't use them. Four out of ten people in steady relationships have sex without a condom; only six percent of the daters admit taking that risk. Almost half of the cruisers said they use a condom every time or almost every time they have sex.

Since the AIDS epidemic began, public health officials have condemned casual sex. How could they track the spread of a disease if no one remembered the names of their partners? *Details* magazine put the question into a sex survey a few years ago: Do you remember the first and last names of everyone you've ever had sex with?

Eighty-two percent of the women could remember past lovers. Only 55 percent of the men could keep their date books straight.

Still, the zipless fuck—sex with a stranger—is alive and well:

"The last time I had sex was in Mexico on spring break. I met a guy in a bar—we danced, got really drunk, then went back to my hotel and swam in the pool. After about 30 minutes of splashing and foreplay, we had sex in the pool. It felt good, but the fact that he was a stranger made me feel guilty about how much I liked it." Female, 19, University of Maine

And we found an odd prejudice against one-night stands, even from people who enjoyed them. Taking risks, it seems, is not a particularly strong basis for a relationship:

"The last time I had sex was with a classmate who came to my apartment to study for a test. I barely knew him. While we studied, he asked if he could kiss me. Next thing I knew we were rolling around on the living room floor, pulling off our clothes in a frenzy. He performed incredible oral sex on me, then we had intercourse. It was fun but no way to start a relationship. So I will probably not see him again." Female, 21, Central State in Oklahoma

FEELINGS

When we asked students to describe their feelings during sex, the responses were overwhelmingly positive.

The emotion chosen by almost everyone was pleasure (99 percent of men and women).

More than two thirds of the students cited joy and ecstasy. Almost half said they felt naughty, which is a positive feeling in our book. Giggles, awe and wonder racked up scores as well.

Men were much more likely than women to report feeling confidence (75 percent vs. 53 percent), power (52 percent vs. 33 percent) and pride (54 percent vs. 23 percent). These figures suggest that college men think of sex as an accomplishment or a conquest.

Negative emotions were also present. Approximately four out of ten men and women reported feeling anxiety, fear, boredom or guilt. One fifth of students reported feeling anger during sex. A single sex act could trigger many emotions:

"It made me feel good, then great, then cheap." Male, 19, Ferris State

"It made me feel hot, loved, aroused and happy." Female, 20, Bowling Green State

Final flings—breakups or hookups with former flames—caused the widest range of feelings:

"We began by lying on the bed, talking. Then we started to kiss. We began to remove each other's clothes, and soon the kissing led to intercourse. We had intercourse four times—actually, it was continuous. He ejaculated four times and I peaked five times. He was a person with whom I had had a serious relationship, and we were trying to sort out the emotions caused by our breakup a week earlier. I felt like a whore because I had sex with him

(continued on page 150)

"I've worked here for 12 years and finally a cheerleader pulls a groin."

21st Century Fox

pin-up queen and pop star samantha fox packs a double wallop

She has the face that launched a billion newspapers. She has performed for more than a million fans—in one year alone. And in Britain, her R-rated treasures are considered more precious than the crown jewels.

The Samantha Fox tale began in the early Eighties, when she was discovered by *The Sun*, which has the largest circulation of a daily newspaper in the United Kingdom. The teenage Cockney beauty landed a four-year contract with the newspaper and posed every month or so. With her cheeky smile, she was an instant hit as a Page Three Girl. Although Sam never liked the moniker (she prefers "glamour model"), a photo of a good-looking lass posing topless on page three is a national tradition—and Sam, with her salt-of-the-earth expressions, its most worshiped practitioner. "I still keep my accent," she once told *People*. "I consider myself a working-class girl and would send my kids to public school. You can't be taught to be brainy. You've either got it or you don't."

Sam got her long-desired break in 1986 when she launched a singing career. Her first single and album, *Touch Me*, elevated her from topless model to the top of the pop charts. Sam made headlines in the U.K. when she decided to stop posing and again with her recent return to page three for *The Sun*'s 25th anniversary. But in the U.S. she is known primarily for her stint as a host on MTV and her late-Eighties hits *Touch Me (I Want Your Body)* and *Naughty Girls*. Dance rhythms get no bouncier. The key to her success is more than hinted at in the titles of some of her lesser-known tunes: *Wild Kinda Love*, *He's Got Sex* and the classic *(Hurt Me! Hurt Me!) But the Pants Stay On*. Her sex appeal and natural curves make a cone bra–clad Madonna look like the Tin Man in drag.

Now, after three years of touring and spending time writing songs in Spain, Sam plans to spring free once again. She released a single on the Continent earlier this year and teamed with PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Byron Newman for her most mature and sexy layout yet. "The Nineties are about supermodels but I believe the page three look will come back," she says. "People get sick of skinny girls with no boobs. Men will never change their minds. They'll always want a woman they can cuddle all night—not just for five minutes."

So how big is she? You could say 36D, but consider this: Ten years after its release, Sam's first single has sold 17 million copies worldwide. At one concert she raised $100,000 for the African Relief effort as part of the page three sisterhood project known as Bare Aid. Recently, she toured Bosnia, Russia and the Ukraine. In India she performed for 70,000 fans and shattered the attendance mark set by Bruce Springsteen. "I have fans in remote corners of the world," she says, "and there aren't many artists who will visit such places. Sometimes the hotels have no running water and the transportation is scary, but the appreciation from

Like hounds hot on a scent, English tobloid reporters ore on o never-ending Fox hunt. They track down Sam's ex-lovers ond report back whenever she's made o splosh. Sam has been a source of inspiration on Fleet Street: CHEST FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS, FOLKS! joked *The Sun* in its onniversory special, SEXY SAM BACK BARE SHE BELONGS.

At 5'1" Sam is only slightly too large to serve as the perfect centerpiece (opposite page). Or maybe it's just her way of announcing the dessert course. "This is the first real modeling job I've done in years," Sam says of her PLAYBOY shoot in the Caribbean. "It's probably my favorite of all time. I felt extra-special doing these pictures at the age of 30. I feel better than ever. I feel more confident. I feel fantastic."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

MAKEUP/HAIR BY LYNDON BURGE
PRODUCTION AND STYLING BY BRIGITTE ARIEL

fans is so overwhelming, you take it in stride."

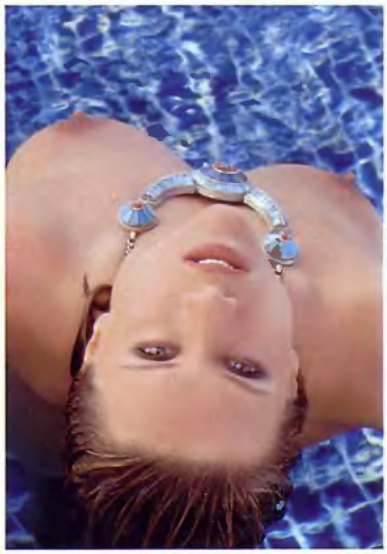
Still, Sam never received the respect she deserves. The alternately fawning and vicious British press turned on her after her performance at the 1989 Brit Awards, where she had problems with her Teleprompter. "I am a pop star, for God's sake, not a TV presenter," she argued at the time. In 1995, she even submitted an entry in the Song for Europe competition under the pseudonym Laura Norder. Free of the baggage associated with the name Sam Fox, her song placed fourth out of 800.

Sam's life has been a whirlwind lately. When we were last in touch, she had just returned from Moscow. The next morning, she was back in the recording studio.

"I've been working on my new album for three years. I own all copyright and I am in control of my career," she says. She signed a huge deal in Europe and is ready to consider offers in the U.S.

"I was invited to perform on Independence Day in Moscow," she says of one of her biggest triumphs. "There I was, little me, with fireworks going off and 70,000 people screaming. It's amazing that they picked me, not George Michael or Elton John." Just call her Sam Fox, diplomat of love. —CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

"I am really proud of what I did for pastry," Sam says of her cheesecake poses. "I made it an institution in Britain." We can relate: We've always had a sweet tooth ourselves.



Relationships are difficult for someone of Sam's fame and stature. She even wrote a song about it called *Boundaries of Love*. "I'm single now," she says. "I know there's someone out there for me—it could be the mechanic sent to fix my car. I don't look for love, I wait for love."

WINNER OF THE 11TH ANNUAL PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

GERALD'S MONKEY

for the boss' nephew, a summer job at a shipyard can be an amazing education

fiction By MICHAEL KNIGHT
THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Gerald wanted a monkey and Wishbone said he could get it for him. Wishbone had a man on the inside. The three of us were burning out badly rusted floor sections of a tuna rig called *Kaga* and welding new pieces in their place, patchwork repairs, like making a quilt of metal. A lot of Japanese fisheries were having ships built in the States; labor was cheaper. This hold was essentially a mass grave for marine life, and it stunk like the dead. The smell never comes out, Gerald told me, even if you sandblast the paint off the walls. The door to the next room had been sealed, so there was only one way in, an 8′x10′ square in the ceiling, and it was almost too hot to draw breath. They seemed connected, the heat and that awful smell, two parts of the same swampy thing.

"Will it be a spider monkey?" Gerald said.

Wishbone shut down his burner and looked at Gerald.

"I don't know. My Jap gets all the good shit. It'll eat bananas," Wishbone said. "It'll scratch its ass. Shit. *Will it be a spider monkey?*"

"Spider monkeys make the best pets," Gerald said.

"Gerald, what the hell do you want with a monkey?" I said.

Gerald started to answer, paused in his burning, white sparks settling around his gloved hands, but Wishbone cut him off. He said to me, "Do not speak until you are spoken to, little man." His voice was muffled and deepened by his welding mask. "A monkey Gerald wants, a monkey Gerald gets. Now run and fetch me some cigarettes."

He stood and stretched his legs. Wishbone was one large black man. With his welding mask and black leather smock and gloves and long, thick legs running down into his steel-toed work boots, he looked like a badass Darth Vader.

"Wishbone, can you read?" I asked him.

He snapped his mask up. His face was running with sweat and his eyes were bloodshot and angry. He was high on something. Wishbone was always high.

"Did you speak, little man? I hope not."

I didn't say anything else, just pointed at the sign behind him: DO NOT SMOKE, painted in red block letters on plywood. The torches burn on a combination of pure oxygen and acetylene, and sometimes tiny holes wear in the lines from use. The welding flames themselves generally burn off all the leaking oxygen and gas. But shut down the torches and give the gas a little time to collect in the air,

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF CROSBY

then add a spark, and the world is made of fire. A spark is rarely enough, but why test the percentages? There was a story around the yard about a guy who'd been breathing the fumes for hours with his torch unlit. When he went to fire it up, he inhaled a spark and the air in his lungs ignited. Afterward, he looked OK on the surface, but his insides were charcoal, hollowed out by fire.

Wishbone glanced over his shoulder at the sign, looked back at me and shrugged. He reached under his smock and came out with a rumpled pack of Winstons. He put a bent cigarette between his lips, struck a match and held it just away from the tip.

"This is my last cigarette," he said. "You have till I am finished to get your ass up from the floor and out to the wagon for a new pack. Let me be clear. If you are not back before I put my boot on this thing, I'm gonna beat you like a rented mule." He spoke real slow, like my English wasn't so good. "Do you understand?"

I got to my feet reluctantly. I said, "Gerald, you need anything?" Gerald shook his head and gave me a wave.

I sidled to the ladder and climbed it slow and easy, no hurry, but once topside, I was gone, the fastest white boy on earth, dumping equipment as I ran, a jackrabbit, skirting welders and shipfitters on the deck, clanging down the gangplank, then up over the Cyclone fence, headed for the supply wagon. It was 95 degrees, wet July heat in lower Alabama, but after the hold, it felt good, almost cool. Goose bumps rose lightly on my skin.

Wishbone got off on razzing me. White kid, 16, owner's nephew, gone with the summer anyhow. I was his wet dream. We had worked together for a week during the previous summer, my first time on a welding crew, and even then he had no patience for me. He ignored me for the whole week, just looked away whenever I spoke, concentrated on the skittering sparks and pretended I wasn't there. The cigarette runs were new, but I didn't mind so much. Probably he wouldn't have roughed me up if I had refused to play along. He could have been fired, maybe jailed, and he knew it. But I wasn't taking any chances.

Summers at the shipyard were a family tradition. Learn the value of a dollar by working hard for it, that sort of thing. I'd drag myself home in the evenings caked with filth, feeling drained empty, like I'd spent the day donating blood, and there my sister would be, fresh and blonde and lovely, stretched languorously on the couch in front of the television. She'd have on white tennis shorts and maybe still be wearing her bikini top. She spent her summer days reading by the pool, her nights out with one boy or another. She had tattooed a rose just below her belly button by applying a decal and letting the sun darken the skin around it.

"Give me the fucking remote," I would say.

"Blow me."

She was 18, off to the university in the fall. By the time I got home, the last of the daylight would be slanting in through the banks of long windows, making everything look dreamy and slow. My sister would yawn and change the channel just to show me she could.

"I'm gonna sit down now, Virginia, and take off my boots and socks," I'd say. "You have until I am barefoot to hand it over or I will beat you like a

"There are many approaches to illustrating a story," says PLAYBOY's Managing Art Director Kerig Pope. "On this page, you see six different psychological interpretations." For the contest, Pope and Art Director Tom Staebler judged the work of Marshall Arisman's students at the School of Visual Arts. Hoping to join PLAYBOY's panthean are runners-up (clockwise from top left) Stephen Savage, Aileen Boyce, Kyeongmi Yeom, Wesley Bedrosian, Megon Berkheiser and Yino Zhang. Contest rules are on page 142.

"Who's lap dancing?"

rented mule."

She would smile, adjust her position so she was facing me, draw her smooth knees up to her belly, get comfortable. She'd yell, "Mo-om," stretching the words into two hair-raising syllables. "Mom, Ford's acting tough again."

•

Gerald brought a monkey book to the shipyard, smuggled it in under his coveralls, and the two of us sat around on a break flipping through it. He was an older man, nearing 50, his dark skin drawn tight over his features, worn to a blunt fineness. He had been working for my uncle almost 20 years. Wishbone lay on his back with his fingers linked on his chest, washed in the rectangle of light that fell through to us. He owned the traces of breeze that drifted down through the hatch. I had the book open across my knees, a droplight in one hand, my back against the bluish-white wall. Gerald was kneeling in front of me, watching for my reaction.

"See there?" he said. "Where it says about how spider monkeys make the best pets?"

He reached over the book and tapped a page, leaving a sweaty fingerprint. I flipped pages, looking for the passage he wanted, past capuchins and guerezas with their skunk coloring, past howler monkeys and macaques, until I came to the section on spider monkeys. I said, "OK, I got it."

"Read it to me," he said.

I cleared my throat. "Spider monkey, genus *Ateles*, characterized by slenderness and agility. They frequent, in small bands, the tallest forest trees, moving swiftly by astonishing leaps, sprawling out like spiders and catching themselves by their perfectly prehensile tails. Their faces are shaded by projecting hairs, blah, blah, blah, four species between Brazil and central Mexico." I skimmed along the page with the droplight. "OK, here we go. They are mild, intelligent and make interesting pets. There it is, Gerald."

I tried to hand him the book, but he pushed it back to me.

"Look at the pitcher," he said. "Look at those sad faces."

In the middle of the page was a close-up photograph of two baby spider monkeys. They did look sad and maybe a little frightened, their wide eyes full of unvoiced expression, like human children, their hair mussed as if from sleep, their mouths turned down slightly in stubborn monkey frowns.

"Don't nobody got a monkey," Gerald said.

"Michael fucking Jackson got a monkey," Wishbone said.

We turned to look at him. He hadn't moved, was still stretched in the light, legs straight as a corpse. I had thought he was asleep. Gerald said, "Michael Jackson's nobody I know."

"Michael Jackson has a chimpanzee," I said. "There's a difference."

Wishbone sat up slowly, drew in one knee and slung his arm over it. He looked handsome, almost beautiful, in the harsh sunlight, his eyes narrow, his smile easy, perspiration beaded on his dark face. He looked so mysterious, just then. I thought that if I could catch him in the right light, strike a match at an exact moment, I would see diamonds beneath the surface of his skin.

He got to his feet, walked over and squatted in front of me. He snatched the book from my hands. "'The food of the spider monkey is mainly fruit and insects.'" Wishbone enunciated each word carefully. He winked at Gerald, then leaned toward me until his face was close enough to mine that I could feel his breath on my cheeks. "'In certain countries, their flesh is considered a delicacy.'" He closed the book and passed it to Gerald without taking his eyes from me. He rooted around under his smock, found what he was looking for and dangled it in front of me. "You know the routine," he said, an empty cigarette pack between two fingers.

•

I took my time doing Wishbone's errand. He hadn't given me a countdown, so I thought I'd at least make him wait awhile for his nicotine. The shipyard was on skeleton crew because we'd lost the Navy contract—400 people out of work at my uncle's company alone—and the *Kaga* was one of only three ships in for repairs, leaving seven dry docks empty, rising up along the waterfront like vacant stadiums. I wandered into the next yard over, Yard Five, thinking about Gerald's monkey. I wondered if Wishbone could actually get it for him or if that was just talk. I hoped he could, for Gerald's sake. Cruel to lead him on. I had this picture in my head of Gerald at home in an easy chair, the television on in front of him and this spider monkey next to him on the arm of the chair, curling its tail around his shoulders. It was a nice picture. They were sharing an orange, each of them slipping damp wedges of fruit into the other's mouth.

I could hear the lifting cranes churning behind me, men shouting, metal banging on metal. But Yard Five was still and quiet. Dust puffed up beneath my steps. The infrequent wind made me shiver. Two rails set wide apart, used for launching ships, ran down to the water's edge, and I balanced myself on one and teetered down the slope to the water. A barge lumbered along the river with seagulls turning circles above it.

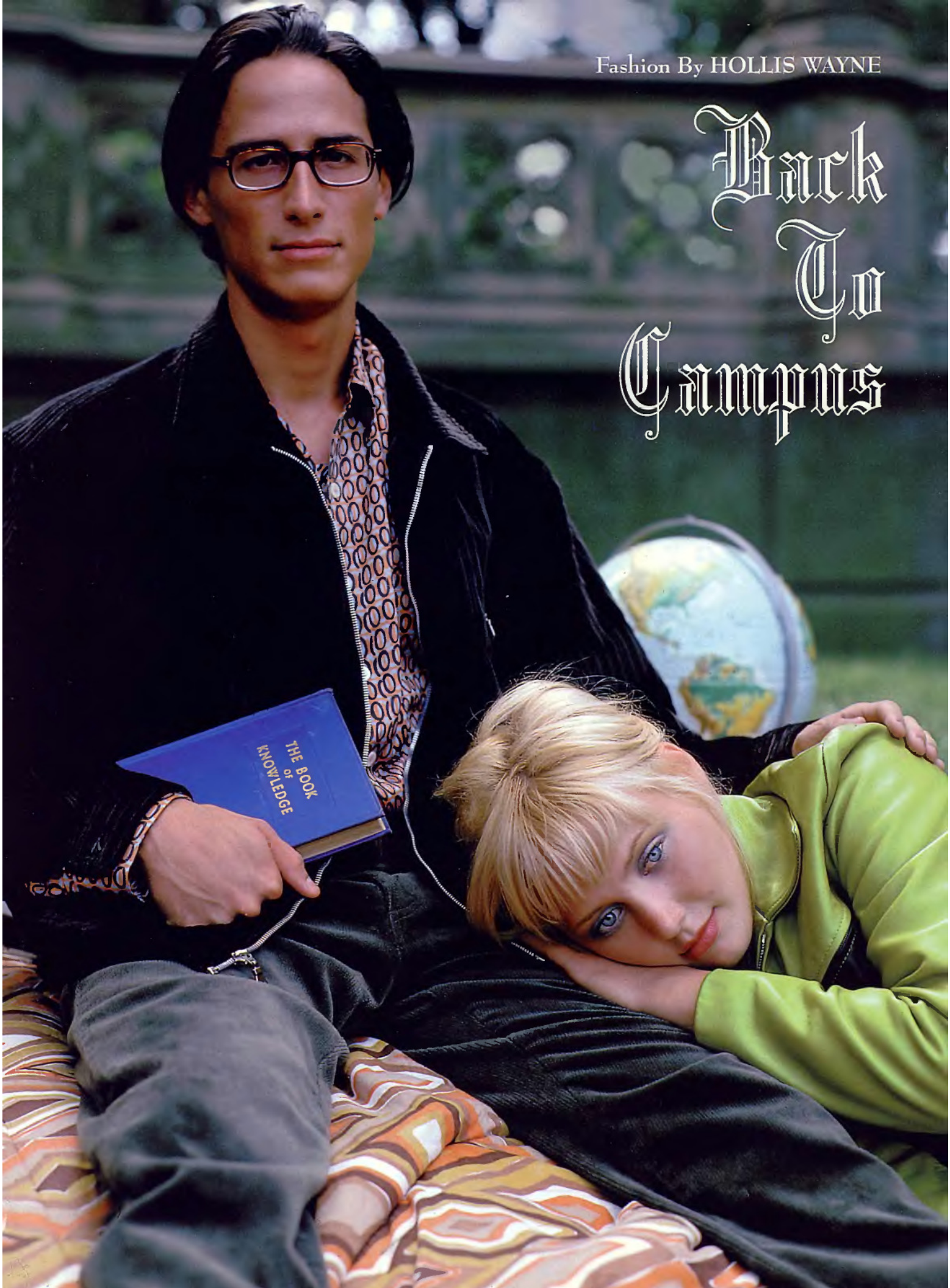
When I was nine years old, my parents took me to the launching of a 200-foot yacht, the *Marie Paul*, built here for a California millionaire. My family had been invited for the maiden voyage, and we mingled with the beautiful strangers under a striped party tent that sheltered a banquet of food and champagne and where a Dixieland band fizzed on an improvised stage in the corner. There were tuxedos and spangled cocktail dresses along with the canary-yellow hard hats that my uncle required. The women from California wore short dresses my mother never would have worn, exposing tan and slender legs that seemed to grow longer when they danced.

One of these women proclaimed me the cutest thing in my miniature tuxedo and hard hat. She hauled me away to dance, my mother shooing me politely along despite my protests. We did the stiff-legged fox-trot that Mother and I did at home, the only dance I knew. "Loosen up, baby," the woman said, stepping away from me after only a few turns. "Dance like you mean it." She shimmied around me, overwhelmed me, the rustle of her dress and swish of her hair, her hands slipping over my arms and shoulders, her perfume and warm champagne breath, her brown thighs gliding together, her exposed throat and collarbone. This woman did the christening, shattering a bottle of champagne on the prow. The *Marie Paul* was the most magnificent thing I'd ever seen, with a sleek stern and muscular bow like a tapered waist and broad chest. It was polished to incandescent white, with a swimming pool at the rear, a helicopter pad on the topmost deck and four Boston Whalers to serve as landing craft strapped to the foredeck and covered with a purple tarp. Workmen on overtime scurried in its shadow. My dance partner was tiny beneath the yacht's bulk.

Ships are launched sideways, set on giant rollers and drawn down the tracks with heavy cable. When that one hit the water and careened to starboard, sending up a tidal wave of spray, I thought she would go under, that she would keep rolling, slip beneath the slow, brown water and go bubbling to the bottom. I screamed in panic and shut my eyes. My mother pulled me against her leg and said, "It's all right, Ford, honey. Look, it won't sink. See, it's fine." The *Marie Paul* found her balance, came swaying slowly upright, thick waves rushing away from her on both sides, as if drawn by our cheering.

(continued on page 142)

Barbi Benton was 18 and a premed coed at UCLA when she met Hef on the set of his TV show, *Playboy After Dark*, in 1968. Over the course of their eight-year relationship, he introduced her to fame and Hollywood while she coaxed him into parasailing, skiing and globe-trotting. Together they epitomized swinging romance. Barbi, who later became a country-and-western singer, starred in numerous pictorials. The above photograph is from *Barbi Doll* in March 1970.



Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

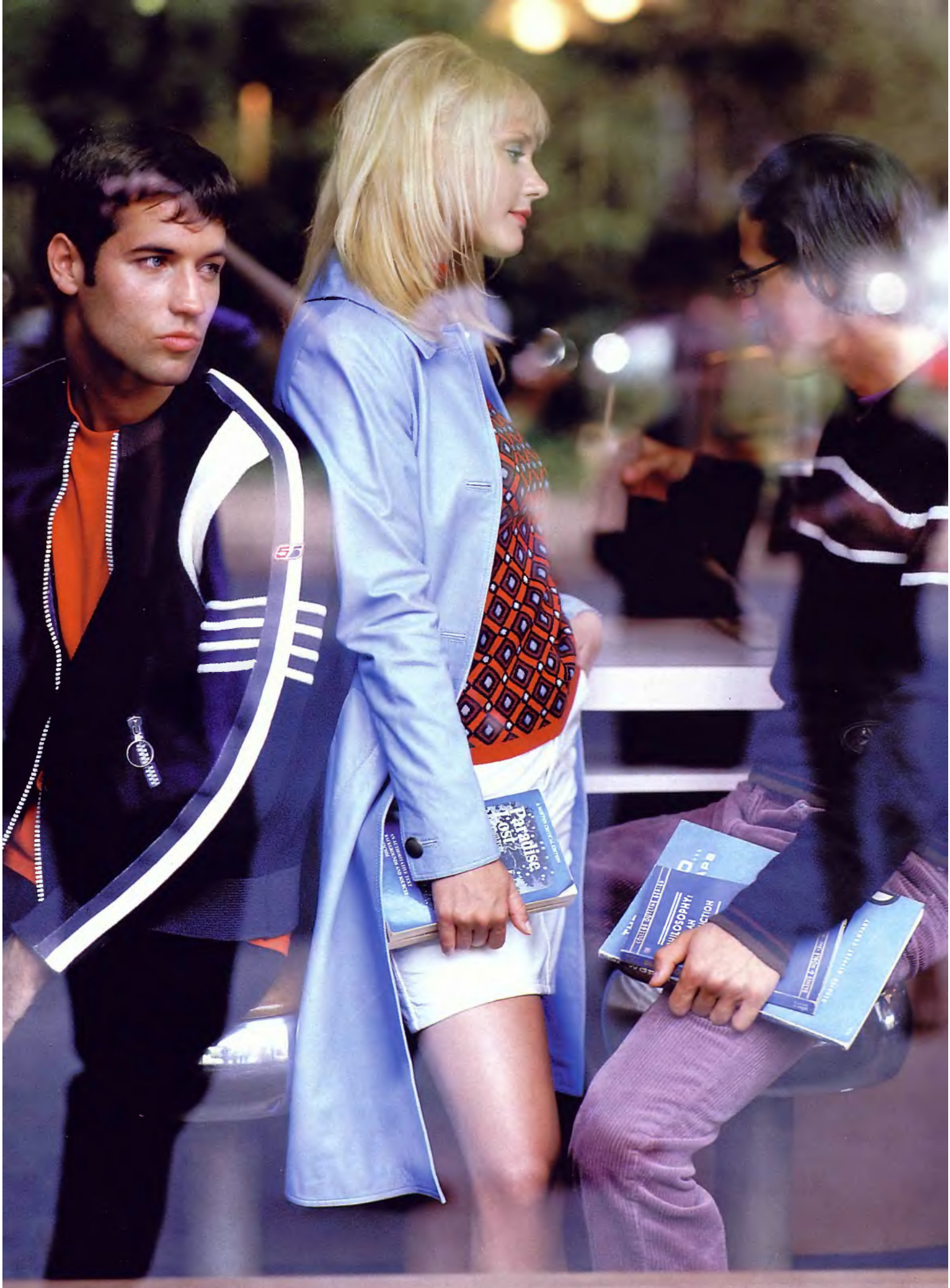
Back To Campus

zip-front sweaters, snug pants, hush puppies— this season's look is a blast from the past

Ditch the grungy jeans, baggy sweatshirts and who-cares-what-I-wear-to-class attitude. Fit is in this fall; so are interesting clothing matches. Start with a staple sweater—namely one of this season's zip-front models worn extra lean. Fitted polyester or silk print shirts that shout retro are also hot for fall and look great in funky hues and Sixties-inspired op art prints. (For a best-bet color scheme, pair earth tones with red, yellow or purple brights.) And when it comes to pants, the correct answer—again—is fitted. Instead of last season's low-slung hip-hop looks, make room in your closet for some form-flattering flat-fronts (plaid patterns and plush corduroy will score the highest marks). Don't forget about jackets. Vintage styles in leather, suede and wide-wale corduroy are the top choices in lightweight fall outerwear. We suggest one of the waist-length zip-front or racing-stripe looks featured on these six pages. And when it comes to what you wear on your feet, think loafers, think oxfords and think Hush Puppies. The last is definitely back big-time in some very cool colors such as eggplant, mustard, royal blue, off-white and red. Wear them with a pair of skinny jeans or casual pants to create a long, lean effect.

Left: Splendor in the grass in a wide-wale corduroy zip-front jacket with side slosh pockets and a zippered chest pocket, from GMS by Georges Morciano (about $65), worn with a silk op art buttondown shirt by Nicole Farhi ($225) and cotton chenille straight-leg jeans by Guess ($74). Right: Up close and personal in a block vinyl shirt jacket with two button-through flap pockets, from GMS by Georges Morciano ($76), a cotton crewneck T-shirt by Fila ($25), plaid cotton corduroy jeans from GMS by Georges Marciano (about $40) and supple suede oxfords with lug soles, by Kenneth Cole (about $140).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE


Paradise Lost

Two great ways to weather the fall. Opposite, far left: Combine a wool zip-front sweater with side stripes, by 55 DSL (about $200) with a T-shirt by Discus Athletic ($9) ond grid-potterned corduroys by Guess ($84). Opposite, neor left: Wear a merino wool sweater by Mossimo ($82) and a T-shirt by 55 DSL ($49) with corduroys by Diesel ($100). This page: The leon look of o wool zip-front sweater by Diesel ($140) goes great with a T-shirt by Guess ($56), wide-wale corduroys by Diesel ($100) and suede oxfords by Hush Puppies ($70).

WOMEN'S STYLING AND PROPS BY STEFAN BECKMAN

Vintage is the word in menswear this season. Pictured at left is a brushed cotton twill zip-front jacket by Guess Classics ($100), a polyester op art button-down shirt (about $100) and polyester-and-cotton plaid jeans ($129), both by L'Energia, and suede loafers by Hush Puppies ($70). Opposite, near right: A suede zip-front racing jacket by 26 Red ($136) is combined with a striped crewneck shirt by Katharine Hamnett Denim ($125), plaid corduroys by Nicole Farhi ($195) and suede loafers by Kenneth Cole ($140). Opposite, far right: A leather zip-front jacket with racing stripes ($495) and five-pocket jeans ($48), both by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren, and a long-sleeved T-shirt by Adidas ($20).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ITALO GREGORIO FOR WARREN TRICOMI, NYC
GROOMING BY RICKEY LEE BABINEAUX

Rockin' Robin

by Bruce Vilanch

from the condor club to beaver street, nobody does san francisco like robin williams

Walking through San Francisco with Robin Williams is like walking through Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood. He owns the place. Every tree, every rock, every nook and cranny hides a cohort waiting to leap out and cry (choose one from this list of offerings made during a casual stroll), "Robin, let's . . .

"take a picture."
"make a picture."
"do a doob."
"play Jumanji."
"go visit my mom."
"record a video."
"nanu, nanu."
"get some pesto."
"get some latte."
"get some crystal meth" (they still like their drugs in San Francisco—they still love their food).
"buy a loft."
"say something to your fans in Fukuoka" (tempting, but then the camcorder jams).

•

The cops we meet (one Asian, one Anglo), the street kids, the boys in wigs, the girls in leather, even the tourist-weary San Franciscans trying to live real lives in this last metropolitan utopia—they all view Robin as one of their own. And why not? "He lives here, dude!" one of the nouveau-hippie homeless says proudly to the uncomprehending Japanese camcorder hound who stalks Robin down Haight Street. "Leave him alone!"

Like his bandit namesake, Williams left the pleasures of the palace for the fertile fields of home. Unlike Robin H, he doesn't steal from the rich—he takes their money and makes them richer. His name has been above the titles of seven movies that grossed more than $100 million. Two of them, *Jumanji* (in which his love interest is Bonnie Hunt) and *The Birdcage* (in which his love interest is Nathan Lane), passed the $100 million mark over the same weekend, meaning the malls of America were filled with people laughing along with Robin.

And Robin has made out pretty well from this. As an associate remarked when Williams wasn't Oscar-nominated for his drag triumph in *Mrs. Doubtfire*, "He'll just take his $25 million and go home." Maybe, but like Robin Hood, he can't stop giving to the poor, not only through the semiannual *Comic Relief* benefits he co-founded and cohosts but also through the dozens of local goodwill projects he has spearheaded. "Robin Williams, could you spare a quarter?" a Kurt Cobain clone asks as he swirls by. Robin's hand goes into his pocket as he turns to the kid, who looks stunned. "No, *(continued on page 96)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

ESSENTIAL STUFF FOR GUYS ON THE RISE

YOU GOTTA HAVE IT

Comes a time when you've secured your first apartment lease and cashed a few checks from a real job. That's when it becomes apparent that there are things you just have to have. We've done the hard part and put together a wish list of great stuff. So start taking notes before your values are tarnished by 401(k)s, family responsibilities and a bunch of expensive suits. Clockwise from top left: Quentin Tarantino videos ($20 each). Converse Chuck Taylor All Star 2000 basketball shoes ($75). Sony's KV-32XBR100 32-inch TV ($3200). Toyota's RAV4 (about $16,000). Specialized's M2 FS Comp Stump Jumper (about $2000). RCA DSS package ($600 to $850). Haworth's Correspondent home office (about $2000). Reproduction 1930 Bugatti ($550). Great stogies (about $125 to $375 for a box of 25). Astroglide lubricant ($13 for five ounces) and a mix of condoms. Diesel Scud sunglasses ($115). Krups Nespresso system ($400). SPF 15–plus sunscreens ($3 and up). Motorola Startac cell phone ($2000). Brita pitcher, $20. IBM's Thinkpad 560 ($2700). N64 video game system ($250). Tommy Bahama's microbeers ($6 a six-pack) and cap (about $25). Sharp's GX-CH150 stereo ($220). Ivanka 22-kt.-gold-plated dumbbell set ($525). Sony D-777 Discman ($450); Sony's SLV-960HF VCR ($600); Contax' G1 titanium 35mm automatic camera with a 45mm Zeiss lens ($2000). Altoids ($2). Rollerblade's Fashion 10K in-line skates ($400). Recycling sorter from the Container Store ($28).

Rockin' Robin (continued from page 92)

"He's in love with his dick," one of the producers said. "Can you blame him?"

no, I don't want your money, man. I just wanna shake your hand." Like Robin of Locksley, Robin of SF is a touchingly easy touch.

This Robin's band of merry men are all inside his head. They pop out with no warning, usually accompanied by a change of voice, an explosion of arms and a cautionary "Don't be afraid!" What everyone used to think was drug-induced behavior ("Cocaine? You should see me on caffeine") turns out to be Robin's way of expressing himself. He takes ordinary conversation as far as he can stand it and then bursts into a character riff to better explain his feelings, like the people in musical comedy who have to sing and dance because mere words can't contain their joy, or sorrow, or lust.

•

In general, he is a man given to bursts. Bursts of laughter, bursts of color in his clothing, bursts of energy. Between bursts, things can get downright tranquil and reflective, and people, even strangers who approach him on the street, can be treated with a deference that makes them giddy. They can't believe this millionaire genius star is paying such attention to them. It must be some sort of joke. But it's not. He is respectful of people and their quirks. It's the fuel that fires the other stuff. And when he suddenly goes to flame—another burst—everybody he's ever met and every tic they ever revealed is released into the atmosphere.

This may be one reason he lives in San Francisco, a city full of individuals, where each coffeehouse has its own line of T-shirts and refrigerator magnets. It's the last great walking city, and Robin likes to walk around town. It's the city where he left his heart and returned to claim it. "I came back here when I left school. I worked at a place in Sausalito where they would advertise for a waitress job and would take Polaroids of the girls who came in to fill out applications. Then the owners would throw away the applications and look at the Polaroids.

"There was a guy working there as a waiter, and we did some kind of act. A lot of it is hazy now. I remember lots of stoned nights, diving into the Bay." There were many other addresses and many other kinds of acts that evolved into the manically political stand-up that attracted attention some years later. Among the addresses is the one we are standing in front of now—on Beaver Street.

"I was attracted to it somehow. Perhaps it was the name. You think? Nah!" On the most recent *Comic Relief*, the production staff had a pool to guess how long it would take Robin to get to a dick joke. The show started at six P.M. The winning guess was 6:07. And there had been a five-minute opening number. "The dick jokes were OK, but after I did the talking vagina, even I had to say, Whoa, where can I go from here?" "He's in love with his dick," one of the producers said. "Can you blame him?" Though many have tried, few stars have made their phallus mania so amusing, or shared it so willingly. Robin's penchant for royal blue ad-libbing precedes him, of course, and an appearance on a live show such as the Academy Awards produces angst among executives who tactfully remind him of the trouble he could get them all in. "I got away with a few things this year," he reminisces in triumph, "the stuff about the Woody doll from *Toy Story*—'I had a Woody all through high school. I used to wake up with my Woody and play with it.' But there was one line they asked me not to use. It was in the Chuck Jones tribute. He is the great Warner Bros. animator, and I wanted to say, 'Working at Warner Bros. is like having sex with a porcupine. You're one prick against a thousand.' I hated losing that.

"I loved Beaver Street," Robin continues, "and it looks exactly the same." There are some differences, though. Beaver Street is smack in the middle of the Castro, which back then was gay, but right now is Gay, the center of all Gay life in a city where Gay is a political force of some consequence.

"We had a loft and were above a lot of the other buildings. We could see and hear everything. I learned every name you can call a man during sex. At Halloween it was insane. We'd look out the window and see thousands of wigs being teased simultaneously."

From Beaver Street it's a short walk along Castro to the fabled Castro Theater (current attraction: Sal Mineo, Juliet Prowse and Elaine Stritch in *Who Killed Teddy Bear?*), where Robin performed at a benefit to kick-start the theater's restoration. A couple of blocks down is something that wasn't here when Robin was but has become the city's newest bizarre tourist attraction—the Barbra Streisand museum, Hello, Gorgeous!

"I can't believe she did it so small," Robin jokes, and then feigns elaborate surprise when he is told the storefront shrine was put together without diva authorization. It's actually a converted Victorian (as is half of San Francisco) covered from ceiling to floor with Barbra-ana. For $6.50 you can have a Polaroid taken of you and the Barbra mannequin of your choice. It's the kind of eccentric enterprise that could survive only in San Francisco, a town that has supported the campy *Beach Blanket Babylon* revue for more than 20 years.

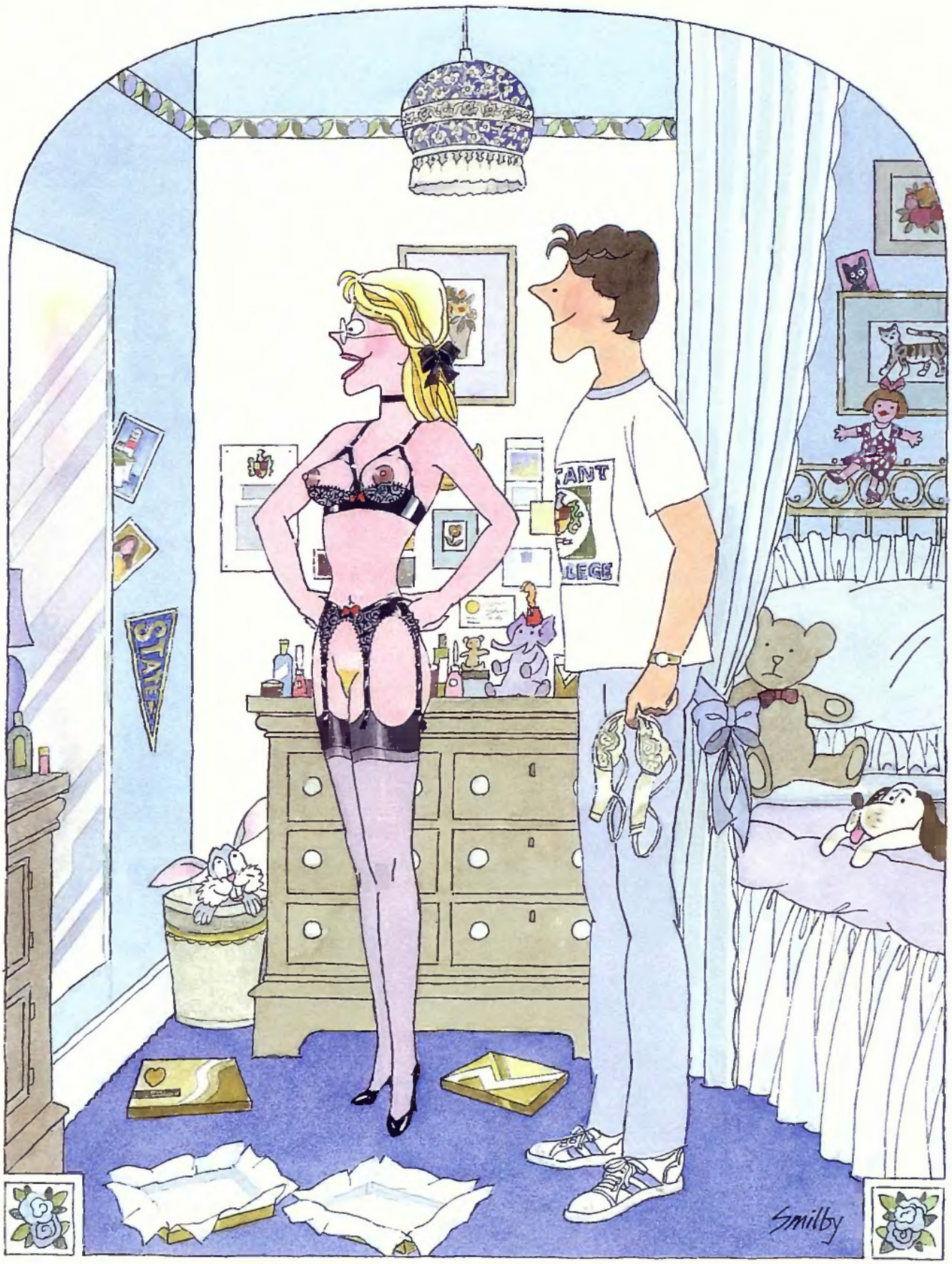
"It's you!" cries a buff guy in black jeans and black eyeliner, with silver staples and rings in his ears and nose. He is in the middle of painting one of many Barbra portraits that adorn the walls. "Be very careful," Robin intones, appraising the work. "Make the slightest mistake and it's Jennifer Grey." He casts about the room and lights on another oil with an unfortunate nose. "Look! Glenn Close after a prizefight!"

The owner is reverential. "Do you know her?" he asks hopefully. "Know her? I opened for her!" Robin laughs. "Oh, yes, of course, for the *One Voice* concert," the owner immediately remembers, and you fear he may go off to a corner and beat himself up for forgetting. "That was a night," the opening act muses. "It was a benefit in her backyard and she had more greenery than Spain. Hard to be funny in a setting of intense natural beauty."

They're waiting for him outside the museum. A couple of tourists and a real estate agent with a bunch of open-house signs under his arm. "Can I interest you in anything in the neighborhood, Mr. Williams?" "Got anything on Beaver Street?" "Yeah, I thought that might catch your eye." Farther down Castro, a leather-fetish store is having a Father's Day sale on collars and leashes. They call it Daddy's Day. "Oooh, Daddy," Robin says, instantly morphing into one of his merry men, "buy me that smart choker with the spikes." His next project, *Father's Day*, is the long-hoped-for Robin Williams–Billy Crystal vehicle in which they play divorced men tricked into searching for a child they are both told is theirs. "No collars or leashes, but we are both buffing up. And we don't know why. I'm on this insane killer diet and Billy is lifting weights. The other day we looked at each other and said, 'Why are we doing this? I guess it's something these *guys* do. Maybe we're channeling.'"

After *Father's Day* comes a big-budget

(continued on page 156)



"Wow, Irvin—you really think this is me?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG AND
STEPHEN WAYDA

A young Old World lovely from beer country, Nadine wanted to open her own beauty shop before winning the Miss Hannover pageant changed her life. But these days Nadine is setting her sights even higher. "Now that I'm a Playmate, I want to be a model and an actress and enjoy myself," she says.

welcome
to the
miss october fest

CHANZ ENCOUNTER

Ja," says Miss October. "I used to say, I am shy for this. I am a girl who wears a T-shirt on the beach!" Yet the blonde beauty from tiny Algermissen, a hamlet in northern Germany, has never been timid in any way about pursuing her dream—to make it big in America. In 1993 Nadine Chanz was a student at a beauty college back home. On a whim and a dare she entered—and won—the Miss Hannover pageant. She then conquered her shyness long enough to pose for the German edition of PLAYBOY. During a visit to the U.S. last year, she brought her *Playboy Germany* issue to our Los Angeles offices and demanded attention. "My goal is to be an American Playmate," she told us. After one look, how could we say *nein*? This month we're proud to introduce Miss October, whose beauty, humor and ambition make her as American as apple strudel.

Nadine is already a celebrity in Germany, where she cohosts a TV quiz show, *Pack die Badehose*, or "Pack Your Swimsuit." Lucky guests win trips all over the globe. Her own journey began in swimwear: "At first I couldn't bring myself to pose nude for *Playboy Germany*, so I wore my swimsuit." Eventually she relented and took it off, averting riots among readers. "Now I enjoy this," she says, laughing. By the end of her U.S. photo shoot, Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, who is of German descent, was saying, "*Guten Tag*" and "*Danke*, Nadine."

During visits to America Nadine sometimes misses her homeland—particularly barreling down the autobahn at 140 kph—but then she reminds herself that this is the land of her dreams. "I love America. Everything is big. Everyone is friendly—not worried and shy like us Germans."

As for American men, "they know what they want, but they are too fast," Nadine says. "They say hello and then want you to go home with them!" Miss October hasn't yet mastered the quirks of the English language—she worries about prudes back home "saying bad things after my back"—but she feels more comfortable every day. "I've arrived," she says.

—KEVIN COOK

"All people hove their ideas of other countries. You think of Germons os a bunch of guys drinking beer and weoring short ponts. We think Americons are oll cowboys ond surfers and the rich ond famous. But maybe we ore more the some thon different," Nodine soys. "We oll need to eat, sleep and make love. We all wont to be proud of our country, ond we hope we can moke our country proud of us." She hos.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Nadine Chanz

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 102

BIRTH DATE: 4-17-1972 BIRTHPLACE: Hildesheim, Germany

AMBITIONS: To succeed enough that one day I will have my own star on Hollywood Boulevard!

TURN-ONS: Driving on the autobahn, German beer, Rollerblading, swimming and dancing.

TURNOFFS: Speed limits, war, people who wear fur, gossip and clubs that close at two a.m.

GIFT LIST: More animals, a trip to the Caribbean, a Harley and a motorcycle license.

U. S. MALE: American men are confident, polite and very good-looking — but they should slow down a little!

IN THE MOOD: Sunset at the beach, champagne, wearing silk — it never fails.

MY MUSIC: The oldies: Metallica, Aerosmith and Van Halen.

SEX IS: The most natural thing in the world.

Fräulein 1977

Animal Lover

1994-Magazine Star

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The seven-year-old had developed a bad habit of using foul language at home. Finally, his mother had had enough and kicked him out the door, telling him not to return until he cleaned up his act.

An hour later she heard a knock and was relieved to see her son standing there. "Oh, so you're back!" she cried, a note of triumph in her voice.

"Well, I don't have any money and I can't drive," he said. "Where the fuck could I go?"

A woman was selling pretzels on a New York City street when a man came by, put down 25 cents and walked away without taking a pretzel. The next day, the man again put down a quarter and again walked away without a pretzel. The same thing happened for three months.

One day the fellow left his 25 cents and began to walk away as usual when the woman shouted, "Mister, just a second."

"I knew you'd eventually ask why I never take a pretzel," he said with a smile.

"No," she replied. "I just want you to know that the pretzels are now 35 cents."

The drunk stumbled into a field and spotted a hunter lying in the brush, his gun aimed in the direction of a high-flying flock of geese. "Hey, buddy, save your ammo," the sot blubbered. "The fall will kill them!"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: An elderly couple was watching television one night when the husband said, "Doris, inflation has eaten up our Social Security checks. The next ones aren't due for another week and we don't have enough money for food. I hate to suggest this, but you're going to have to go out on the street and hustle."

"Hustle? Me?" she exclaimed. "But I'm 78!"

"It's the only way," her husband concluded sadly.

Resigned to the situation, the old woman went out onto the streets and didn't come staggering back until early the next morning. "Here," she said, "I made $3.05."

"Three dollars and five cents!" her husband stormed. "Who gave you a nickel?"

"Everybody."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Three striking blondes sat down at the bar. "I'll have a BL," the first told the bartender.

"BL?" the bartender repeated. "Hmmm. Would that be a Bud Light?"

"Right," she replied.

"OK," he said, smiling. "Coming right up."

"I'll have a CL," the second said.

"Let me guess. A Coors Light?"

"Right," she answered.

Just then the third blonde spoke up. "I'd like a 15."

The bartender stopped dead in his tracks. "A 15?" he said. "A BL and a CL I can figure out, but what the hell is a 15?"

"Duh!" she said. "A Seven and Seven!"

How can you tell that Bill Clinton thinks he's a shoo-in for reelection? He's starting to date again.

When the concerned wife called him at home for the third time, the doctor lost his patience. "There isn't a damn thing wrong with your husband," he said. "I've checked him out thoroughly and he only thinks he's sick."

A week later, the physician ran into the woman on the street. "How's your husband?" he asked.

"Terrible. Now he thinks he's dead."

How many Microsoft technicians does it take to screw in a lightbulb? None. That's a hardware problem.

What's the difference between pink and purple? Your grip.

The redneck drove his bride to see the new cabin he had built. She admired its spaciousness and sturdy construction but had one question. "Jeb, honey, where's the door?"

"Door?" he grunted. "You aimin' to go someplace?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

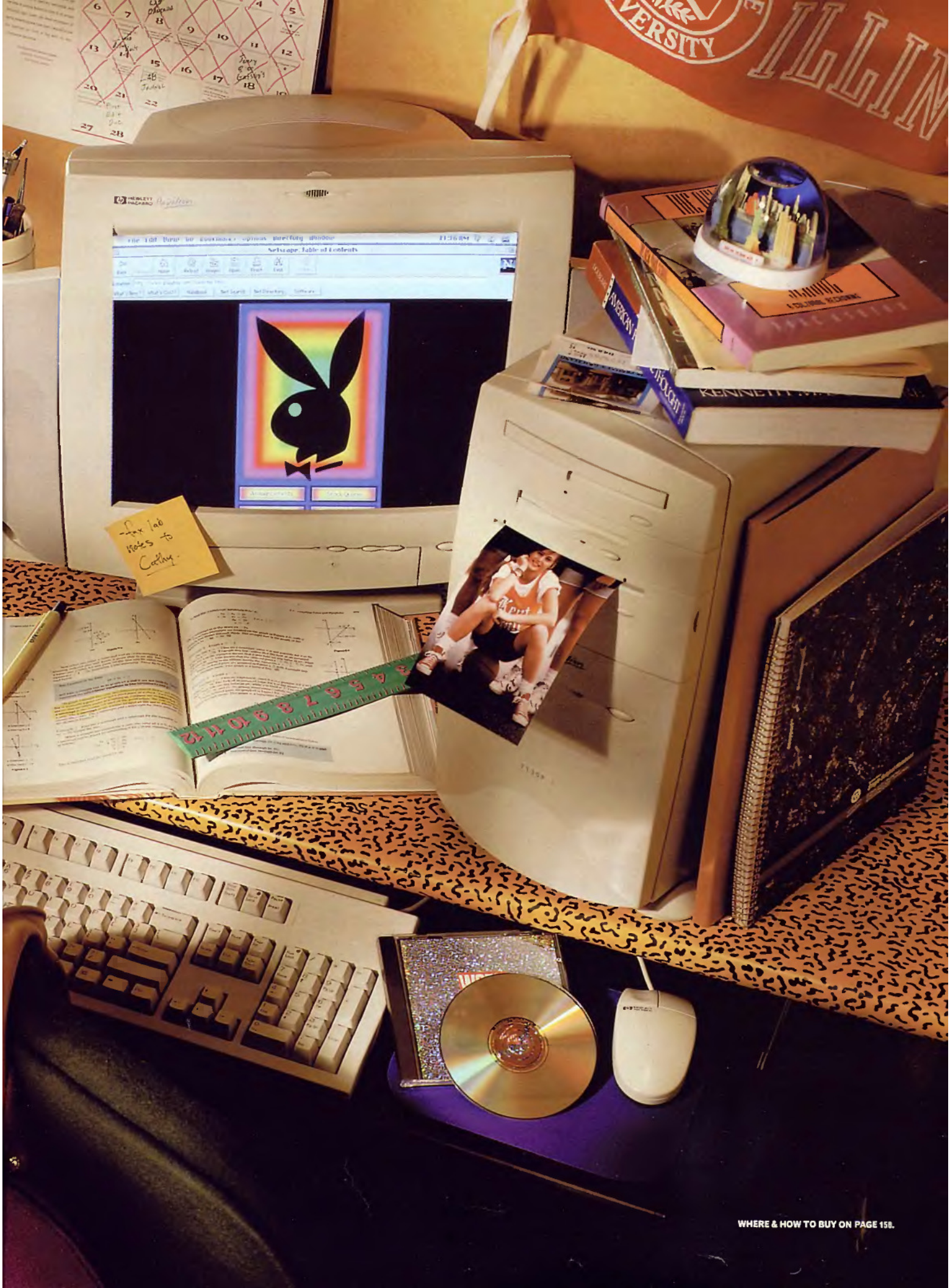
"Right here is when he detected my presence."

The Compleat Cyberstudent

Why jam your dad's minivan with a bunch of unwieldy electronics when you can travel light on your way back to campus this fall with a fully loaded multimedia computer? We're talking about a Mac or PC that can do triple duty as workhorse, digital slave and one-stop entertainment shop. In other words, a number-crunching, Net-surfing, message-taking computer on which you can also watch *Singled Out*. To achieve such versatility, you'll need a powerful machine (i.e., one with an ultrafast processor, at least 16 megs of RAM). Many models now come packaged with a top-speed fax modem, software that will get you on the Net, a CD-ROM drive and a pair of stereo speakers. (Give the speakers a listen to make sure they're as sonically suited to shoot-'em-up games as they are to Garbage.) Answering machines and TV-cable hookups are also being built into multimedia systems. You can install them separately, too, along with the rest of the aforementioned gear. We assembled our own collegiate command central (below). It's anchored by Hewlett Packard's HP Pavilion 7130P multimedia computer (about $2550), a 133 MHz machine that comes with a six-speed CD-ROM spinner, a 28.8 bps fax modem, a speakerphone and an answering system, plus a color-photo scanner. The HP is made MTV-ready with Diamond Multimedia's Stealth 3D 2000XL accelerator board ($199) and TV tuner ($129), and pumped up with a selection of accessories, including (left to right) Samsung's VR8856 hi-fi VCR ($400), Canon's BJC-240 color bubble-jet printer ($200) and Altec Lansing's Digital Media Phone ($200). Talk about class!

THE ULTIMATE GEAR FOR HOT-WIRED UNDERGRADS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO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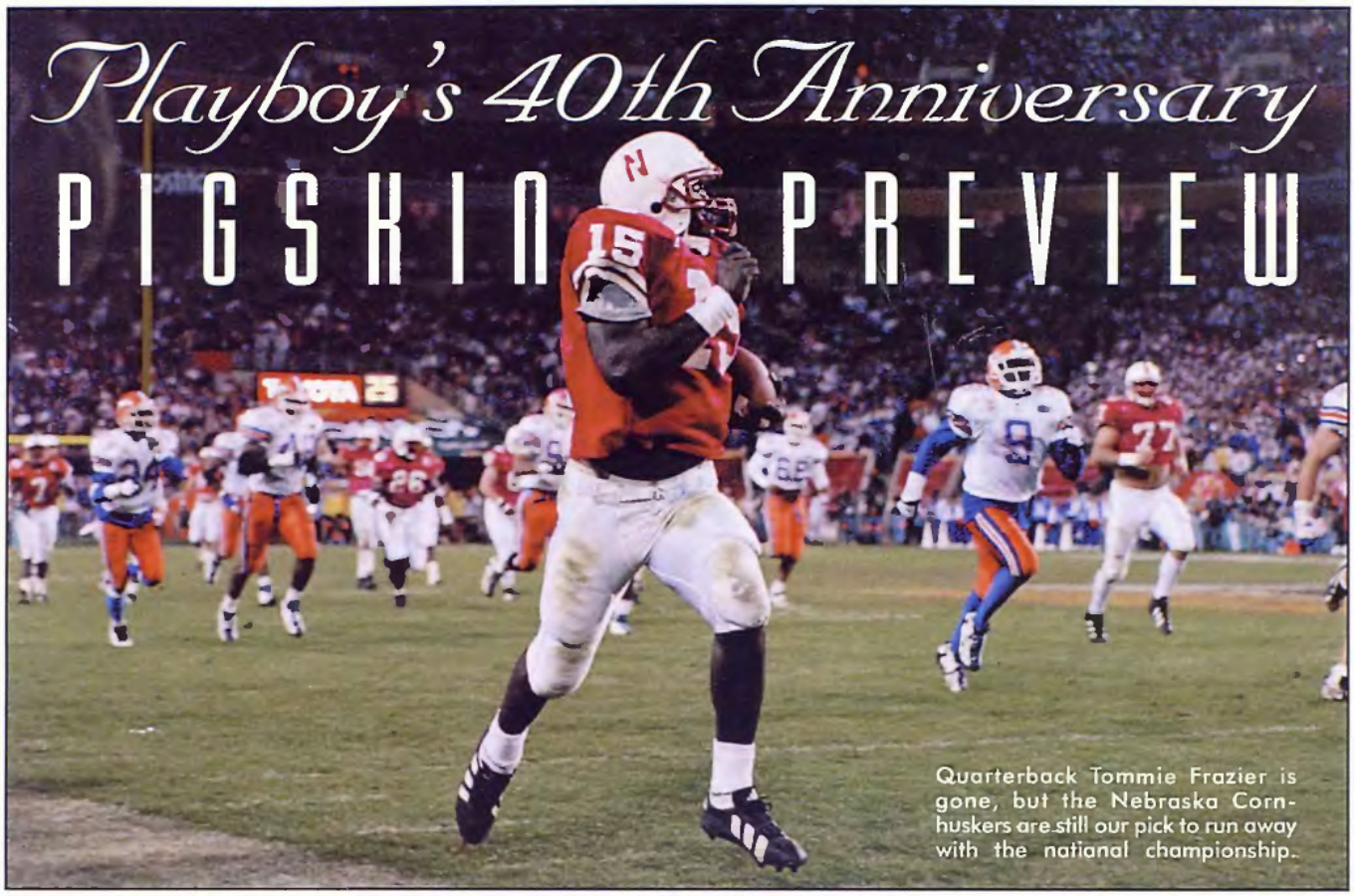
Playboy's 40th Anniversary PIGSKIN PREVIEW



Quarterback Tommie Frazier is gone, but the Nebraska Cornhuskers are still our pick to run away with the national championship.

four decades of picking the best teams and players in college football

sports By Gary Cole

NO SPORT loves its heroes, traditions, rivalries and history more than college football. This year PLAYBOY celebrates its own legend as a chronicler of college football with the 40th anniversary of the Playboy Preseason All-America Football Team.

We've suited up this year's team in uniforms reminiscent of the late 19th century, when football was born and the All-America concept was created by reporter Caspar Whitney as a publicity device. Football innovator–coach–writer Walter Camp put his college football All-Americas into *Collier's* magazine at the turn of the century, then passed the tradition to sportswriter Grantland Rice, who turned the phrase "Four Horsemen." Rice handed off to Francis Wallace, who shifted the selection to preseason to avoid a glut of postseason imitators.

When *Collier's* folded, Hugh Hefner recognized that a great tradition was about to die and hired Wallace to select the team for PLAYBOY in 1957. Anson Mount took over to produce the next year's preview and enlarged the concept by inviting the players to Chicago for a team photo session and awards weekend. Over the next 29 years, Mount grew to be regarded as the most accurate college football prognosticator in the nation.

With a nod to the past, we salute this season's winners.

A list of Playboy All-Americas reads like a who's who. Can you spot (opposite page) these famous football faces? Aro Parseghian, Earl Campbell, Duffy Daugherty, Dick Butkus, Jimmy Johnson, Vinny Testaverde, Ted Hendricks, Dan Marino, Archie Manning, Forest Evashevski, Alex Karras, John Riggins, Ed Marinaro, Barry Switzer, Herschel Walker, Barry Sanders, Dan Dierdorf, Troy Aikman, Bo Jackson, Tom Osborne, O.J. Simpson and Paul "Bear" Bryant.

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. NEBRASKA	12–0
2. TENNESSEE	11–1
3. SYRACUSE	10–1
4. FLORIDA STATE	10–1
5. FLORIDA	10–1
6. COLORADO	10–1
7. NOTRE DAME	9–2
8. MIAMI	9–2
9. PENN STATE	9–3
10. USC	9–3
11. OHIO STATE	9–3
12. KANSAS STATE	8–3
13. KANSAS	8–3
14. LOUISIANA STATE	8–3
15. VIRGINIA TECH	8–3
16. MICHIGAN	8–3
17. NORTHWESTERN	8–3
18. TEXAS	8–4
19. AUBURN	8–4
20. TEXAS A&M	8–4

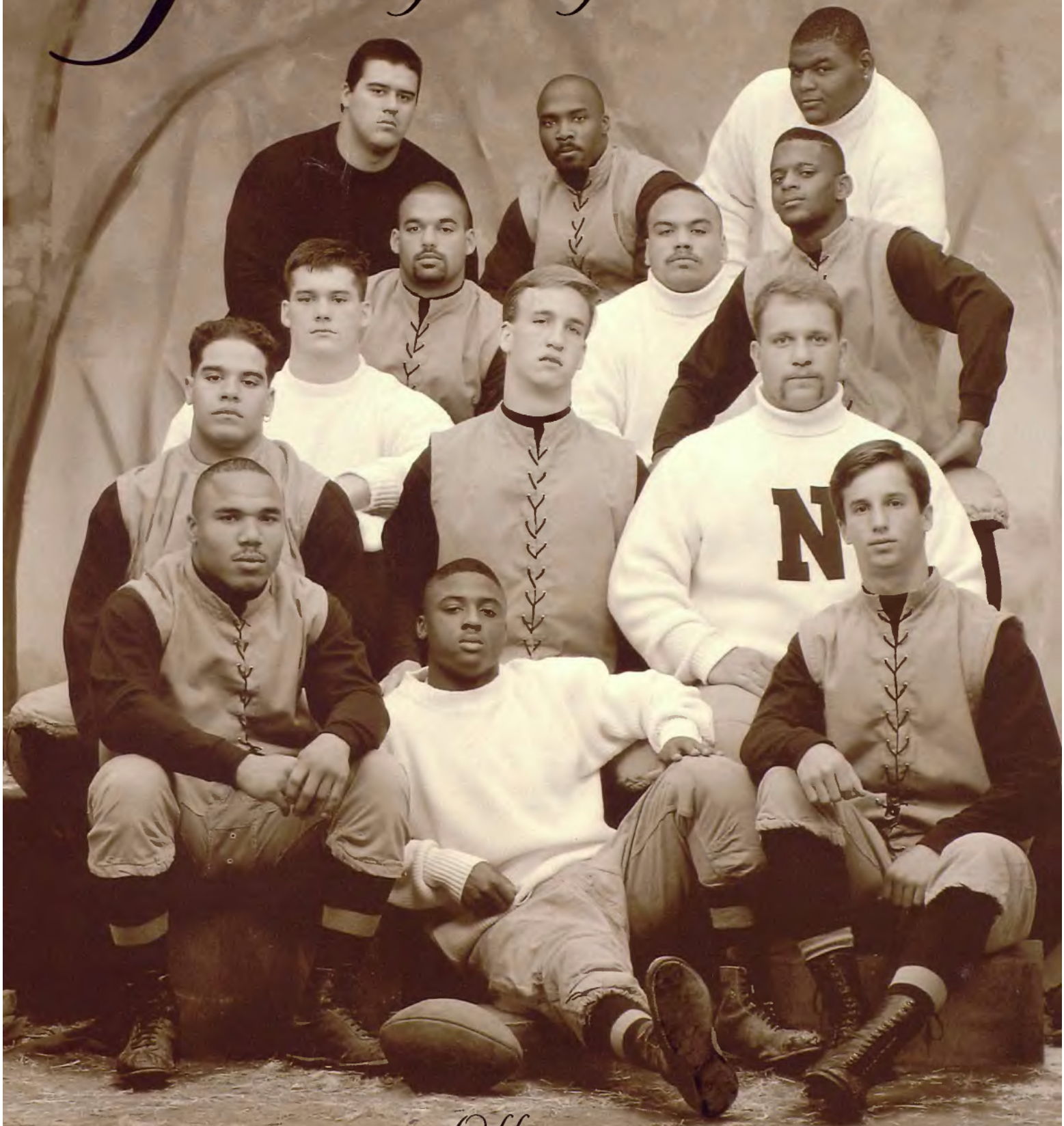
The next ten: East Carolina (8–3), Iowa (7–4), Arizona State (7–4), Alabama (7–4), Virginia (7–4), San Diego State (8–4), North Carolina (7–4), Clemson (7–4), Washington (7–4), Toledo (9–2)

1. NEBRASKA

It was only a couple of years ago that coach Tom Osborne and his Huskers were a New Year's Eve/Day embarrassment, taking impressive records and stats into bowl games only to get bowled over.

Two seasons later, the critics are gone and Osborne's career accomplishments are legend. Nebraska has won five consecutive Big Eight

Playboy's 1996



Offense

Left to right, top row: Juan Roque, tackle, Arizona State; Derrick Mason, kick returner, Michigan State; Orlando Pace, tackle, Ohio State. Second row: Marcus Harris, receiver, Wyoming; Chris Naeole, guard, Colorado; Ike Hilliard, receiver, Florida. Third row: Darnell Autry, running back, Northwestern; Daniel Neil, guard, Texas; Peyton Manning, quarterback, Tennessee; Aaron Taylor, center, Nebraska. Bottom row: Troy Davis, running back, Iowa State; Warrick Dunn, running back, Florida State; Michael Reeder, placekicker, Texas Christian.

All-America Team

Defense

Left to right, top row: Brandon Mitchell, end, Texas A&M; Jared Tomich, linebacker, Nebraska; Darrell Russell, tackle, USC. Second row: Cornell Brown, end, Virginia Tech; Pat Fitzgerald, linebacker, Northwestern; Ink Aleaga, linebacker, Washington. Third row: Pat Fitzgerald, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Texas; Chris Canty, back, Kansas State; Jarrett Irons, linebacker, Michigan; Shawn Springs, back, Ohio State. Bottom row: Kevin Abrams, back, Syracuse; Brad Maynard, punter, Ball State; Sam Madison, back, Louisville.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAPATIO CLIFFS, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1996 is GARY BARNETT of Northwestern University. Barnett engineered one of the greatest turnarounds in college football history by leading the perennially losing Wildcats to their first Rose Bowl appearance since 1949. He was an assistant under Bill McCartney at Colorado before taking over at Northwestern in December 1991.

OFFENSE

PEYTON MANNING—Quarterback, 6'5", 215 pounds, junior, Tennessee. Set UT passing records for completions (244), completion percentage (64.2) and yards gained (2954) last season.

WARRICK DUNN—Running back, 5'11", 180, senior, Florida State. Holds FSU single-season rushing record with 1242 yards and is first Seminole to record two 1000-yard rushing seasons.

DARNELL AUTRY—Running back, 5'11", 209, junior, Northwestern. Ranked fourth in nation and first in Big Ten last season with a school-record 1675 yards rushing.

TROY DAVIS—Running back, 5'8", 185, junior, Iowa State. Led nation with 2010 yards rushing last season, an all-time NCAA record for a sophomore. Big Eight player of the year.

IKE HILLIARD—Receiver, 5'11", 185, junior, Florida. Had 57 receptions that included 15 touchdowns last season, the second highest total in SEC history.

MARCUS HARRIS—Receiver, 6'2", 214, senior, Wyoming. His 119.5 career yards-per-game average ranks third in NCAA history. Had 78 receptions, including 14 TDs, last season.

AARON TAYLOR—Center, 6'1", 305, junior, Nebraska. Recorded 128 pancake blocks last year as starter on one of the most dominating offensive lines in NCAA history.

DANIEL NEIL—Guard, 6'2", 285, senior, Texas. Has started 36 consecutive games for Longhorns and has 144 career pancake blocks.

CHRIS NAEOLE—Guard, 6'4", 295, senior, Colorado. Had 21 touchdown blocks and 31 downfield blocks last season. Unanimous All-Big Eight.

JUAN ROQUE—Tackle, 6'8", 315, senior, Arizona State. West Coast's most dominating offensive lineman.

ORLANDO PACE—Tackle, 6'6", 320, junior, Ohio State. Winner of Lombardi Trophy as best lineman in nation last year, the first sophomore to win the award.

DERRICK MASON—Kick returner, 5'11", 190, senior, Michigan State. Already holds Big Ten career record with 2051 kickoff-return yards. Needs 740 more to become NCAA leader.

MICHAEL REEDER—Placekicker, 6', 165, junior, Texas Christian. Winner of Lou Groza award as top college placekicker last season. Good on 23 of 25 field-goal attempts last season and 52 of 52 points after touchdown over the course of two seasons.

DEFENSE

BRANDON MITCHELL—End, 6'4", 275, senior, Texas A&M. Two-time Playboy All-America. Has returned interception for TD in each of past two seasons.

CORNELL BROWN—End, 6'2", 246, senior, Virginia Tech. Big East defensive player of the year. Had 25 tackles for losses last season, including 14 sacks.

DARRELL RUSSELL—Tackle, 6'4", 320, junior, USC. Only defensive player to make first-team PAC Ten as a sophomore last season.

INK ALEAGA—Linebacker, 6'2", 225, senior, Washington. Has 227 career tackles, four fumble recoveries and four interceptions.

JARRETT IRONS—Linebacker, 6'1", 231, senior, Michigan. His 124 tackles led the Wolverines last season.

JARED TOMICH—Linebacker, 6'2", 250, senior, Nebraska. Led Huskers in sacks (ten), quarterback hurries (24) and tackles for loss (12).

PAT FITZGERALD—Linebacker, 6'2", 233, senior, Northwestern. Big Ten defensive player of the year. Had 130 tackles last season before breaking his leg.

KEVIN ABRAMS—Back, 5'8", 159, senior, Syracuse. Had eight interceptions last season, including a pair in the Gator Bowl.

SAM MADISON—Back, 5'11", 172, senior, Louisville. Ranked fourth in nation last year with seven interceptions.

SHAWN SPRINGS—Back, 6', 185, junior, Ohio State. Led the Buckeyes with five interceptions.

CHRIS CANTY—Back, 5'10", 190, junior, Kansas State. Tied for most interceptions in nation last year (eight). Lined up in man-to-man 335 times last season and allowed only 13 completions.

BRAD MAYNARD—Punter, 6'1", 175, senior, Ball State. Number one punter in nation last season with 46.53-yard average.

titles and back-to-back national titles, and it hasn't been out of the top 20 since 1981. Step aside, Four Horsemen. It's another dynasty.

And it's not over. Despite the dicey problem of replacing All-World All-Heart quarterback Tommie Frazier, this may be Osborne's best team yet. QB candidate Scott Frost has the athletic ability to get the job done. Three experienced 300-plus-pounders return up front, led by Playboy All-America Aaron Taylor. Running back Ahman Green was conference newcomer of the year last season. Nebraska coaches call the defensive unit, which returns seven starters from last season including Playboy All-America Jared Tomich, "one of the best in recent years." 12–0

2. TENNESSEE

When Peyton Manning was considering colleges, he picked Tennessee over Mississippi in part because he wanted a chance to develop his football skills outside the shadow of his daddy, legendary Ole Miss quarterback Archie. He had hoped Knoxville would provide a season or two of relative anonymity. But when Tennessee's starting quarterback was injured in Manning's freshman season, the spotlight was on. As testament to the gene pool, Peyton met the challenge.

Now entering his junior season, Peyton Manning is in the prime of a storybook college career and the Volunteers are poised to challenge for the national championship. Coach Phil Fulmer has assembled a strong supporting cast on offense. Running back Jay Graham will be joined by promising freshman Brian Darden. Manning has excellent targets in Joey Kent and Marcus Nash. The offensive line suffered some graduation losses but has lots of talent on the way up. The defense will be led by end Leonard Little, a frequent visitor to opponents' backfields. 11–1

3. SYRACUSE

If the Orangemen pick up where they finished last season (a 41–0 Gator Bowl domination of Clemson), they will be the best team in the East and one of the best in the nation. Even coach Paul Pasqualoni was surprised by the quick success of rookie quarterback Donovan McNabb, who shattered the national freshman mark for passing efficiency. Wide receiver Marvin Harrison has gone to the pros, but talented if inexperienced replacements are at hand. SU is deep at running back, where sophomore fullback Rob Konrad (6'3", 242 pounds) is already drawing comparisons to Larry Csonka. The defense returns eight starters from last season, including Playboy All-America defensive back Kevin Abrams and

"Don't you just love the way these old houses creak?"

interior lineman Antonio Anderson (6'7", 307), who appeared dominating in spring drills. 10–1

4. FLORIDA STATE

Reserve a spot in the top four again this season for Bobby Bowden and his Florida State Seminoles. FSU, which hasn't finished lower than fourth in the AP's final rankings in the past nine years, is, as usual, brimming with talent—and it plays nine of its 11 games in Florida. Bowden's biggest challenge is replacing graduated Danny Kanell. He says junior Thad Busby is more athletic and has a stronger arm than Kanell but, of course, is short on experience. If Busby falters, highly touted redshirt freshman Dan Kendra is waiting. The Seminoles are loaded at tailback, where Playboy All-America Warrick Dunn is seconded by Rock Preston and Dee Feaster. Pooh Bear Williams returns at fullback, but Khalid Abdullah will step in front if Williams fails to control his weight. Andre Cooper and Peter Warrick are deep-threat receivers. FSU's defense, led by end Reinard Wilson and linebacker Daryl Bush, will be even better if linebacker Sam Cowart returns after a knee injury. 10–1

5. FLORIDA

Carrying the curse of not being able to win the big one could weigh heavily on Florida coach Steve Spurrier, who inherited that legacy from Bobby Bowden and Tom Osborne. Tagged by the press as arrogant, abrasive and peevish, the onetime boy genius and former Heisman winner is simply another seeker of perfection in the imperfect world of college football.

Spurrier has wasted no time addressing the biggest obstacle between Florida and a national championship: defense. He has installed defensive coordinator Bob Stoops, whose Kansas State squad ranked number one in total and scoring defense last year. In the meantime, Florida's offense may get even better. Danny Wuerffel, winner of the Davey O'Brien Quarterback of the Year Award, returns, as do Playboy All-America receiver Ike Hilliard and most other skill-position players. 10–1

6. COLORADO

Rick Neuheisel admits to some rookie mistakes in his first year as coach of the Buffaloes. "I'll use different colors to paint the canvas this season," says the third youngest Division IA coach, who, at 35, looks more like a surfer than a former UCLA quarterback turned coach. Still, the picture had to please Colorado fans: a 10–2 record, a 38–6 Cotton Bowl victory over Oregon, a number five finish in the AP poll. Neuheisel's only serious mistake last season was rushing quarterback Koy Detmer's return to the lineup after an early-season knee injury. Detmer's knee didn't hold up, but backup John Hessler threw 20 TD passes, a school record. Hessler and a healed Detmer return, and Neuheisel has added freshman Adam Bledsoe, giving CU the best quarterback depth in the nation. The Buffs are stacked at running back (Herchell Troutman, Lendon Henry, Marlon Barnes) and receiver (Rae Carruth, Phil Savoy, James Kidd). Playboy All-America guard Chris Naeole is the stud on the offensive line. Linebacker Matt Russell is the leader of a tough 4–3 defense. 10–1

7. NOTRE DAME

Football fans fall into two categories: Group one thinks Lou Holtz is the direct descendant of Rockne, Leahy and Parseghian and the greatest big-game strategist the sport has ever seen; group two considers him an irritating con man whose sleight-of-hand coaching magic is outdated. Coming off a dismal 1994 season (6-5-1) and after an opening loss to then-unrespected Northwestern, group two just about had Holtz run out of South Bend. After he led his team to nine wins—despite his midseason neck surgery—and nearly beat Florida State in the Orange Bowl without star quarterback Ron Powlus (out with a broken arm), group one was ready to nominate him as the next pope. Holtz promises the Irish will show more of the "blarney" offense he used to good effect in the Orange Bowl—spreading the field, using up to five wideouts, putting the quarterback in the shotgun. However, with Randy Kinder and Marc Edwards returning in the backfield, Holtz won't eschew the ground game, either. All this bodes well for Powlus, who may finally have an offensive scheme that fits his skills. The defense, which was the most improved aspect of last season's team, will be good, but it will not be enough to allow the Irish to challenge for the national championship. 9–2

8. MIAMI

The bad news has come in waves for coach Butch Davis and the Miami Hurricanes. Ugly rumors surfaced about the drinking problems of former coach Dennis Erickson. Star defensive lineman Warren Sapp saw his position in last year's NFL draft drop after a positive drug screening. There followed an NCAA probation. Finally, and most awful, there were the murders of Miami linebacker Marlin Barnes and his girlfriend, Timwanika Lumpkins. These days football at Miami seems a postscript to sorrow. And yet Davis promises to persevere, and the Hurricanes will have a good football team. Only Playboy All-America linebacker Ray Lewis is gone from a defense that improved throughout last season. Kenny Holmes and Kenard Lang are the best tandem of defensive ends in the nation. The offense returns six starters, including quarterback Ryan Clement, who led the 'Canes to seven consecutive wins to close last season. 9–2

9. PENN STATE

Ordinary men are worn down by the pressures of coaching big-time college football. But Penn State's Joe Paterno is no ordinary man. Paterno, who became an assistant coach at University Park when Harry Truman was president, enters this season with the same optimism and excitement he had when he took over as head coach 31 years ago. As always, his focus is on his young players, not himself. Many of the youngest will be on offense, where only three starters return from last season. Fortunately for the Nittany Lions, one of them will be quarterback Wally Richardson, who seems to improve with every start. Look for Curtis Enis and Chris Eberly to replace Mike Archie and Stephen Pitts at running back, while Joe Jurevicius and Chris Campbell try to fill the big shoes of receivers Bobby Engram and Freddie Scott. Linebacking continues to be a strength with the return of senior Gerald Filardi. 9–3

10. USC

Coach John Robinson and his Southern Cal team had the unenviable chore of taking on Cinderella Northwestern in last season's Rose Bowl. Hollywood wore purple while old shoe USC was ignored. But superstar Keyshawn Johnson and quarterback Brad Otton refused to believe in fairy tales, and USC emerged with a hard-fought 41–32 victory. Johnson has gone on to fame and fortune as this year's number one pick in the NFL draft. However, Otton plus lots of young talent return, giving the Trojans another solid shot at the roses. With the departure of all five starters from last season, the key to USC's success is the development of a new offensive line. Playboy All-America Darrell Russell is a rock in the middle of the defense. 9–3

11. OHIO STATE

Midseason, Ohio State was the most intimidating team in the nation, the obstacle to a national championship being a Rose Bowl commitment that would prevent OSU from stomping on Nebraska or whoever else happened to be in the way. But then an unexpected loss to rival Michigan was followed by

(continued on page 124)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: DONNA MICHELLE

After posing several times for PLAYBOY, Donna jumped behind the camera. "Photography began as a hobby and became a habit," she says. By 1974, she was taking photos for PLAYBOY—shooting a pictorial of California girls. To our chagrin, there were no self-portraits.

our 1964 playmate of the year is one gifted lady

Until May 1964, no woman—not even Marilyn Monroe—had ever commanded more than ten pages in PLAYBOY. Then came Donna (Miss December 1963). A talented actress, dancer and pianist (she finished behind Little Richard in one competition), Donna became an instant success in Hollywood. She was also the first Playmate of the Year to receive a bevy of gifts with her crown, including a Ford Mustang. "I later traded it for a Volkswagen," Donna admits somewhat sheepishly. "Those chrome wheels and the Playmate Pink exterior made me stand out too much." Donna—it wasn't the car.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Donna, who lives on a secluded 20-ocre ranch in northern California, spends her days creating stained glass and baking far her catering business. There's also a cat, five dogs, twa show harses, a vegetable garden and three dozen fruit trees (she sent us home with a jar of cherries). "The place keeps me so busy," Donna says. "I could really use a full-time labarer." Honest work never sounded so good.

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Even NU's schedule appears favorable. So what's to be nervous about? You believe in magic, don't you?

another unexpected loss to Tennessee in the Citrus Bowl. Now Terry Glenn has followed the Columbus undergraduate fast track to the NFL and senior quarterback Bobby Hoying has graduated. The defense returns ten starters, including Mike Vrabel and Matt Finkes up front and Playboy All-America Shawn Springs in the secondary. The offensive linemen, led by Playboy All-America Orlando Pace, will make backs such as Pepe Pearson even better than they are. 9–3

12. KANSAS STATE

It's difficult to imagine a more complete transformation than what's happened at Kansas State since Bill Snyder took over as coach seven years ago. The Wildcats, who closed out the Eighties with a 1-36-1 mark, have won at least nine games in each of the past three seasons. In fact, K State already has twice as many victories in the Nineties (45) as it achieved during the entire Eighties (22). Snyder's formula: aggressive defense, intelligent, balanced offense and smart out-of-conference scheduling. Expect more of the same this year. Wide receiver Kevin Lockett (20 career TDs) is the brightest star on the offense. Senior Brian Kavanagh is ready for the starting quarterback spot. After leading the nation in total defense last year, Snyder must fill holes on the defensive front. However, the secondary, led by Playboy All-America Chris Canty, is as good as any in the nation. 8–3

13. KANSAS

When Dorothy was blown to Oz years before Glen Mason took over as the football coach at Kansas, the Jayhawks couldn't have beaten the Munchkins on the gridiron. But Mason has changed all that, and Kansas closed last season by thumping UCLA 51–30 in the Aloha Bowl, posting a 10–2 record and earning the ninth spot in the AP's national rankings. Mason, who accepted the head coaching job at Georgia before changing his mind to stay in Lawrence, will try to maintain the winning momentum established over the course of his eight-year tenure. His first priority is to replace running back L.T. Levine and QB Mark Williams. Ben Rutz or Matt Johner will take the snaps behind center, and June Henley and Eric Vann will share rushing responsibilities. The defense, a Jayhawk strong point last season, should be even better with the return of linebacker Ronnie Ward and safety Tony Blevins, both of whom missed last season because of injuries. 8–3

14. LOUISIANA STATE

First-year coach Gerry DiNardo rang the wake-up bell for sleeping giant LSU, and the Tigers responded with their first winning season in seven years, capped by a 45–26 victory over Michigan State in the Independence Bowl. With a solid nucleus returning from that squad and a top ten recruiting class, the winning in Baton Rouge has just begun. Quarterback Herb Tyler, who put W's up in all four of his starts when regular Jamie Howard was injured, is only a sophomore. Running back Kevin Faulk returns after becoming the conference's offensive freshman of the year. David LaFleur (6′7″, 279) is one of the best tight ends in the nation. 8–3

15. VIRGINIA TECH

You can stamp OFFICIAL on Virginia Tech's membership card of the college football elite. The Hokies polished off the Big East and then whipped Texas in the Sugar Bowl (28–10) on their way to a 9–2 season. Now coach Frank Beamer and his team can forget about sneaking up on anyone. The good news for Hokie fans is that quarterback Jim Druckenmiller (6′4″, 222) returns for his senior season. Even better, Playboy All-America defensive end Cornell Brown resisted the lure of the NFL and is back as well. Beamer must plug graduation holes at receiver and tailback and find enough pass rushers to prevent teams from double- and triple-teaming Brown. 8–3

16. MICHIGAN

It's remarkable that a team can lose so many talented players from one season and still be projected in the top 20 the next. Consider that running back Tim Biakabutuka, receivers Amani Toomer and Mercury Hayes and linemen Jon Runyan, Jason Horn and Trent Zenkewicz will likely be playing on Sundays in the NFL instead of Saturdays in Ann Arbor this season. And yet second-year coach Lloyd Carr has reason for optimism. Returning are quarterback Scott Dreisbach, who was 4–0 as a starter before injuring his throwing hand and missing the rest of the season, and now-experienced Brian Griese. Clarence Williams and Chris Floyd will run behind another massive offensive line led by center Rod Payne. On defense, William Carr is a bear up front, especially with Playboy All-America Jarrett Irons at linebacker. The secondary features two returning all-conference players: sensational sophomore corner Charles Woodson and senior safety Clarence Thompson. Senior Remy Hamilton is one of the steadiest strong-legged kickers in the nation. 8–3

17. NORTHWESTERN

There is no way to measure the heights of Northwestern's success last season without first grasping the program's depths: It had been 47 years since NU made a bowl appearance (Rose Bowl, 1949), and the Wildcats (pronounced Mildcats) had averaged two victories per season since 1971 (a period that included a then-record-setting 34-game losing streak). Broadcasting NU games was considered the equivalent of community service by local radio stations. Northwestern football wasn't just bad—it was dead. Enter Gary Barnett in late 1991, a former Colorado assistant who must have been dying to get out of Boulder. Barnett attended an NU basketball game the following January and uttered his now-famous "taking the Purple to Pasadena" remark. He promptly won three games that season, then two, and three the next. From those meager beginnings, Barnett and the Cats concocted one of the great sports stories of all time, winning ten games that included victories over Notre Dame, Michigan and Penn State, and then going to the Rose Bowl, where they didn't disappoint anyone in a narrow loss to USC.

The question that must be answered is: How much was magic and how much was real? Barnett and his assistants return. So do running back Darnell Autry and linebacker Pat Fitzgerald, both Playboy All-Americas. Steady if not spectacular Steve Schnur returns at quarterback, as does receiver D'Wayne Bates. There are 300-pound offensive linemen, a competitive group vying for spots on the defense. There's depth almost everywhere. Even the schedule appears favorable. So what's to be nervous about? You believe in magic, don't you? 8–3

18. TEXAS

It certainly wasn't love at first sight for John Mackovic and the Texas faithful. In fact, the dapper, seemingly aloof Mackovic was as far from a Texan's idea of a football coach as a greenhorn from a cowboy: no boots, no Stetson,

(continued on page 164)

"I couldn't have done it better myself."

fiction by BOB McKAY

Beat Me, Daddy, Five To The Bar

jack kerouac and neal cassady as you've never heard them before

"The great (although, it appears, sexually unconsummated) love of Kerouac's life was the handsome son of a Denver skid-row derelict, Neal Cassady. He was a manic womanizer, a tireless carouser. And what physical prowess! He could run 100 yards in less than ten seconds and masturbate five or six times a day, every day." —JOYCE CAROL OATES

10:06 A.M.

—Hey Neal, whaddya wanna do, man?

—I dunno, Jack. Whaddya wanna do?

—Geez, I dunno.

—It seems, you know, like we oughta be doing somethin'!

—Right. Like creating some whole kinda new way of——

—How about we take off our clothes? Get naked to the world.

—Ah, I dunno.

—Come on, man. Direct contact. It's a start. Let's jump!

—It's too cold, man. Besides, my aunt could come home at any time.

—Hey, it's all right. It's cool. And I know how to warm things up.

—Aw, Neal.

—Friction, baby. Like rubbin' two sticks together. To build a fire.

—Cut that out.

—I'm smokin'!

—Neal.

—Catch this bebop rhythm here, daddy.

—Come on, Neal. At least get a cup.

—Wha didda wha didda wha didda doo!

—Not on my aunt's——

—Yahoo!

—Floor.

11:22 A.M.

—You gotta show me how to write, Jack.

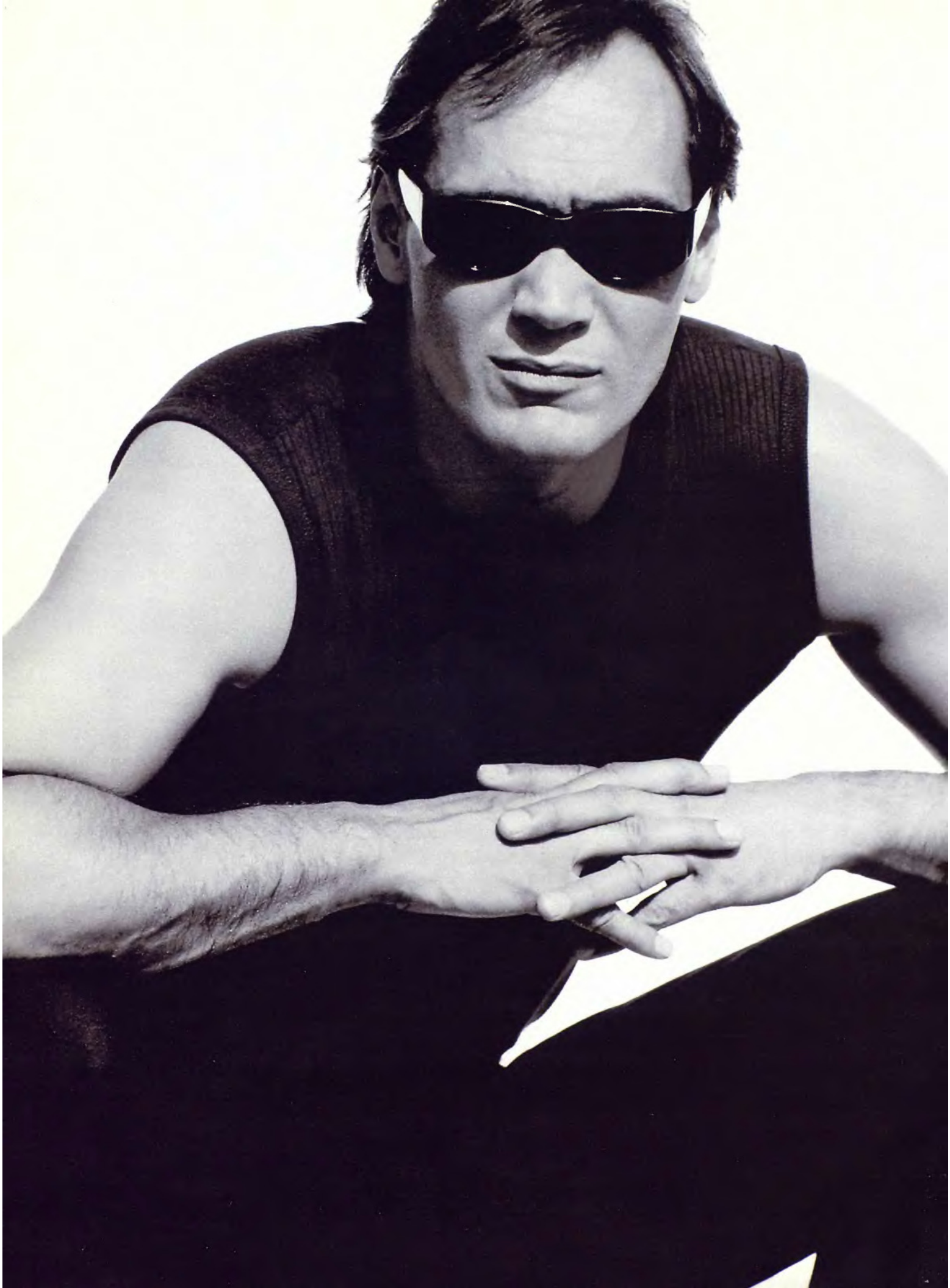
—You don't wanna write like me, Neal.

—Yeah, OK, I can dig that. But I need you to show me how to take everything, you know what I'm saying, the whole burning churning yearning panorama of it, leaving nothing out, no elimination or limitation or definition, and compress it, get it down—no no, get it up, yeah, that's right, get it up, elevate it into words that are no different than what it was. You dig?

—The consummation.

—Yeah, that's right. *(continued on page 160)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KENNY SCHARF



JIMMY SMITS

Early in the 1994 television season, Jimmy Smits replaced David Caruso on Steven Bochco's "NYPD Blue," and no one, except perhaps Caruso, has looked back. As Detective Bobby Simone, Smits has brought both intensity and calm to the show—not to mention buns of steel, which he's not been shy about exposing on camera. The upshot: ecstatic reviews, top-ten Nielsen ratings and palpitating hearts.

For Smits, all this is particularly sweet. After playing Victor Sifuentes on Bochco's "L.A. Law," the actor flirted with the big screen in such less-than-scintillating films as "Fires Within" and "Old Gringo." Yet now that he's returned to the tube, Smits' movie career has taken off. His work in the multigenerational Latino drama "My Family (Mi Familia)" attracted superb notices and focused attention on issues concerning Hispanic Americans—a topic about which Smits is outspoken. This winter, he will appear in the suspense thriller "Murder in Mind."

Steve Oney met with the famously press-shy actor at a West Los Angeles deli one recent Sunday morning. Oney reports: "Wearing a baseball cap, shades, a guayabera shirt and jeans, Smits walked in, grabbed my hand and smiled broadly. Yet as soon as the tape started, he admitted being uncomfortable 'talking about me, me, me.' Nonetheless, we pressed ahead. When it was over, Smits was again all smiles."

1.

PLAYBOY: In real life you're a liberal guy, but on television you play the role of a cop. During the course of *NYPD Blue*, what have you learned about the police that your political position may not have prepared you for?

the hispanic heartthrob on the inequity of prop. 187, the beauty of mariachi and the enduring cool of the sombrero

SMITS: Well, I know this may sound obvious, but these guys all have that classic thing you've seen in Westerns—they're trying to put away the bad guys. Trying to do right for the community. But with what's going on today in the streets, where the perpetrators are armed with AK-47s, there is a tremendous amount of pressure. So they have to put up this hard exterior. In talking to them, it's become much clearer to me why a routine traffic stop seems so tense. As a motorist, you're thinking about being inconvenienced, but these guys don't know what will be on the other side of the window when you roll it down.

2.

PLAYBOY: Considering the life span of most television shows, *NYPD Blue* is entering middle age. How much longer do you want to play Bobby Simone?

SMITS: I don't think the show is in middle age. It's in its fourth season, and I think it can go for ten with no problem. I have two years left on my contract, and I'm having a great time. As long as the writing keeps up, I'm there. It's not a money issue. And as far as my character is concerned, there's still a lot of work to do. I came in on the fly, so I had to develop my character and keep up with the day-to-day work at the same time. There remains a lot to be done in terms of clarifying Bobby Simone's voice.

3.

PLAYBOY: Have you followed David Caruso's movie career?

SMITS: I didn't see *Jade*, and I've made it a point not to ask anybody about what went on with him during the first year of *NYPD Blue*. Sometimes people will talk about it, and I'll walk away or tune out. He's a really talented actor, and I know he'll find his niche. As for whether there's a moral to the story—I'm sure he did what he felt was right for him. And I'm sure there's a flip side to what went down that first year.

4.

PLAYBOY: Dennis Franz, who plays your partner on *NYPD Blue*, seems like the kind of guy you'd want to be in a foxhole with. Is he?

SMITS: Yeah. But he's nothing like the guy you see on TV every week. He's a kind and caring teddy bear. In this business, you meet a lot of people who put up a facade, but it's the real deal with this guy. He's a good soul.

5.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with Steven Bochco on two hit shows. What does he have that his competitors don't?

SMITS: He's got this way of juxtaposing the poignant or the topical with the comedic or the absurd. And he's like that in person. I remember going into one of my first auditions for *L.A. Law*. I'm nervous, but he's standing in his office swinging a baseball bat, and I don't know if he's going to hit me or if he's going to ask me my batting average. He has this sense of humor you've just got to go with.

6.

PLAYBOY: On *L.A. Law* you played someone in the upper echelon of the white-collar world. On *NYPD Blue* you're a detective. Which character do you prefer?

SMITS: Not one more than the other. Actors find characters by looking at them on a physical level. Because Victor Sifuentes had to strut his stuff in the courtroom before a jury, his energy was always from the chest up. It affected the way he spoke, the clarity of the diction. The mechanics of the arena dictated to me what his physical life would be. I always wore sneakers on that show, except when you had to see my feet, because I wanted him to have a bounce in the courtroom. Simone, on the other hand, is much more internal, darker, and that has to do with his background, the loss of his wife. His center is in a totally different place, even if you look at the two guys and think, It's just Jimmy Smits doing the same thing.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've shown your ass on camera. If asked, would you turn around?

SMITS: It would depend, as it does with my rear, on the situation, the character and the dynamics of the scene. But I don't think I would have much of a problem. However, I don't think my significant other would go for it. We'd have to do a lot of talking about it.

8.

PLAYBOY: What's the upside to being selected by *People* magazine as one of the world's 50 most beautiful people? Does the quality of the propositions you receive improve? Is it difficult on your longtime inàmorata, Wanda De Jesus?

SMITS: I hate to sound boring, but people don't throw hotel room keys at me. I don't think of myself as a sex symbol. But it is part of the business, and it can be weird, especially at social functions,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN

where things are said that can hurt the other person. Women will tell Wanda, "Oh, you're so lucky." When one woman says that to another, what is she really saying? We just have to talk about it. I'm not a great communicator, but luckily I'm with someone who is. So Wanda and I discuss things and try to figure them out. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.

9.

PLAYBOY: For being a public figure you are extremely private. Why?
SMITS: Everybody picks how they want to be perceived. Fans want to know about you. It makes them feel closer to you, but it makes me uncomfortable—to my detriment, I think. Magazines want to do articles about me and want to be in my home. I'm sorry, I don't want it. I don't want people going through my closets and looking at how many pairs of sneakers I have. My feeling is, Let the work speak for itself. But here I am, sitting with you.

10.

PLAYBOY: Besides us, then, whom do you trust?
SMITS: I have problems with trust in my everyday life. When it comes to work, on the other hand, I feel a kind of safety in the theater or on a soundstage. There, trust is not an issue. We're all playing, you know. But in life, it takes a long time for trust to develop with another person. So to answer you, I trust my family, the woman I live with, my children and maybe one or two other people I've known since I was younger and am still kind of connected with. Not many people. And especially not in this town, where there's an agenda behind everything.

11.

PLAYBOY: How did someone named Smits become the great Latino hope?
SMITS: My mother is from Puerto Rico and my father is from Suriname, a former Dutch colony in South America. His father was from Holland. Smits is a Dutch derivative, a common name in Holland—kind of like Smith.

12.

PLAYBOY: Although you grew up in New York, you're hardly the young gringo. At what age did you start to appreciate your Hispanic roots?
SMITS: When I was ten we moved to Puerto Rico to live for a couple of years. It was one of the most traumatic things that ever happened to me. I spoke no Spanish. But I had to go to school there, and there was a point when I was lost. But looking back, it was also one of the greatest things that happened to me. It really defined who I am. It formulated my cultural identity.

13.

PLAYBOY: You regard Raul Julia as a trailblazer for Latino actors. How did his death affect you?
SMITS: It blew me away. He was a key influence on me in terms of getting into the business. He and James Earl Jones—both minority actors. I never got to work with him, and that's a great sadness. But I did get to sit down with him over a cigar and cognac and tell him what he meant to me. I remember him laughing and not taking it seriously, but you know, he heard what I was saying.

14.

PLAYBOY: Taken at face value, California's Proposition 187 seems reasonable—it denies tax dollars to illegal immigrants, ensuring that the state's resources are delegated to the people who have paid the freight. Care to enlighten the coldhearted?
SMITS: At base, don't forget the principles upon which this country was started. We are a collection of different people from lots of different places. It's convenient for the U.S. to have an open-door immigration policy when it benefits growers, because there's a better harvest. But on the other hand when times get tough, there has to be a scapegoat.

15.

PLAYBOY: Blacks have countless heroes to look up to. Who would you put in the Hispanic pantheon?
SMITS: First, César Chavez. He's our Martin Luther King Jr. Then, Simón Bolívar, because his ideal was that there would be a unified Latin America. That means so much, because that's the only way Latinos are going to make inroads in this country. Right now, we're too separated by our regionalism, by the differences between being Colombian and Guatemalan, for instance. We don't realize we have so much in common. To become a viable economic and political block, we need to show a unified front.

16.

PLAYBOY: You have a great appreciation for Hispanic culture. If Professor Jimmy Smits were teaching Latino Music 101, which artists would the class be required to listen to?
SMITS: For *tejano*, Freddy Fender and Selena. For salsa, Tito Puente and Celia Cruz. I'd have some mariachi, because it's such a big influence. And it's beautiful music, too. I like the Mariachi Los Camperos. They toured with Linda Ronstadt. And I would have Los Lobos.

17.

PLAYBOY: You not only received raves for your work in *My Family (Mi Familia)*, but you also viewed it with the first family at a screening in Washington. What was it like going to the movies with Bill and Hillary?
SMITS: It was awkward. Usually when I go to a movie I'm in, I sit in the back and leave when the credits are running. It's weird when the audience knows you're present, because they look at you. And it's magnified when it's the first family. And they're not just in another part of the room. They're in the next seats, with Chelsea and a couple of her friends in front of you. But it was also exciting to hear Bill say "Wow" when Esai Morales' character is killed by the police, or to hear them sigh at the end of the film when the father and mother talk about how their lives have been good. That was pretty great.

18.

PLAYBOY: You talk a lot about raising Latino consciousness, yet you appeared in the television movie *The Cisco Kid*. Weren't you pandering to a stereotype there?
SMITS: We were just trying to have fun. Latino people tell me they really enjoyed it because we were spoofing these characters. I don't think that we did anything demeaning.

19.

PLAYBOY: You wore a sombrero in both *The Cisco Kid* and *Old Gringo*. Do you think that they'll ever make a fashion comeback?
SMITS: I think they're very classy, very cool, but their brims are too big. They are hard to keep on. They will forever be antiques.

20.

PLAYBOY: Are we living in good times for a Hispanic actor?
SMITS: Hispanic actors have always had difficulty finding work, and it's worse now than it was in the Fifties. If our percentage of the population has increased, why isn't that reflected on film? But that said, I would like people to think of me as an actor who happens to be Hispanic, in the same way they think of Al Pacino as an actor who happens to be Italian American.

*"This is Cindy, my roommate, but don't worry.
She promised to spend the night out."*

GIRLS of the BIG 12

two old conferences join forces to make a super, sexy new one

IT WAS a marriage made in football heaven, and perhaps the best all-American union since biscuits met gravy. This autumn, the NCAA's bygone Big Eight conference—historically known as the juggernaut of college football—swung open its doors to four Texas schools from the former Southwest Conference, the Sun Belt's hard-hitting cowboy contingent. The end product: the Big 12, the newest daunting dozen on the NCAA block. Why the divisional wedlock? Depends on whom you ask. Cynics will tell you it has to do with television markets and ad dollars. Optimists point to a broadened base for recruiting. But we are concerned with more important matters: the women. We sent Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to where the mountains meet the Great Plains, and asked them to check out the ladies of our freshest collegiate sports body. Do all-over Texas tans go nicely with corn-fed figures? Turn the page.

Who said getting in hot water at school always meant trouble? Welcoming you to the Big 12 are a sextet of Texas Techies, each one making her own kind of splash: Clockwise, from top left, meet aerobicist and interior design student Amy Schrader (with football), who idolizes Marilyn Monroe, has "a huge crush" on Keanu Reeves and plans one day to open her own spa. Ceramicist and supershopper Mandy Jean is majoring in art, minoring in history, and adores her family (without whom "I couldn't make it through life"). Jenavieve Michel is proud to be a member of Texas Tech's first women's rugby team, though her career goals are somewhat less rambunctious—she wants to be a child psychologist. Future FBI agent Raquel Padilla jogs three times a week, does community service and enjoys camping out under the stars. Education major and beauty pageant vet Lisa Ramirez is on the lookout for a "tall, dark and handsome blue-eyed man" who loves kids and enjoys giving massages. Sophomore Tiffani Holli, 18, plans to "live life to the fullest" (more of Tif later). North at the U. of Colorado campus, psych major Amanda Feller (above) loves to party with friends, and insists brains and beauty are not mutually exclusive. As if she had to tell us.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY

Biology class and motching underwear are dear to the heart of Iowa State nursing student Summer Ackerman (opposite, top left). Brenda Gerhardt (below Summer) comes to the U. of Colorado by way of her native Atlanta. The accounting scholar spends off-book time maintaining her "buns of steel" and practicing "very amateur photography." Say how-dee again to Texas Tech's Tiffani Holli (to Brenda's right), a premed student who dispenses TLC as a volunteer at a Lubback hospital. Away from things medical, Tiffani likes baseball, puppies and the ocean. What jazzes Texas A&M's Hillary Schatz (left)? Everything. In addition to studying biomedical engineering, she sings, bikes and plays tennis. Self-confessed "crazy girl" Stacy Lea (above) enjoys hitting the Texas Tech lacrosse fields, but her real turn-ons are "rock stars, fast cars and money." And you can tell from her high-flying wardrobe just what Texas' Karen Herrera (right) likes to do when she is out of the classroom. "I love fluffy white clouds," says the advertising major, "and I love falling right through them!"

From the U. of Nebraska comes elementary ed major Tami Unger (above), who plays sax, works as a nanny and raises bunnies (that third hobby appeals to us).

Oklahomo Stote business major Tura Hedges (already networking, opposite page, top right) plans to scale the corporate lodder, but off the fast track prefers to stroddle a soddle at the local stables. Jacquelin Courtney (below Tura) is learning obout hotel and restauront management ot OSU—that is, when she's not waiting tables, playing intramural flag footboll ar "cutting loose with cool people." Warm weather and "that summertime feeling" bring aut the in-line skater in Angela Andrews (above left), a business student at OSU. Missauri's Hali Riley (above) studies public relations while pushing panties for Victoria's Secret. Her hobbies: relaxing with her Yarkie and lounging in a hot tub. And though Texas A&M's Nikki Willis (left) tells us she's known for "being wild and crazy and taking chances," she's dead serious aboat a few things—namely cooking, volleyball and watching her beloved Aggies an the tube.

Baylor's Sherryl Keith (above) reports that her school's administration condemned PLAYBOY's visit to the Woco compus. "It's ridiculous," she says, "thot o school which considers itself Christian con take such a judgmental ottitude about something as beautiful as the humon body God gove us." Dancing, volunteer work ond honor society honors help fulfill Oklahoma interior design mojor Kristi Bryan (below). Kansas' Anne McAlister (opposite page, top left) enjoys step oerobics between accounting closses and working os o library aide. Her pet peeves? "Snowy weather, calculus tests and most froternity guys." For o mountain girl, Colorado's Soroh Corbone (below Anne) sure loves the oceon—she snorkels, jet skis and sails. A psychology mojor and photography buff, Sorah's a sucker for "teorjerker movies."

Top right: We can't be sure which Missouri roommate is ahead in this late-night game of strip poker—accounting major Nicole Lucas (left) or dean's-list regular Emily Massey (right). But we do know one thing: Their buddy, Mott Poling (crashed out on the bottom bunk), is missing out on one hell of a game. "I want to win the lottery and buy a mansion," declares Baylor's Jennifer Camille (right). Before that big payday arrives, the alluring marketing major and homegrown Texan will settle for her favorite threesome: "convertibles, warm weather and hot guys."

Pup-tenting above left is Kansas State twosome Amy Jo Stewart (top) and Bailey Lynn (reclined). Amy Jo is an Army brat who collects teddy bears and adores nature. Bailey studies nutrition and has a thing for frogs. To the pair's right is Sophronia Kay Williams, a Texas grad student and future advertising bigwig. Her passion: "witty, intelligent men who like to make love for hours." Her mission: "I am still searching for the ultimate orgasm—since I've never had one." Now check out the rowdy crowd at Kansas (above right): back row, left to right: Ashley Grill, Jamie Israel, Amanda Brueck, Tanya Repper; middle: Holly Hynes, Susan Winn, Jane Galvin, Yaowapron Joy Weroha; front: Dawn Richardson and Maria Lohrmann. The U. of Texas' Ashley Johnson (below) is studying elementary education, and plans to be "a great mother, wife and teacher." Until then, she's content listening to music and playing darts. From Colorado comes Teresa Bell (opposite), who found her way to the Rockies via her native New Jersey. Teresa divides her time between studying human resources management and perfecting her tae kwon do (she's a black belt). Imagine work that combines those skills. Talk about your scary job interviews.

GERALD'S MONKEY (continued from page 84)

My first summer at the yard, I was an industrious dervish. No one wanted me on their crew.

Tugboats motored in, like royal attendants, to push her out to deeper water.

•

I met my uncle on my way back from the supply wagon. He was giving three Japanese men a tour of the yard, all of them in business suits and yellow hard hats. When he spotted me, he yelled my name and waved me over. I stashed Wishbone's cigarettes in my pocket.

"I'd like you gentlemen to meet my nephew," my uncle said, slapping my shoulder. "He's learning the business from the ground up."

I wiped my palms on my coveralls and shook the hands that were offered. Each of the men gave me a crisp bow. They wore black leather shoes filmed over with dust. Since last summer, I had grown three inches. I had my uncle's size now, and we towered over them.

"Hard work," the oldest man said. He made his voice stern and gravelly, to imply that physical labor was good for you.

"Yes, sir."

"You better believe it," my uncle said. "No cakewalk for this boy."

First Prize: $3000
and publication in the October 1997 issue
Second Prize: $500
and a year's subscription

PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

The Rules:
1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and their families, its agents and affiliates are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3"x5" card listing name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611. All entries must be previously unpublished original works of fiction and must be postmarked between Sept. 1, 1996 and January 1, 1997. 3. Decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. By acceptance of their prizes, winners consent to the use of their names, photographs or other likenesses for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. without further compensation to the winners, unless prohibited by law. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first-prize-winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish winning entries in U.S. and foreign editions of PLAYBOY and to reprint or incorporate them in any electronic or print English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of PLAYBOY material. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become property of Playboy and will not be returned. 9. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, IL 60611.

My uncle was grooming me. He had no children of his own. Moneywise, my old man did all right as well, exploring the wonders of gynecology. But as I had thus far displayed a distinct lack of biological acumen in school, my parents viewed the shipyard as the better course for my future. My father's routine sounded considerably more pleasant, but I didn't argue.

"Ford, these gentleman own the *Kaga*." My uncle put his hands in his pockets and rocked back on his heels. "They're thinking about letting us build them another one. Wanted to see a work in progress."

"She's a fine ship," I said, and they bowed again.

"*Arigato*."

Normally, there was a cluster of men dawdling at the supply wagon, but there were no customers now. No one wanted to be caught loafing. All around us, men were busy at their jobs—swarming on deck, unloading a hauling truck over by the warehouse. It was like a movie version of a bustling shipyard. The air had a faint tar smell and was full of wild echoes, the resolute clamor of progress, the necessary bang of making something from nothing. If you stepped back from it a second, weren't sweating in the guts of the thing, it was sort of heartening. You could almost see giant ships growing up out of the ground.

"Well," my uncle said. "Back to the grind, boy."

When I returned to the *Kaga* with Wishbone's cigarettes, I heard voices drifting up from the hold, and I knew that he and Gerald hadn't yet gone back to work. There was an unspoken understanding among the men, a costly one if my uncle got wind of it. The longer a ship stayed in dry dock, the longer you had a job. My first summer at the yard, I was an industrious dervish, eager to learn and make a good impression. It wasn't long before I figured out why no one wanted me on their crew. If I worked too hard, they kept up, afraid I might inform the higher powers. These men walked a fine line. The ships had to be repaired in reasonable time, of course, or there would be no business at all, but if they were finished too quickly, it might seem as if fewer men were needed, or the interval before the next ship arrived might be long enough that layoffs became necessary. The work had to be timed perfectly, not too slow or too fast, or the balance would be upset. It wasn't laziness that slowed the work, as my uncle complained, it was fear. Except for Wishbone. I don't know what slowed him down. Wishbone wasn't afraid of anything that I could tell.

I took off my hard hat, belly-crawled to the hatch and hung myself silently over to watch them. Gerald and Wishbone were on their backs with their feet propped against the far wall, passing a

"Tomorrow—same time, same t'ai chi?"

joint between them, its glowing tip visible in the semidarkness. They were giggling like stoned schoolboys.

"Whadju tell him?" Wishbone was talking now, holding the joint between two fingers, blowing lightly on the coal. He dragged and offered it to Gerald, but Gerald waved it away.

"I said, 'Yo' dumb ass standing on a trip wire and you want me to stay and *talk*?' Boy want somebody to keep him company while we wait for the EOC. Don't explode when you step on it, see. They blow when you step off, get the guy behind you, which in this case is me. I said, 'You crazy as you are dumb.'"

Gerald laughed a little, which got Wishbone started again. It took a minute for him to get back under control.

"You leave him?" he said, finally.

"Naw," Gerald said. "I stuck around awhile. Guess I'm dumb as he was."

"Shit, Gerald," Wishbone said. "The Nam."

"It wasn't all bad," Gerald said. "Saw my first monkey in Vietnam."

They stared quietly at the ceiling for a moment. The sun cast a spotlight beam that fell just short of where they lay, and I could see my shadow in the dusty light. I could feel the blood behind my eyes, could smell all the dead fish that had been there before us. I had been thinking about crashing angrily into the hold, doing an impersonation of my uncle, shouting, "Heads are gonna roll around here," and watching them scramble to their feet in panic. But I decided against it. I was already late with Wishbone's cigarettes. I stood and tiptoed away from the hatch. Then I approached again, saying, "I'm back, fellas. Sorry it took so long," unnecessarily loudly, making extra noise, the way you clomp around when coming home to a dark, empty house to give the burglars or ghosts or whatever time to clear out.

•

When I got home, finally, I walked around the side of the house to the pool, stripping as I went. My sister was stretched on a lounge chair in her American-flag bikini, one knee up. A boy her age was lying on his side on a second chair, watching her, two sweating glasses of Coke on the table between them. I must have been a strange sight in my boxer shorts, my body pale from hours below deck, forearms and face smeared with sweat and grime, like an actor in blackface only partly painted. They looked up when I passed, and Virginia started to say something, but I didn't give her a chance. I plunged into the clear water, cutting off the sound of her, and let myself glide, rubbing dirt from my arms and cheeks as I went, leaving a distinct, muddy trail in the water. I floated to the surface in the deep end and hovered there, belly down like a drowned man, until I had to take a breath. The water was pure, cold energy on my skin.

"Mom's gonna kill you for not washing first," Virginia said.

"Mom's not gonna find out, is she?" I paddled to the shallow end and stood looking her in the eyes. The pool was chest-deep at this end, and my body felt almost weightless in the water.

"She might."

"She won't," I said.

"I'm Art." The boy with my sister was as tan as she was, and his hair had been bleached almost white from days in the sun. "You must be the brother."

"You getting laid, Art?" I said without looking at him.

"There's an idea," he said. Virginia socked him in the arm and he winced. He was wearing floral-print trunks and a bulky diver's watch, one of those that's pressure-tested to something ridiculous like 6000 feet. Virginia said, "That's it. I'm getting Mom."

She stood and padded across the deck toward the sliding doors. I said, "That's a mistake, Virginia," but she kept walking, skipping a little over the hot pavement. She snapped her bikini bottom into place with two fingers as she went. "Bitch," I said. "Dyke, cunt, whore."

"Whoa now," Art said. "You shouldn't talk to your sister like that."

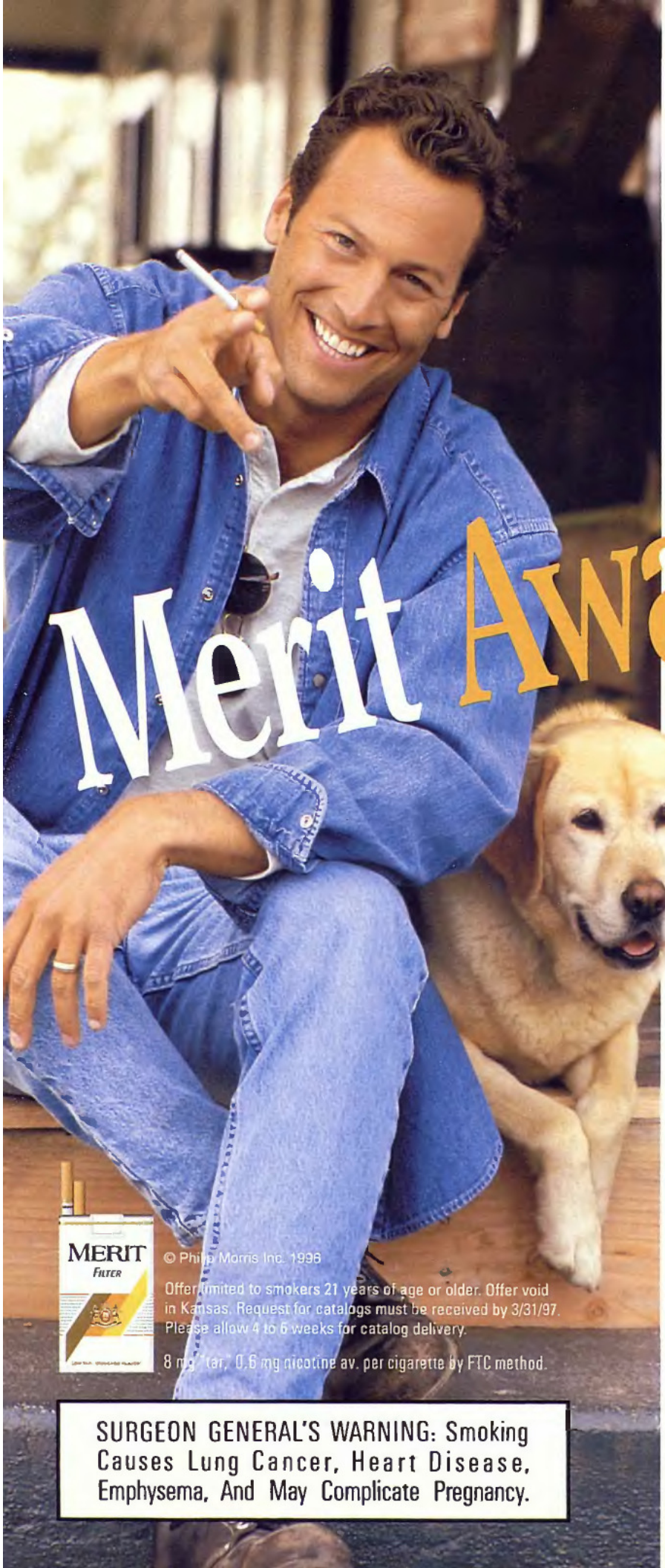
I climbed the four concrete steps from the pool. My body felt huge and slick and dangerous. It would do whatever I wanted. I walked over to Art, and he stood to meet me. We were almost the same height, and our bodies made a stark contrast, his browned and indolently soft, mine white like hard marble. I leaned into him, our faces inches apart, and gave him an evil wink. "Don't fuck with me, Art," I said. "Just don't." We looked at each other a moment longer before he sidestepped me and followed Virginia into the house.

•

My sister had a remarkable propensity for never appearing sleep-worn. I didn't know what went on in that bathroom of hers before the lights went out, but she woke each morning in mint condition, emerging from bed as fresh as she went in, no puffy eyes, no crust around the mouth, not a hair mashed out of place by the pillow. She said it was because she never dreamed. But one night, not long after my meeting with Art, I was startled from sleep by something and jerked awake, heart fluttering, thinking I'm late for work, the house is on fire, whatever, to find my sister standing at the window in my room looking out.

"Jesus Christ, Virginia, you scared me shitless," I said. I rolled over to look at the clock. Five-thirty. The night crew at

"Frankly, nobody's wearing them yet, but trends have to start somewhere."



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the yard would be getting off any minute. "Get the fuck outta here. I've got an hour left to sleep."

Virginia didn't answer right away. She was wearing a white knee-length nightgown, and the light coming through the window made her shape a silhouette beneath the fabric. Her hair was smooth and perfect on her shoulders. My room faced the golf course and I could see morning mist just above the ground.

"What the fuck, Virginia?" I said.

She turned toward me and I knew that she was asleep. Her arms hung loosely at her sides, her fingers curled up a touch. Her eyes were open but as distant as the moon. The world was pulling itself together outside. Sprinklers ticked sleepily on the golf course, a garbage truck ground its way down the street. I pictured Wishbone and Gerald, right then, finishing the first leg of a double shift, coming up from below deck, oiled with sweat, blinking at the dim morning like coal miners.

"Eighty feet," Virginia said.

"What?"

"It has to be 80 feet." Her voice was hushed but firm.

"OK, Vee, no problem. Eighty feet." I got out of bed and put my hands on her warm shoulders and piloted her back down the hall to her room. She didn't resist and climbed into her bed, a four-poster with an embroidered canopy, when I showed it to her. I couldn't fall back asleep after that. I wondered what my sister was building in her dreams.

•

Gerald's monkey was on its way. Wishbone had contacted the Jap, and the wheels of black-market commerce were turning as we spoke. I didn't know whether or not to believe him. It was true that the repairs on the *Kaga* were nearly finished and her crew was filtering back into town, so he could have been in touch with his connection. But I had trouble seeing how a drug dealer from Japan was going to get his hands on a monkey from Brazil. For Gerald's sake, I remained skeptical.

"Wishbone, where's your guy gonna come by this monkey?" I said.

We had finished welding two new plates into the deck and had one more to burn out and replace. The seams from the new plates ran along the deck like tiny, steel molehills. We were kneeling around three sides of a square, burning along white lines drawn in chalk, the heat between us enough to burn the hair from your arms without protection. I could feel the heat pressing against my clothes, could feel it on my tongue when I took a breath.

"What *is* that sound? It's almost like a woman," Wishbone said. "You hear something, Gerald?"

Gerald chuckled beneath his mask. Bootsteps echoed above us.

"All I'm saying is, according to Gerald's book, spider monkeys live in Central and South America." The metal beneath the tip of my flame bent and glowed molten orange. "Your guy's not going anywhere near South America."

Wishbone shut down his burner and waved at Gerald to do the same. Gerald and I screwed down the nozzles that controlled the gas, reducing the flames to tiny blue pinpoints. Wishbone lifted his mask and breathed in deeply through his nose.

"Listen here, little man, I don't ask questions." He narrowed his eyes at me. "I tell the Jap what I want, and he gets it. Simple as that. Like magic. That's why they call me Wishbone. You trying to discourage Gerald? Make him think his wish won't come true?"

At that, my skin prickled. I glanced at Gerald. His mask was still down, the bar of window over his eyes blurred by the heat, but I could tell that he was watching us. We were standing directly beneath the hatch and I could see a block of clear sky above the ship. "Of course not," I said. "I just don't want him to get his hopes up."

"So you think Gerald can't work it out for himself, that it?" Wishbone asked. "He's just some dumb nigger got to be looked after?"

"Fuck you, Wishbone."

Wishbone leaned back on his elbows, his temples and neck tracked with sweat. He smiled, then, all the anger in his face suddenly gone, his features smooth with pure delight. That smile was the most terrifying thing I'd ever seen.

"You hear that, Gerald?" he said. "Nephew's pissed."

"Leave the boy alone, Wishbone," Gerald said, snuffing the flame on his torch and raising his mask. He looked tired. "You know he don't mean no harm."

Wishbone cocked his head and examined me a moment longer, still smiling that amused, unnerving smile. "What Gerald wants, Gerald gets," he said. He fished in his pocket and brought out his cigarettes. He shook the last three from the pack, snapped two of them at the filter, crumbled the grains of tobacco between his fingers and situated the remaining cigarette between his lips. He said, "What do you think I want?"

For an instant, I thought about saying no, thought about telling Wishbone to go fuck himself. But I didn't. Something in me resisted the impulse. I don't know whether it was guilt over what Wishbone had said about Gerald or just plain fear or something else entirely, but I dropped my mask and shed my smock and gloves and made my deliberate way up the ladder and into the air.

Outside, the sun was shocking. That was the brightest sky I'd ever seen. A perfect day for sunbathing. I wondered if Virginia remembered her sleepwalking. I walked over to the supply wagon, waving occasionally at one man or another who acknowledged my passing. Everyone knew me. The boss' nephew. The guy who ran the supply wagon saw me coming and had a pack of Winston Reds waiting for me when I arrived.

He smiled and shook his head and said, "Wishbone's daily bread." I forked over the two bucks, thanked him and

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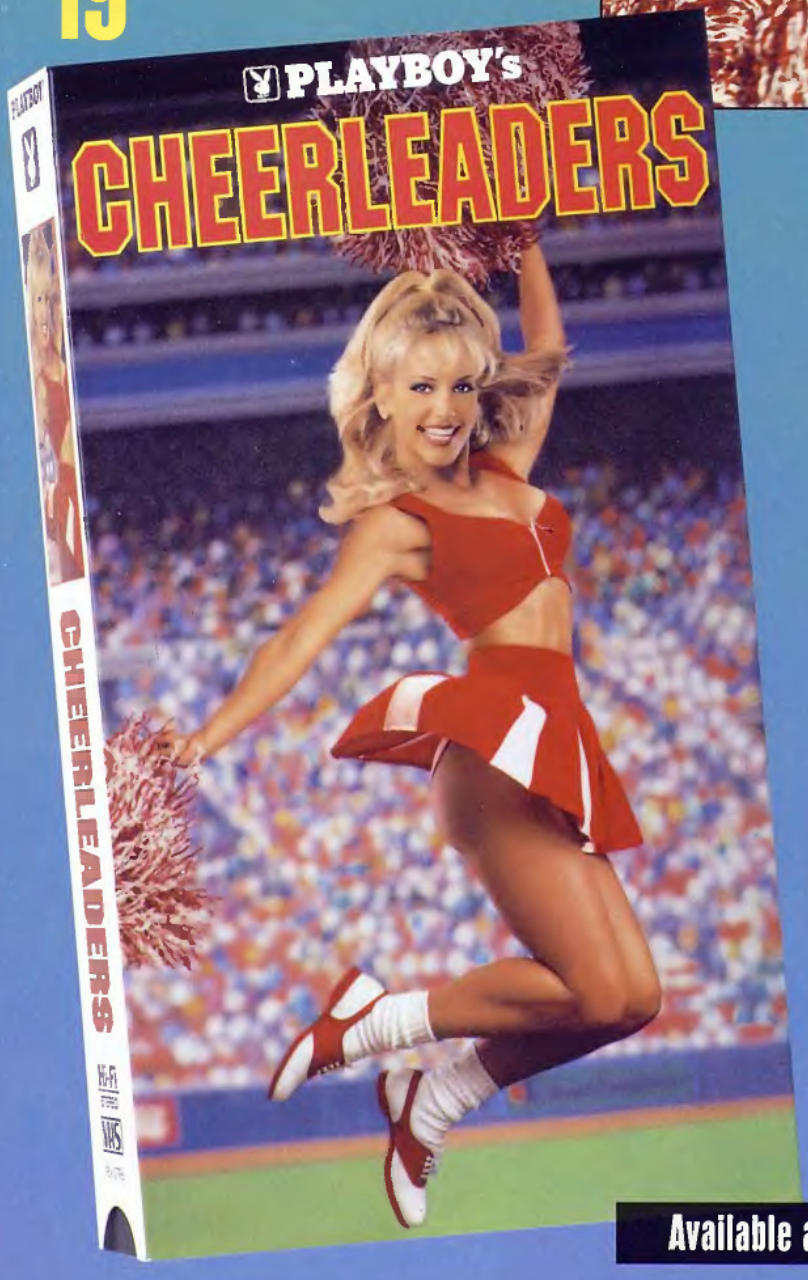

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turned to retrace my steps across the yard. Right then, the ground rocked and I had to grab the counter for balance. The tremor didn't seem connected to anything, seemed to come from the earth itself, scattershot and violent, but I saw the source when I turned. For a second, less than a second, I could see the thing, a thick, twisting cord of flame growing up out of the *Kaga* like a vine.

Then it was gone, and I was running hard for the ship, dodging through the wedge of bodies that rushed down the gangplank and away from the explosion. I found Wishbone on deck, four men pinning his arms and legs, telling him, "Lie still, Bone. It's gonna be all right. Don't move." His eyes were squinched tight against the pain, his mouth wide open, his lips chapped-looking, but he wasn't screaming. He was naked, his clothes disintegrated by the fire, and his skin was raw and crinkly all over, like the edges of burned paper. Several men were jetting fire extinguishers into the hold, white vapor billowing back, but the fire was already out. That sort of flame is a supernova, gone in a flash.

I caught one of the men by his shirtsleeve. "Where's Gerald?" I said. "Let me down there. Gerald's down there. Shut that thing off so we can see him."

He dropped the extinguisher and grabbed my arms.

"You don't wanna see him, son. Believe me."

I let him lead me away from the crowd and sit me down on a spool of heavy cable. My uncle had arrived on the scene by then, and he came over to where I was sitting. "You OK, Ford?" he said. "What happened? Jesus Christ, your mother would've slit my throat if you'd been down there."

"Gerald wants a monkey," I said.

"Of course he does," my uncle said. "You bet, pal."

My uncle drove me home early from work and dropped me at the front steps. I don't think he was ready to face my mother. I didn't tell anyone at home what had happened, just blew right past them, headed down the hall to Virginia's bed. I climbed in, unwashed, and jerked the covers to my chin. I had this crazy idea that my dreams would be safer there. Virginia came in eventually and said, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Without opening my eyes, I slipped one hand free of the covers and gave her the finger, and for some reason, that was enough. I could feel her standing there quietly, watching me. After a while, she said, "You look like a little kid," then closed the door behind her and left me alone.

•

To hear Wishbone tell it, Gerald was the smoker. Pack a day at least, must've warned him a hundred times not to smoke around welding lines but he wouldn't listen. Gerald was an old-timer, set in his awful ways. I stood against the wall of my uncle's office a week or so after the accident and waited my turn to speak. My mother was beside me, her hand lightly at my elbow. To my surprise, I felt no anger at Wishbone's lying. The skin on his face was still whitish pink in places, and his sleeves were buttoned to the wrist, covering his scalded arms, and he wore a newborn's light blue knit cap to protect his tender skull. His hands trembled and his eyes were rheumy, his vision blurred, he said, since the accident. He looked weak, vulnerable, afraid, squinting across the conference table at my uncle and at the men from the insurance company. I wanted to know what made him think I wouldn't expose him. All the shit he gave me. Maybe he thought I was afraid because he was black or that I was ashamed of being white when he wasn't. Maybe he thought his cigarette run had saved my life and I ought to be grateful, despite everything. But what I wanted to know more than anything was how he survived and Gerald didn't, because for an instant, the amount of time it took to burn away the flammable air, that hold was pure, white conflagration, molten gas, like the center of the sun. Nothing could have lived in there. But here was Wishbone telling these lies right in front of me, burned but alive, breathing in and out like the rest of us when he should have been dead. After things had settled down on the deck that day, I walked over to the hatch and looked in. Two policemen and some emergency personnel were milling around a lumped sheet of blue tarp covering what must have been Gerald's body. It's funny, but the stink of all those rotting fish, that death smell, it was gone.

When my turn to speak came, I had to answer only one question: Ford, can you corroborate everything this man has just told us? After but a moment's hesitation, I lied. I'd planned on telling the truth, but in the space of that pause, I thought of Gerald wanting that monkey. He had died believing it would come, hoping for it, and that didn't sound so awful all of a sudden. And I thought of Wishbone, of what good it would do me to ruin his life, what sort of justice would be served. And, strangely, I thought of my sister, so far away from all this, troubled only by rare bad dreams.

"Yes, sir," I said. "He's telling the truth."

I looked at Wishbone, but he wouldn't meet my eyes. He was crying without making a sound. It turned out that he had been standing directly beneath the hatch when he struck the spark that brought the air to life. He had been lifted out by the force of the explosion, shot free of the hold like a cartoon spaceman. One minute he was standing in a perfect square of yellow light with his friend before him; the next, he was riding a grim column of fire.

Second prize in this year's College Fiction Contest was won by Ian Catmur, 23, a senior in the honors program at the University of Rhode Island. Third prizes went to J.M. Barron, 21, a senior at Indiana University at Bloomington; Patricia Lawrence, 25, a graduate student at the University of Iowa's Writers' Workshop; David Posman, 39, a student at the Community College of Rhode Island; and Robert Sivigny, 22, a senior at the State University of New York, Geneseo.

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(continued from page 70)

without having a commitment. And I soon became extremely depressed and angry with myself." Female, 19, Pacific Lutheran

PUBLIC SEX

College offers a taste of freedom. Most students are without parental supervision. They have a place of their own—be it a dorm room (38 percent of the men, 32 percent of the women) or an off-campus apartment or house (48 percent of men, 55 percent of women). But college is collegial, and privacy is not guaranteed. We asked students, "Have you ever had someone walk in on you while you were having intercourse?"

- Sixty-three percent of the men and 37 percent of the women had been caught in the act.

We asked, "Since coming to college, has anyone walked in on you while you were masturbating?"

- This had happened at least once to 21 percent of the guys and to five percent of the girls.

Indeed, lack of privacy was the second most frequently cited obstacle to "the sex life of your dreams" for men and women. So we asked a few questions that we thought might indicate the degree of privacy available to college students, such as: Are you having sex in a place where you feel comfortable enough to take off all your clothes? Ninety percent of the men had been completely naked the last time they had intercourse; 75 percent of the women stripped completely, while another 23 percent were down to a T-shirt or underwear.

We asked the same question about oral sex: this time only 70 percent of the men and 64 percent of the women were completely naked. This figure might be explained by location (oral sex works best for doorways and closets at parties) or haste (no time for intercourse).

The single most surprising finding of the survey is this: More than half of the men (64 percent) and more than a third of the women (42 percent) had had intercourse in the presence of other people, most typically at a party or in a parked car.

"We were in the bedroom during a party. Some friends were in the bed next to us, making out. We started kissing, then I went under the blankets and sucked his penis. Then I got on top of him and watched myself in the mirror as I rode up and down. My friends in the bed next to us made it even more exciting, especially because of their commentary." Female, 28, San Francisco State

EXTRA-RELATIONSHIP SEX

This used to be called cheating, then fooling around. Now it's tied to AIDS—someone who strays from a monogamous relationship is "increasing the risk pool." Or, as they say, when you have sex now, you have sex with every person that person has had sex with in the past 15 years.

We asked students if they had had intercourse with someone other than their steady partner. Almost equally, two thirds of the men and women said they had been monogamous. Those who had strayed had different reasons:

- Forty-three percent of the men said they had met someone who they couldn't resist (compared with 29 percent of the women).

The women tended to stray with forethought:

- Thirty-eight percent of the women took on a new partner because they wanted to distance themselves from their regular partner (only 24 percent of the men stated this); 29 percent wanted to end the old relationship (only 12 percent of the men fooled around as a way out).

SEXUAL HARASSMENT AND FLIRTING

In recent years there have been numerous reports from academe of lustful professors, of sexually harassed students, of swapping sex for grades. Some colleges have even gone so far as to draft codes of conduct forbidding intimate relationships between students and their teachers.

We wanted to test the numbers, but in a neutral way. We asked how many students had ever flirted with a teacher or someone in a similar position of authority. More than half of the men and 40 percent of the women had done so once or twice; only 11 percent of the men and five percent of the women had done it often. Sixteen percent of the men and nine percent of the women had had sex with an "authority figure."

SEX EDUCATION CIRCA 1996

College students are the children of the sexual revolution: How do their parents stack up as sex educators?

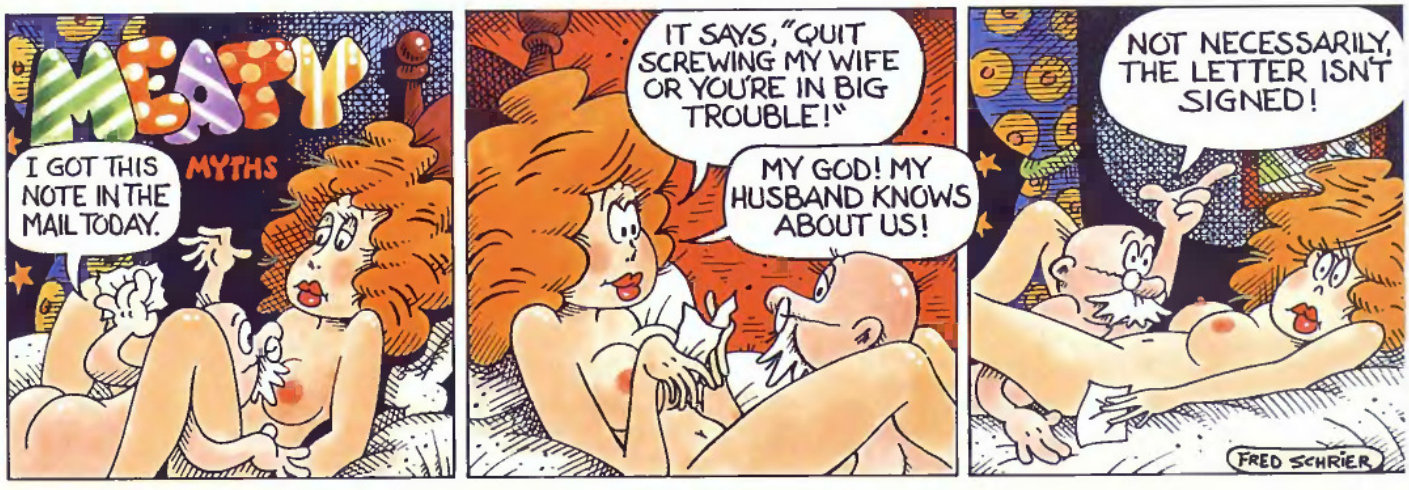
We asked students what, if anything, they had learned from their parents about sex. Thirty-one percent of the men and 22 percent of the women said they never talked with their parents about sex. Those who did were likely to get these messages: "Sex is fine with someone you love" (35 percent of the men, 41 percent of the women), "sex produces babies" (31 percent of the men, 37 percent of the women).

Parents said that premarital sex is wrong (20 percent of the men, 35 percent of the women) or that sex is dangerous (18 percent of men and 20 percent of women had gotten this message).

Almost a third of the guys had been told sex is OK as long as you use a condom; only 16 percent of the girls got this message.

How did all this trickle down? We asked students what their peers said about sex. Students pretty much agreed with parents that sex is fine with someone you love (38 percent of the men and 64 percent of the women). But years of safe-sex education have created a new standard: Forty-eight percent of the men and 58 percent of the women said sex is OK "as long as you use a condom."

They'd accepted the AIDS-era notion that sex is dangerous (more than a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quarter of the men and women repeated this), but only seven percent of the men and eight percent of the women think premarital sex is morally wrong. Many had discovered the one thing their parents wouldn't tell them: 67 percent of the guys and 44 percent of the girls said, "Sex is great, period. Get it while you can."

What are other sources of sexual information? Half of the men and slightly more than a third of the women had read a sex manual since coming to college. Students were even more likely to get their sex advice from magazines.

The result: Ninety-five percent of the men and 97 percent of the women said they know where the clitoris is.

Today's students turn to movies for sexual ideas (66 percent of the men and 45 percent of the women reported having acted out a scene from a mainstream movie). Some of the movies that turn them on? *Single White Female*, *9½ Weeks*, *Basic Instinct*. Almost every student we surveyed had seen an X-rated movie at least once, while 49 percent of the men and 15 percent of the women said they watched porn frequently. Many reported watching in groups (whether it was in a sex-ed class or at a party, we couldn't tell). We do know that couples watch together: Almost two thirds of the men and women reported cuddling up with a video. Fifteen percent of the women and nine percent of the men did so frequently. To give you an idea how quickly society has changed, a sex survey from a class at USC in 1989 reported that only two percent of the male students and seven percent of the female students had watched porn with a lover.

HONESTY

Interestingly, when asked what were the important criteria in choosing a sexual partner, relatively few students cited "knowledge of his or her past experience." Most college students (62 percent of men, 59 percent of women) say they discuss past lovers with a new partner. Most do so honestly (only 23 percent of the men and 14 percent of the women confessed to lying if a person asks how many partners they've had). That's past partners. A third of the men reported that they had lied to talk someone into sex—the most common lie being that they don't have a girlfriend, followed by how much they like the prospective partner, or that they want a relationship. Only four percent of the women had told lies to get sex.

A related question—should we call it single-entry bookkeeping?—asked students if they included as partners those people with whom they had had only oral sex. Almost three quarters said they did not include oral sex partners. Partner meant intercourse partner.

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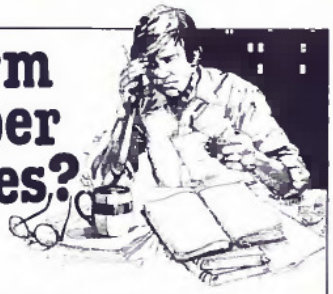

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TESTING FOR AIDS

The college students we surveyed have grown up in the shadow of AIDS. While most were fairly blasé about the specter of the disease (49 percent of the men and 66 percent of the women said their sex lives wouldn't change if AIDS disappeared), we found the impact of AIDS expressed in other ways. Some 27 percent of the men and 19 percent of the women said they know someone who is HIV positive. Sixty-three percent of the men and 79 percent of the women rated their chances of getting AIDS as not at all likely or barely likely.

Dating status was the most likely indicator of sexual fear: Those who described themselves as single and dating around were much more inclined to rate their chances of contracting HIV as moderate or even high.

But an astonishingly high number—39 percent of the men and 35 percent of the women—had been tested for HIV. Male students were more likely than female students to use the HIV test as a way of admitting they had made a sexual mistake (58 percent of the men but only 42 percent of the women said they had the test because they had sex with someone they weren't sure about.) Women were more likely than men to have grown concerned because of media coverage (52 percent of the women and 36 percent of the men got tested after reading an article or watching a television show on AIDS).

"The last time I had sex was with a girl who is a friend of a friend. We ended up in bed after going to a bar. We had unprotected sex, which I know is risky. But I didn't care at the time. It made me feel great. It was the best sex I've had in a long time. But now I'm worried and plan on getting tested." Male, 22, University of Maine

"I live in fear. I am going to get tested this summer. My first time was with a promiscuous football player, and we didn't use protection. I am too scared to talk to him. I haven't had unprotected sex since and I assume that everyone has HIV." Female, 19, University of Maine

"This was the second time I've had an HIV test. When I started dating the woman who is now my fiancée, she would not have unprotected sex with me until my test results came back negative. There had been a few times after one too many beers that I had unprotected sex with a girl I had just met. I've been with the same girl for more than a year now, and when I went for the second test I was more worried about being stuck with the needle than getting a positive result." Male, 20, Northern Arizona

"I thought I had AIDS and it scared the shit out of me for about two months. All those public service ads and announcements just made me not want to touch anyone." Male, 19, California State at Los Angeles

"I once thought it was possible that I had been infected with HIV because I found out that my boyfriend had cheated on me numerous times without using protection. I had an AIDS test to put my mind at ease. My now-ex-boyfriend knows I had the test. It hasn't changed my attitude toward sex all that much." Female, 21, University of Maine

A woman at Arizona State described a series of unsatisfying sexual relationships. For instance: "I hated every moment of it. I felt like I had to have sex to keep him interested. I never enjoyed it, and I had unprotected sex and felt really dirty." She finally meets the right guy, the sex is terrific, but the doubts persist. Two years into the relationship, she goes to a clinic for a test. "For some reason I had uneasy feelings about being tested. I was really afraid that if I was positive I wouldn't know what to do about it, or how to react. Getting the test wasn't as bad as going back two weeks later for the results. Sitting in the waiting room around a bunch of dirty people was awful. When she told me I was negative I just smiled. It felt like so much pressure had been taken off my shoulders."

ORAL SEX

In Kinsey's day about half the population had tried oral sex. We found that an overwhelming majority (95 percent to 98 percent) of the students we surveyed have tried oral sex, and it seems to be a fair trade: Nearly three quarters of both our male and female students said that they had engaged in oral sex during the past month.

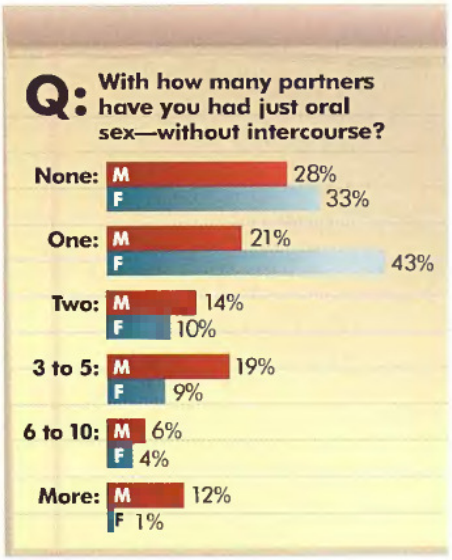
And for some—27 percent of the men and 35 percent of the women—it is a favorite way to reach orgasm. For many of the women it is the only way they reach orgasm.

Almost half of the women said they had had more than one orgasm in a single session of oral sex. Eleven percent said this happened frequently. We asked students whether their partners talked, remained silent or moaned during oral sex: Ninety-one percent of the men and 79 percent of the women said that their partners made noise.

Sixty-one percent of the women let the man come in their mouth; a third of those said that they swallowed; another third of these said "it depends."

We had suspected that oral sex had achieved new status, but past surveys merely tabulated whether or not someone was going down on someone else, and how often. We wanted to know why students performed oral sex:

- Sixty-eight percent of the men and 38 percent of the women had performed oral sex out of curiosity.
- Fifty-three percent of the women and 36 percent of the men had performed oral sex because their partner begged for it.
- Equal numbers of men and women


Q: With how many partners have you had just oral sex—without intercourse?
None: M 28% F 33%
One: M 21% F 43%
Two: M 14% F 10%
3 to 5: M 19% F 9%
6 to 10: M 6% F 4%
More: M 12% F 1%

(four out of ten) said that they felt they had to reciprocate after their partner had pleasured them this way first.

- Women were more likely than men (33 percent as opposed to 23 percent) to use oral sex to bring a sexual encounter

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I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

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Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

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Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

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This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

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California Political Week:
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"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

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Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

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R. S., Mclean, VA

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to an end. Men were more likely to switch to oral sex when they didn't have condoms (32 percent vs. 12 percent).

We asked a simple question: Is oral sex "real" sex?

Students were almost equally divided on the question: Fifty-two percent of the guys and 46 percent of the women said "Yes."

Many (more than 40 percent) said oral sex was less intimate than intercourse. Only 15 percent of the men and 24 percent of the women thought it was more intimate. Going down is not the same as going all the way.

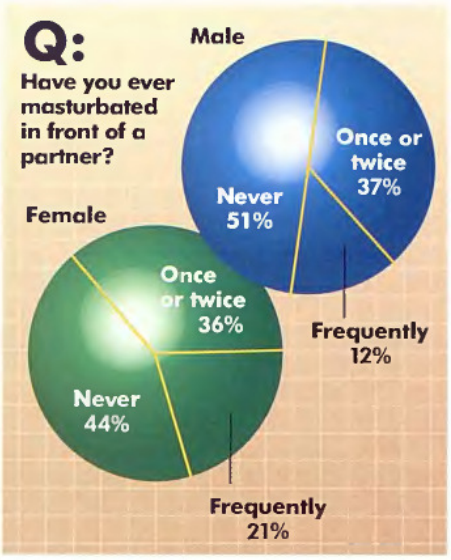
Some of the virgins we heard from were "technical virgins"—women who had never had intercourse but who had had oral sex. (One virgin at San Francisco State had oral sex with ten partners.)

MASTURBATION

OK, we know they're doing it: Eighty-nine percent of the men and 60 percent of the women said they masturbate. (Half of the men and a fifth of the women do it at least two or three times a week.) What do students use to spice up solo sex? Men were three times as likely to have masturbated to a photograph of a friend, lover or ex-lover (38 percent vs. 11 percent), four times as likely to have employed a magazine (79 percent vs. 22 percent), three times as likely to have masturbated while watching a television show such as *Baywatch* (38 percent vs. 12 percent).

Women began to catch up when it came to X-rated videos. There's nothing like images of real sex to make solo sex hotter: Seventy-eight percent of the men and 39 percent of the women had played with more than the remote while watching X-rated videos. And women are perfectly willing to use sex objects as sex objects: Thirty-nine percent had used a vibrator (compared with 16 percent of the men), 38 percent had used pillows (compared with 29 percent of the men), 41 percent had used lotions or oils (compared with 88 percent of the men). Men were slightly more vain—38 percent had watched themselves in a mirror during solo sex, compared with 28 percent of the women. Some 13 percent of college women had used a dildo.

Most of the students fantasized during masturbation. Combining the answers "often," "usually" and "always" yields 86 percent for men, 68 percent for women. Men were more likely to fantasize about famous people (62 percent vs. 32 percent). Heading the list for guys were—surprise—Pam Anderson and Madonna. (We have to give Madonna credit for



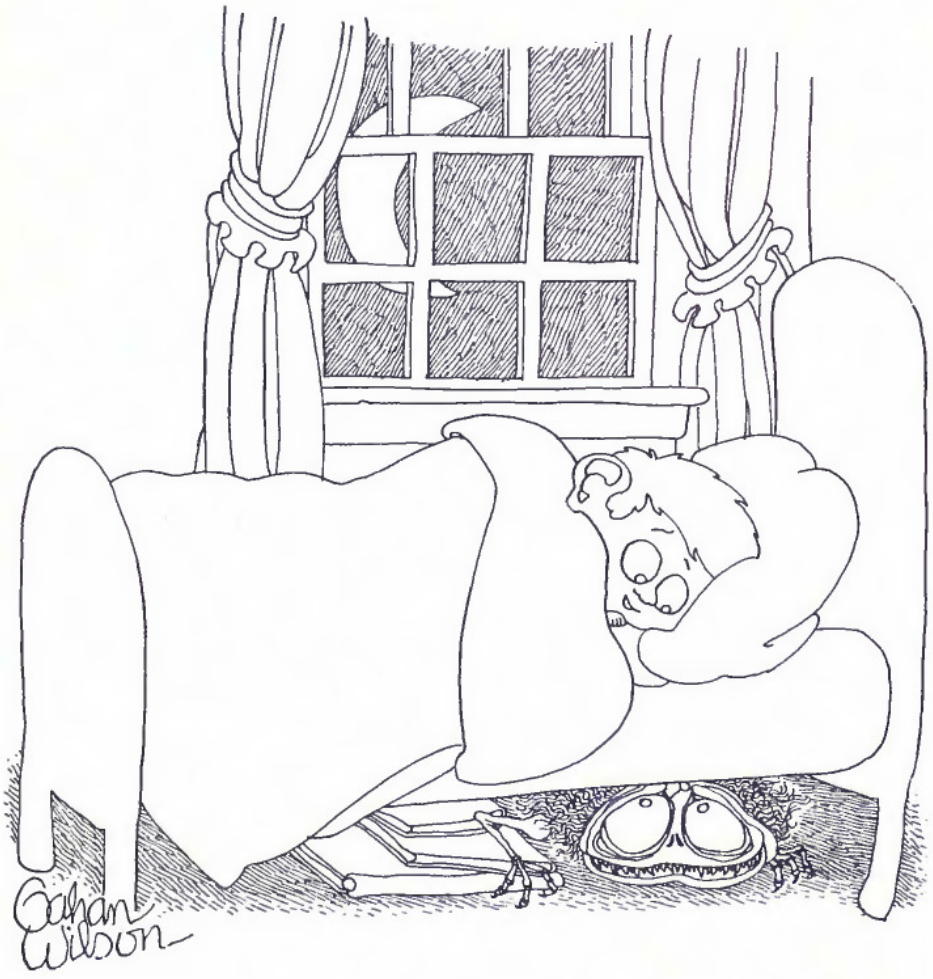
blurring the distinction between madonna and whore; her videos on S&MTV are probably responsible for most campus kinkiness.) Top throbs for women were Brad Pitt, Alec Baldwin and Keanu Reeves.

These are just a few of the discoveries from our survey. In the forthcoming months we will look at an array of issues—from the politics of orgasm to the long-standing myths about sexuality that are still held by college students. We will try to find out who is in control of sex, and how students decide to have sex, and we will continue to study the interplay of sex and intimacy.

See you around campus.

HOW WE DID IT AND WHO WE TALKED WITH

We received completed surveys from more than 1000 students at San Francisco State, Central State University in Edmond, Oklahoma, California State at Los Angeles, the University of Maine, Northern Arizona, La Guardia Community College in New York, Bowling Green State in Ohio, East Carolina in North Carolina, Ferris State in Michigan, the University of Texas at Austin, Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma and the University of the Pacific in Stockton, California. Our sample represents large schools and small, public and private, but it is not a random sample. The Kinsey Institute found that when it comes to studying college students, the answers from a convenience sample such as ours are not significantly different from those obtained through a more-scientific random sample. Our thanks to everyone who helped.



"Read me the story again about the closet monster."

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PLAYMATE HOSTS FOR SEPTEMBER

Jennifer Allan
Miss September

Nadine Chanz
Miss October

ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE

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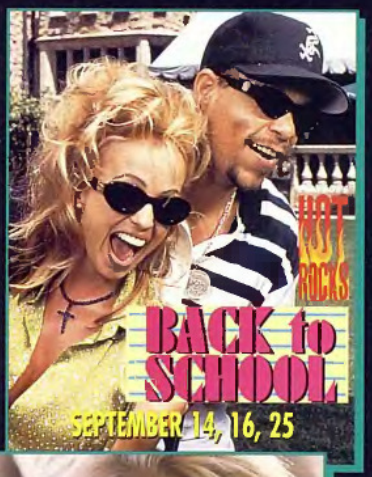

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Rockin' Robin (continued from page 96)

"Oh, my God! The nipples are gone! There used to be big red nipples, and they would flash on and off."

special-effects remake of Disney's classic *The Absent Minded Professor*. "I don't know why we're remaking it. The other day I showed the original to my kids [Zachary, 13; Zelda, 7; Cody, 4] and they loved it. Of course, this version will have effects like you've never seen," says the survivor of *Jumanji*, "and the flubber is actually a character. But," and he looks deeply and seriously into the middle distance, "I don't want to spoil it for you."

•

"Which way to the hunchbacks?" Robin asks the smiling clerk. We are in the humongous Disney Store in Union Square, the same Union Square where, rumor has it, Robin used to work as a mime. "Never! That was Robert Shields' [of Shields and Yarnell] turf. He'd kill you if you stepped on it. I worked indoors. And never as a mime." It's a few days shy of the release date of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and the merchandise isn't quite in place. Nevertheless, we find a Quasimodo plush toy. Robin handles it almost with awe. "Look, he's got a hunch. And a slow eye. And bad teeth. I would get it for Zelda, but she hasn't seen the movie and I—I think she might cry." Like lightning, he turns to the clerk. "Have you got a Hunch backpack?" Giggles. "How about a Hunch lunch box?" Nope.

•

The toys are much more grown-up in North Beach, the old beatnik part of town. "Where is she? She used to be right here!" Robin is standing under the sign that used to advertise Carol Doda, the world's most famous topless act and for many years a San Francisco landmark on a par with the Transamerica pyramid. Doda's old club, the Condor, is still here, but all traces of her seem to have disappeared. "Oh, my God!" Robin says, looking heavenward. "The nipples are gone!" Beg pardon? "There used to be big red nipples on that dancer, and they would flash on and off and it was like Christmas and now they're gone. The humanity!" Doda herself is evidently still around. "I played tennis with her last week," Robin's driver says. "You did?" his boss answers, jaw dropping. "Wait a minute—she can play tennis? She can hold the racket? She can see below the net?"

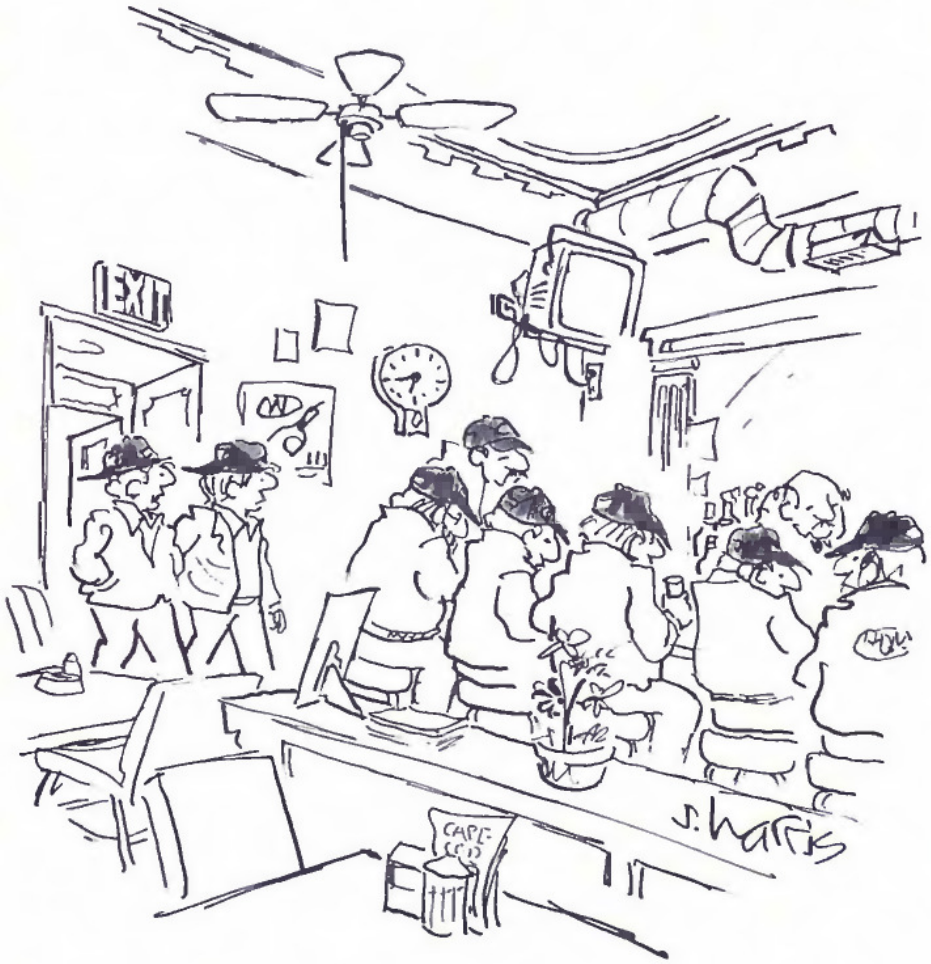
Across the street from the Condor is another old haunt, the City Lights bookstore, founded by Beat poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti. "It's the only bookstore in the world with a surrealism wall," Robin notes, then slides into a little dialogue with a merry man: "Where's the existential section?" "Sometimes it's here, sometimes it's not." "Where's the section on abuse?" "Fuck you!" "Where is the dada section?" "I don't care."

In the old days, the routine was to buy a book and take it across the street and read it in Tosca, a bar filled with poets, truck drivers and opera queens, all presided over by Jeanette Etheridge, a chic blonde in iridescent barrettes who, when not breaking up bar fights between athletic intellectuals, helps organize the San Francisco International Film Festival. "Really, we should salute you," she says when Robin bumps into her at Enrico's, an Italian café around the corner, "for making all these movies in San Francisco."

"I like to work at home," Robin shrugs. So that's where he made *Mrs. Doubtfire*, *Nine Months* and his most recent, *Jack*, directed by Francis Coppola. "A movie takes three months to make. I'd rather be home than away. If they tell me they're going to film it here, they get me."

•

"The Haight!" Robin cries as he leaps out of the car. "My homeland!" We've just cruised through the Lower Haight, which is dingy and borderline and actually resembles the Haight-Ashbury that hosted the summer of love. A bit farther along you come to the corner of Haight and Ashbury, the cosmic center of capitalist hippiedom. It's almost pristine. The stores shine, the cops patrol. The crowds take pictures of one another. Mostly they're tourists or bargain-hunting Gen X couples, but every tenth person looks like a variation on an old Blues Project album cover. Each block sports one, but no more than one, clutch of homeless kids in Janis and Jimi jeans, panhandling demurely at a storefront. "Amazing—some of them are third generation. You know, it all used to be real," Robin comments as he searches for some psychedelic landmark of a previous age, "but now it's sort of like a theme park with hippie characters. OK, today you're the toothless one with the puppy and the bandanna. You be the Grateful Dead burnout. You're the philosopher, or is it



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just Tourette's syndrome?"

As if on cue, the counterculture's newest pseudostar, Manny the Hippie, appears. This baby-faced blond of 19 shot to notoriety when David Letterman put him on the tube during a week of shows he aired from San Francisco. "Robin Williams, cool!" Manny intones, attempting a handshake. "I want to say this is schwag," Robin says, referring to Manny's catchphrase from TV, "but I can't remember if that means good or bad." Manny has a different agenda. "You know, MTV's been calling about you and me doing something together." Robin's face betrays nothing. Maybe he once was a mime after all.

Like most everyone here, Robin takes the Haight for what it now is, an atmospheric mall with acid overtones. There are running shoes to be bought at one place he knows and a book at another, plus a store specializing in Hawaiian shirts that apparently knows him really well. But just when it seems almost suburban, a stoner without a tooth in his head walks up to him and says, a bit woozily, "I know you from TV. You're Manic, D.I.!" A simple "nanu, nanu" would have sufficed.

"Where do you suppose he got that?" Robin asks incredulously over dinner at Rubicon, a friendly-tony place he co-owns with Coppola, Robert De Niro and about a hundred other people. "Do I look like Manic, D.I.?" He pores over the menu. "I love to come here. They have great fake wine." Off everything for years, he enjoys the illusion of boozing it up. Bloody mary mix, imitation champagne—at any moment, there's the possibility he will begin snorting the Sweet 'n Low. "You should see when Francis comes in. They serve him his own wine, from his own vineyards. He has incredibly knowledgeable conversations with the sommelier. It's awe-inspiring."

The check arrives. Or rather, doesn't. "Your money's no good here," the manager says, laughing. But Robin wants to make sure the waiter gets his tip. "It's already gone into his Swiss account," the manager laughs again. "You're sure," Robin replies earnestly. "I really want to be sure he gets it." It's Robin of Locksley returned, the Robin who buys a plane so it will be easier for his family to travel, who performs for free when local columnist Herb Caen has a street named after him, who keeps a low profile about his many other good works. The downtown crowd pays little attention to him, though one boisterous table from Chicago asks that he come over to say hello. On the way back from the men's room, he actually does. He says something, they laugh and he sits down. What did he say to them? "I don't know. I did 30 seconds and got off." Odds are, they'll remember.

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WIRED

Pages 22, 24: "Get in the Audio Groove": **Catalogs:** By *Musicdirect*, 800-449-8333. (In Illinois, 312-433-0200.) By *Quality Vinyl*, 703-327-4809. By *Acoustic Sounds*, 800-716-3553. By *Harvard Square Records*, 617-868-3385. By *Sphere Marketing and Distribution*, 718-656-6220. By *Sub Pop*, 800-782-7671. By *Tim-Kerr Records*, 503-236-0013. By *Mosaic*, 203-327-7111. By *Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab*, 800-423-5759. By *DCC Compact Classics*, 800-301-MUSIC. By *Audio Advisor*, 800-942-0220. "Wild Things": **Heart-rate monitor** by *Polar Electro Inc.*, 800-227-1314. **Notebook PC** by *Hitachi*, 800-555-6820. **Desktop PC** by *Sony*, 800-222-SONY. **Keyboard** by *Key Tronics Corp.*, 800-262-6006. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** By *Pulse Entertainment*, 310-264-5579. By *Sierra*, 800-649-4904. By *Voyager*, 800-446-2001. By *Inscape*, from Multimedia Services, 800-693-3253. By *Sierra*, 800-649-4904. By *Take 2*, from Acclaim, 516-656-5000. "Cyberscoop": **Software** by *Berkeley Systems*, 510-540-5535.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Pages 86–87: **Jackets** and **corduroys** from *GMS by Georges Marciano*, at Georges Marciano, Beverly Hills, 310-271-1818. **Shirt** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's. **Jeans** by *Guess*, 800-39-GUESS. **T-shirt** by *Fila*, 800-763-3719. **Oxfords** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. Pages 88–89: **Sweater** and **T-shirt** by *55 DSL*, at Diesel, Boston, 617-437-7344. **T-shirt** by *Discus Athletic*, 800-2-DISCUS. **Jeans** by *Guess*, at Guess and Dillard's stores. **Sweater** by *Mossimo*, at Mossimo Supply, 3333 Bristol St., Costa Mesa, CA, 714-549-4170 and Pasadena, CA, 818-564-8530. **Corduroys, sweater** and **T-shirt** by *Diesel*, at American Rag, Los Angeles, 213-935-3154 and San Francisco, 415-441-0537. **T-shirt** by *Guess*, 800-39-GUESS. **Oxfords** by *Hush Puppies*, at Barneys New York, Saks Fifth Avenue and Macy's stores. Pages 90–91: **Jacket** by *Guess Classics*, at Guess. **Shirt** and **jeans** by *L'Energia*, at Detour, NYC, 212-219-2692. **Loafers** by *Hush Puppies*, at Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Jacket** by *26 Red*, at 26 Red, Santa Monica, 310-399-4491 and the Garment District, Denver, 303-757-3371. **Shirt** by *Katharine Hamnett Denim*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Corduroys** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's. **Loafers** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. **Jacket** and **jeans** by *Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren and Bloomingdale's stores. **T-shirt** by *Adidas*, at sports stores.

YOU GOTTA HAVE IT

Pages 94–95: **Videos** from *Critics' Choice*, 800-367-7765. **Basketball shoes** by *Converse*, 800-428-2667. **TV, Discman** and **VCR** by *Sony*, 800-222-SONY. **Sport utility vehicle** by *Toyota*, 800-331-4331. **Mountain bike** by *Specialized*, from Kozy's Cyclery and Fitness, 312-281-2263. **DSS package** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **Portable home office** by *Haworth Inc.*, 800-344-2600. **Toy car** by *Paya*, from Lilliput Motor Co., 800-TIN-TOYS. **Playboy cigars** by *Don Diego*, P.O. Box 407166ZC, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33340-7166. **Lubricant** and **condoms** from *Paradise Marketing Services*, 800-993-3664. **Sunglasses** by *Diesel*, at department stores. **Espresso machine** by *Krups*, 800-562-1465. **Sunscreens** at department stores. **Cellular phone** by *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. **Brita pitcher** at department stores. **Notebook computer** by *IBM*, 800-772-2227. **Video game machine** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. **Beer** and **cap** by *Tommy Bahama*, 800-647-8688. **Mini-stereo** by *Sharp*, 800-BE-SHARP. **Dumbbell set** and **case** from *Ivanko Barbell Co.*, 310-514-1155. **Camera** by *Contax*, 800-526-0266. **Breath mints** by *Altoids*, at drugstores. **In-line skates** by Rollerblade Inc., 800-328-0171. **Recycling bin** from the *Container Store*, 800-786-7318.

THE COMPLEAT CYBERSTUDENT

Pages 112–113: **Computer** by *Hewlett Packard*, 800-724-6631. **Accelerator** and **TV tuner** by *Diamond Multimedia*, 800-468-5846. **VCR** by *Samsung*, 800-SO-SIMPLE. **Printer** by *Canon*, 800-848-4123. **Digital phone** by *Altec Lansing*, 800-648-6663. **Desk** by Vivco Manufacturing Corp., 800-448-4726.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Binoculars:** By *Moonlight Products*, 619-625-0300. By *ITT*, 800-448-8678.

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JAY LENO

(continued from page 62)

PLAYBOY: Do you have any protection during your club dates? Are you surrounded by security men?

LENO: No. You can't live in a bubble. I mean, one day I see a scruffy guy pushing a baby carriage past my house. It's Springsteen. I figure if he doesn't have security, I don't need it. And I think it helps that I genuinely like people. I've seen performers do the wrong thing—the psycho fan comes up and the performer is very dismissive, and you watch the fan, who's had a whole life of being dismissed, get angrier than ever. On the other hand, you can stop, look them in the eye, shake their hand and say hi. That's usually all they want.

PLAYBOY: You study their eyes as if they were guests on the show.

LENO: It's like a bad *Star Trek* episode. There are Klingons out there. Some of them are genuinely mildly retarded. They show up every day and all they want is a minute of your time. How hard is that? You can make them happy with nothing more than that.

PLAYBOY: Please tell us how you write the monolog.

LENO: Jim Brogan and I sit in my den until 2:30 or 3:00. We have to sit in the same chairs every night or it doesn't work. We'll knock jokes back and forth until we can't think anymore. Sometimes I'll be sitting there writing jokes and not notice that I've dozed off for a few minutes.

PLAYBOY: Do you use a computer?

LENO: No. If I had computer files, thousands of jokes, I might be tempted to cheat—to find an old one and update it instead of writing a new one. No, it's all on paper. Brogan and I go through stacks of stuff. We go through it over and over. "You think of anything for this yet?" We're flipping channels on TV, too. Bosnia, no way. No tragedies. Turbulence on Clinton's plane? Might be something there—FBI files on Republicans all over the place!

PLAYBOY: Does Mavis help?

LENO: No, she's sleeping. She goes upstairs to bed at 11 or 11:30.

PLAYBOY: She doesn't watch the show?

LENO: Sometimes she does. I'll have her watch on the satellite at 8:30 if there's something she really likes—some English actor or a bit from the San Diego Zoo. But no, I don't make her watch. I don't even urge her to watch. I learned my lesson in nightclubs. It's always the funniest thing when a comedian brings his new girlfriend to the club, and on the first night she's all excited. She laughs and has a wonderful time. Next night she's a little concerned: Isn't this the *exact same act*? By the fourth night she's got the look of a dog that hates its owner. Grrr, I hate these jokes! And she's really

pissed at the people around her: *How can you laugh at these stupid goddamn jokes?* I've seen it happen to a lot of comedians. He makes his wife or girlfriend watch his act until she hates every word of it and wants to see it die. So no, I don't make my wife watch.

PLAYBOY: What do you do after writing tomorrow's monolog?

LENO: I'll do some reading. I read my motorcycle magazines and old automobile books, anything on automotive history. And let the day run through my head. I don't brood about my job, but I think about it. It's like dealing cards in Vegas—20 minutes on and 20 minutes off all day long, you're never far away from it. But when my head hits the pillow I get to sleep pretty fast.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the old comedy gang?

LENO: Not really. People come and go as they get more successful. That's how it should be. I don't see Jerry nearly so much as I'd like to, but how could we sit around like we did in the old days? He's too busy—he's the most successful of us all. I try to hang out with people who want my job, kids like Chris Rock. I need to see the hunger.

PLAYBOY: How about you and Letterman? Are you hoping to drive him to his professional grave?

LENO: Come on. Letterman makes me laugh.

PLAYBOY: You're Frazier and Ali, aren't you? You're the tireless straight-ahead puncher, and this time the puncher has won.

LENO: We'll see what happens next. Will I fight hard every round? Sure. But if I run second will I be a piece of crap? No. I've shown I can do the job.

PLAYBOY: How much of your nice-guy image is real and how much is PR?

LENO: I've wondered about that. For instance, I always stop and help people who have car trouble on the freeway. Now, am I doing that just to help them, or do I want to be recognized and have people say, "Hey, Jay Leno is a hell of a guy—he helped me fix my car"? I don't know. Maybe it's impossible to know. It's probably best to stop worrying and fix their car.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed that you wield a wrench left-handed.

LENO: A lot of comedians are left-handed. We're left-handed kid brothers, usually, kid brothers vying for attention.

PLAYBOY: Tell us another comedy secret.

LENO: There's not a comic in the world who doesn't still use his first five minutes. Because that's what you know will always work. If you're doing the AT&T Christmas party at the Fontainebleau Hotel and you're dying, that's what you fall back on. All comics do it. Jerry has this old bit about a guy who weighed 1200 pounds and lost 200 pounds and his friends all said, "You're a rail, baby." If you're in a club listening to your friend and you hear that first-five-minutes stuff, *"You're a rail, baby,"* you laugh from recognition—not because it's funny but because you know how desperate your buddy is. And likewise, Jerry will come to the Comedy and Magic Club and I'll hear his Seinfeld laugh if he recognizes my old material.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

LENO: A bit about the California Cling Peach Advisory Board: "I mean, what sort of cushy-ass job is this?" Then I do a female voice: "Mr. Johnson, a caller wants to have cling peaches with cornflakes." I pause and finally say, "I can live with that."

PLAYBOY: Do any other bad moments come to mind?

LENO: There was a time on Letterman when I recycled the first joke I ever told onstage. It was a college joke. We had a very liberal school. You could have girls in your room, and liquor and drugs, but the one thing you were not allowed was a hot plate. So I did the "boom-boom" on the door: "What's going on in there?" "Just liquor and girls, sir." "Don't lie to me, son. You've got soup in there, don't you?" I did this ancient hot-plate joke for years, and in 1988, after I had done something like 50 Letterman shows, I dragged it out. Dave cracks up, just dying, and the crowd thinks he thinks it's funny, but he knows and I know it's just that this proves I'm completely out of material.

PLAYBOY: Was that your most excruciating gig?

LENO: No. I do a lot of police benefits, and one night in New Jersey, about 1985, I'm sitting there, waiting to go on, when a screen comes down from the ceiling, and on it is a giant photo of an officer who was killed. "Shot down by a punk on the streets," the captain says. "Here's his widow." Now the widow walks up, carrying two crying babies, to accept the award. Before she gets back to her seat the captain says, "Now for a change of pace—Jay Leno!" And the slain officer's picture stays right where it is. I do my act between that picture and this woman with her two babies. "Hi, how you doing? I'm Jay. . . ."

PLAYBOY: That must have been awful.

LENO: No. It was the same as usual. It was my act.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound easy.

LENO: It's not. And I certainly don't think I'm smarter or even funnier than anybody else. But I'm probably at least as funny as the next guy, and as long as I can physically get to the stage, I can make a living.

PLAYBOY: You used to do *The Tonight Show* with your parents in mind. Now that they're gone, who are you doing the show for?

LENO: I guess, in the end, you do it for yourself.

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Beat Me, Daddy *(continued from page 126)*

"In the daytime, that's clear, just the one gorgeous solid-gold sun. But the night? See the problem?"

The all-consuming.

—Without modification.

—Just the purity. The purification.

—No inhibition.

—Ixnay. Absolutely none.

—All exhibition.

—Hang it out there for everyone to see. Like this here wild and woolly wing-wang is my pen. Dipped in the inkiness of life.

—No grammar to it.

—Mightier than the sword, man. I dub thee Lance-a-Lot!

—Just whatever falls on the page, like the rain or paint or tears or blood or—— Christ, Neal!

—Yahoo!

12:31 P.M.

—Where you been, man?

—Went to see that Sally. Silly silky sultry Sal. What a sweet gone gal she is.

—How'd you get there?

—I ran.

—It's gotta be six miles.

—Got there in under half an hour. In my bare feet.

—You've only been gone an hour!

—Did her, then swiped a car.

—Aha! You were tired.

—Nah. Just wanted to swipe a car, man.

1:52 P.M.

—Listen, Jack: I am the prophet who brings the word and the word is Wow!

—You are a prophet, Neal. You're a saint, an American saint.

—The word is: Crazy, baby. The word is: Gone.

—I'm Jack the Baptist, and I dub thee Saint Neal, the patron saint of energy. The gospel is Going.

—I'm going . . . going. . . .

—The gospel is Gone.

—And you gotta go to be gone.

3:06 P.M.

—Man, like fill me in, daddy. What have we done?

—Bennies, tea, beer, tequila, whiskey, morphine.

—I'm gone, man. Like, I'm there. I'm nowhere. It's like a mystic state. Complete annihilation combined with total awareness.

—Gotta be feelin' somewhere.

"I enjoy a cigar after sex, but I'm not allowed to smoke in the house."

—Neal.

—Hey Jack, listen to this.

—Neal.

—Dig it, man. The sound of one hand clapping!

—Try it no-hands, Neal.

—Yahoo!

4:23 P.M.

—OK, man, let me tell you, here's the agenda. Are you ready?

—Go.

—First we do everything.

—OK.

—We dig everything. Deeply, man. Then we write it all down. I mean up. We write it up, OK?

—Up, down. . . .

—Up, man. It's a huge difference.

—OK.

—This is down. This is up.

—It's your call, Neal.

—We gotta be up. Up and hard.

—Hard up.

—Yer playin' with words again, Jack.

—Well you're playin' with yerself.

—I ain't playin'!

—Jesus, Neal. You're gonna get, like, permanent abrasions, man.

—Yahoo!

5:55 P.M.

—We got to get naked, man. Get back to the condition of birth.

—We are naked, Neal. We've been naked all day.

—That's cool.

—Not if my aunt comes home.

—I could do her.

—Come on, Neal. My aunt?

—Every soul is like a possibility, right?

—I guess so.

—You're not gonna deny her, are you?

—You're not really gonna do my aunt, are you, Neal?

—Just thinkin' about it, man. Gets me goin'. Pumpin'. Thumpin'.

—Aw, Neal.

—Yahoo!

—Man, you're makin' a mess on the floor. You should at least spread papers or something.

6:15 P.M.

—Yahoo!

8:08 P.M.

—Here's what I wish, man. I wish the world was flat, all right? Not round, man, because if it's round, the best you can do is go around and around in circles and that's crazy, man. You dig? It's just total insanity. It's just spinnin' your wheels. You never get anywhere, tied to that rock. But if the world is flat, man, there you are, you get up to speed, man, you get far, far out, and yazoo! You go shootin' off the edge, man. Out into the great wild far-out wide-open spaces. That's what I want to do, Jack. To go shootin'—out—off—into—the—freakin'—Yahoo!

9:30 P.M.

—Broken angels, man. Yeah. Broken angels.

—You gotta stop that, Neal. You're

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gonna get warts or hairy palms or a dementia somethin' or other.

—There is a God, man. Listen to me. He definitely exists.

—OK.

—And God doesn't want us to get too hung up on anything.

—You can dig it, but you don't get hung up.

—That's right. You dig the difference? Like I'm diggin' myself now, but I'm not hung up.

—Neal. . . .

—What?

—God or no God, you gotta stop this jackin' off.

—I'm not jackin' off. You jack off. I neal off. I'm nealin' off. Come on, man. You jack off and I'll neal off.

—I can't, man. I'm too full a that wine spo-dee-o-dee. I——

—Yahoo!

10:01 P.M.

—Man, the sky look funny to you?

—It's night, Neal.

—Aw, man, when did that happen?

11:19 P.M.

—Neal, you think we should, you know, do it? You ever think about that?

—What's that?

—Doin' it. With each other. To each other. Do it.

—You mean, as a part of everything?

—Yeah.

—I dunno, Jack. I mean, I can dig you, but do I have to do you to really dig you? You dig?

—I do.

—I dunno.

—So?

—We'll see.

12:25 A.M.

—Hipsters, poets, hepcats, musicians, madmen, goofs, gone daddies, masters of jive. We are all in search of the new soul. And the new soul, dig this now, is the old soul. The new soul is the same old never-changing soul of life.

"Hold it! This is a totally minority-owned business."

—We gotta get resouled. We're looking for a spiritual cobbler.

—You are diggin' me, man.

2:11 A.M.

—Dig this, man. If there was just one star in the sky at night, everything would be all right. You know what I mean? As it is, man, too many to choose from. That's infinity out there. I can't do it, baby. Now in the daytime, that's clear, just the one gorgeous glowing orb of the solid-gold sun. I'm hip! But the night. See the problem? All those stars. Driving us crazy. And I'm a night person, man. Jack? Hey man, you awake? Jack?

4:34 A.M.

—You got anything to eat in the fridge?

—What?

—Is there anything to eat in the fridge?

—I dunno. You'll have to look.

—It's empty, man. Just this stick of butter. What am I gonna do with this? You got any bread?

—No bread. We ate everything, man. We should go. Split this pad. And hit the road.

—This butter's greasy, man. Hey, will you dig this.

—Come on, Neal. You butterfucker.

—Watch your mouth, son.

—OK. You're a masterbutter.

—Masterbaster, baby. Spiritual exercises on the o-le-o.

—Neal.

—Yahoo!

—Man.

—Hey Jack! Your aunt got any salad dressing? Miracle Whip? Mayo?

6:06 A.M.

—Dig this, Neal. The world is endlessly high and deep and sweet. It's life that's such a howling, stinking mess.

—Parched souls, man. Dried-up creek beds. Sand dunes. Mirages. That's all they see. Empty churches.

—Souls. Holes. Moles.

—Goals?

—Dig this, Neal. You gotta go down.

—Man, I like bein' up.

—Think down, Neal. Way, way down. You wanna climb the ladder to success? You wanna rise up and go to heaven? OK. But dig this: There's another way. A secret entrance. A trapdoor. Down low.

—Oh man, I know what you're talkin' about! Pussy! Sweetness!

—No, Neal. Another way. Into heaven. For those of us low-down subterranean cats. The descendants, dig? We go in the back way.

—Yahoo!

—Are you listening to me, Neal?

—I'm rapt, daddy. And I'm goin' for another. Back-to-back. A doubleheader. Double dip. Twin bill. Two-timer. Twice as nice.

—The catechumens. That's us, Neal. Cave people. Primitive types.

—Yahoo! That's two!

—Way to go, Neal.

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7:12 A.M.

—You know, the sun never comes up, the sun never goes down. The earth does it all. Sun gets all the credit. You know that, Neal?

—Hey, I don't care if the sun goes up and down. Get with it, Jack. Without the sun, no beer. Chicks don't get tanned. I'm all for the sun. I'm a sun worshiper. A son of the sun. A sonny boy.

8:27 A.M.

—Whaddya wanna do, Neal? I mean seriously.

—Beat off.

—Come on, Neal. I'm not goofing now.

—Neither am I.

—I mean, what do we really want to do? Most of anything.

—I wanna beat off.

—Shouldn't we go? Isn't it finally time to hit the road?

—You hit the road, baby. I'm beatin' the meat.

—Neal, we're the sainted crazy far-out long-gone hipsters of America! We've got work to do! We're supposed to be burning red-and-gold fiery comets across this nation and in the sky and out of our poor sacred miserable minds. It's time for us to scream the hypersonic note of freedom, like Paul Revere, throughout the land. Revere. Revere. Everything is sacred, see? All we need is a ride!

—I'll swipe a car.

—And a name. We need a name! We need an identity, Neal! The coalescence! You dig? What will it be?

—I'm coalescing, baby. I'm almost there.

—Neal! A name!

—Yahoo!

—The Yahoos?

—What?

—Help me with this, Neal.

—Beats me, man. I'm beat.

—The B——

—Hello! Is anybody home?

—It's my aunt!

—My goodness! What are you boys up to?

—I can explain, Aunty.

—Get out of my home this instant, Jack Kerouac! You perverts! You—— Ah!

9:44 A.M.

—Man, hospitals are such a drag.

—Hey, no hospitals, no nurses, dig?

10:35 A.M.

—I'm sorry about your aunt, man.

—She'll be OK.

—I know it's my fault. She never would have broken her hip if she hadn't slipped on all that——

—I said it was OK, Neal. The question is, what do we do now? We've got no place to stay, no clothes, no money. What do we do?

—Let's hit the road, Jack.

—Yahoo!

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 (continued from page 124)

We would like to predict that the Seminoles can be had in-conference again. Not likely.

no chew, no good-old-boy humor. But the Longhorns have improved in each of his five seasons. The aloofness is now perceived as grace under fire, the dapperness as style. And if Mackovic can't tell a good joke, he certainly can design a creative offense. Last season, UT rang up a single-season record for total yards (5199) and passing yards (2715). Returning quarterback James Brown (SWC offensive player of the year) and wide receiver Mike Adams will keep the passing numbers up while Shon Mitchell, the SWC newcomer of the year, should enjoy his second consecutive 1000-yard rushing season. The defense—led by noseguard Chris Akins—and an exceptional secondary will be good but will miss the pass rush of end Tony Brackens, who went to the NFL after his junior season. 8–4

19. AUBURN

Few football rivalries are as intense as the one between Auburn and Alabama. And competing over in-state football talent can get a little nasty. Now Auburn coach Terry Bowden has taken the battle over the top by "stealing" Alabama defensive coordinator Bill "Brother" Oliver during the off-season. But Bowden was desperate. The miracle-maker coach had rebuilt Auburn into a national football power in only three seasons despite an inherited NCAA probation. The probation has expired and the Tigers took it on the chin 43–14 against Penn State in the Outback Bowl. Heck, Auburn lost four games last season, and the guys in Tuscaloosa lost only three. With nine starters returning from last season, Oliver will have plenty of talent to work with. The best of the Tigers' defense is linebacker Marcellus Mostella. On the offensive side, Bowden thinks Dameyune Craig will adequately replace graduated quarterback Patrick Nix. 8–4

20. TEXAS A&M

Now that superstar tailback Leeland McElroy has taken an early exit to the NFL, R.C. Slocum must build a more balanced game plan around Tennessee transfer quarterback Branndon Stewart. Eight returning starters on defense, including two-time Playboy All-America end Brandon Mitchell, should keep the Aggies in most games until Stewart and the offense learn the ropes. The addition of the Pigskin Classic against BYU to the regular schedule, plus the possibility of a conference championship and bowl game, could make this a long season for Slocum and his charges. 8–4

"But you went as a 'completely naked gal with big tits' last Halloween."

ATLANTIC COAST

Florida State	10–1
Virginia	7–4
North Carolina	7–4
Clemson	7–4
Georgia Tech	7–4
Maryland	6–5
North Carolina State	4–7
Duke	4–7
Wake Forest	3–8

With **Virginia** finally snapping Florida State's four-year, 29-game ACC winning streak last season, we'd like to predict that the Seminoles can be had in-conference again. Not likely. George Welsh and the Cavaliers will be good but not good enough after the graduation of quarterback Mike Groh. However, the twin Barber brothers, Tiki and Ronde, are back. Last season, Tiki rushed for a school record 1397 yards while Ronde terrorized opposing quarterbacks (12 career interceptions) from his cornerback spot. **North Carolina** has quarterback questions since Mike Thomas departed and as promising freshman Oscar Davenport recovers from knee surgery. Coach Mack Brown returns a solid offensive line and running back Leon Johnson, a strong all-around offensive contributor. Another Tarheel on the mend is receiver Octavus Barnes, who suffered a knee injury in NC's Carquest Bowl victory over Arkansas. Two-time Playboy All-America Marcus Jones will be missed up front. Coach Tommy West thought his **Clemson** Tigers were making good progress last season until they collided with runaway train Syracuse in the Gator Bowl (41–0). West will rebuild the Tigers' confidence around Nealon Greene, who may be the best returning quarterback in the conference. The offensive line and most of the defense is young, so it could take half the season before Clemson gels. The two most improved programs in the conference are **Georgia Tech** and **Maryland.** After a dismal 1–10 record in 1994, Tech won six games last season. To match that accomplishment, second-year coach George O'Leary must replace graduated quarterback Donnie Davis and patch together an offensive line. Maryland's offensive line is big and experienced, while the Terps consider running back Buddy Rogers their best in the past ten years. Quarterback Brian Cummings, who shared time with Scott Milanovich last year, has the job to himself this season.

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Syracuse, Miami and Virginia Tech assume the first three spots in the conference. **West Virginia** thought it could play with the big boys last season, but injuries to its offensive line and poor special-teams play forced them to an uncharacteristic 5–6 losing season. Coach Don

BIG EAST

Syracuse	10–1
Miami	9–2
Virginia Tech	8–3
West Virginia	7–4
Boston College	6–6
Rutgers	5–6
Pittsburgh	3–8
Temple	2–9

Nehlen will pin this year's hopes on three-year starting quarterback Chad Johnston, a strong receiving corps and a now-experienced defense led by linebacker Canute Curtis. The first half of the Mountaineer schedule is soft, the second half is brutal. **Boston College's** schedule, on the other hand, is brutal from early (Virginia Tech and Michigan) to late (Notre Dame and Miami). The Eagles must overcome a lack of experience at quarterback, where candidates Matt Hasselbeck and Scott Mutryn have only one start apiece. New defensive coordinator Phil Elmassian will put BC in an eight-man front to place maximum pressure on opposing quarterbacks. **Rutgers** has hired a new coach, Terry Shea, who is a former protégé of Bill Walsh at Stanford and with the San Francisco 49ers. Shea's immediate problem will be to find a quarterback.

BIG TEN

Penn State	9–3
Ohio State	9–3
Michigan	8–3
Northwestern	8–3
Iowa	7–4
Michigan State	6–5
Wisconsin	6–6
Illinois	4–7
Purdue	3–8
Minnesota	3–8
Indiana	3–8

Penn State, Ohio State and Michigan will scramble for the Roses while everyone warily eyes Cinderella Northwestern to see if the glass slipper will fit a second time. However, the upset-maker this season could be Hayden Fry's **Iowa** Hawkeyes. Sedrick Shaw and Tavian Banks give Fry plenty of legs in the backfield, and redshirt freshman Rob Thien was impressive this spring. Quarterback Matt Sherman, who led a balanced offense that averaged 31 points a game last season, is only a junior. New defensive coordinator Bob Elliott likes the tackling skills of linebackers Matt Hughes and Vernon Rollins. Label **Michigan State** as a program on the rise. Second-year coach Nick Saban knows his Xs and Os and is a big-time recruiter.

Rest of the Best

QUARTERBACKS: Danny Wuerffel (Florida), Donovan McNabb (Syracuse), Jake Plummer (Arizona State), Ron Powlus (Notre Dame), Brad Otton (USC), Koy Detmer (Colorado).

RUNNING BACKS: Leon Johnson (North Carolina), Ahman Green (Nebraska), Byron Hanspard (Texas Tech), Tiki Barber (Virginia), C.J. Williams (Georgia Tech), Danyell Ferguson (Miami), Marc Edwards (Notre Dame).

RECEIVERS: Mike Adams (Texas), Andre Cooper (Florida State), Keith Poole (Arizona State), Rae Carruth (Colorado), Kevin Lockett (Kansas State), Kris Mangum (Mississippi), David LaFleur (Louisiana State).

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Billy Conaty (Virginia Tech), Rod Payne (Michigan), Ryan Tucker (TCU), Jeff Mitchell (Florida), Brad Badger (Stanford), Tarik Glenn (California), Chris Dishman (Nebraska).

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Kenny Holmes (Miami), Leonard Little (Tennessee), Tarek Saleh (Wisconsin), Mike Vrabel (Ohio State), Nathan Davis (Indiana), Reinard Wilson (Florida State), William Carr (Michigan), Rashod Swinger (Rutgers).

LINEBACKERS: Tyrus McCloud (Louisville), Daryl Bush (Florida State), Marcellus Mostella (Auburn), Matt Russell (Colorado), Terrell Farley (Nebraska), Dwayne Rudd (Alabama), Dennis Stallings (Illinois), Keith Mitchell (Texas A&M), Dwayne Curry (Mississippi State).

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Harold Lusk (Utah), Mitchell Freedman (Arizona State), Sean Andrews (Navy), Kenny Wheaton (Oregon), Clarence Thompson (Michigan), Hudhaifa Ismaeli (Northwestern), Daylon McCutcheon (USC), Mike Minter (Nebraska), Lawrence Wright (Florida).

KICK RETURNERS: Jerod Douglas (Baylor), Robert Tate (Cincinnati), Corey Walker (Arkansas State).

PLACEKICKERS: Remy Hamilton (Michigan), Cory Wedel (Wyoming), Jeremy Alexander (Oklahoma), Rafael Garcia (Virginia), Phil Dawson (Texas).

PUNTERS: Nick Gallery (Iowa), Sean Liss (Florida State), Sean Reali (Syracuse), Will Brice (Virginia).

His biggest challenge this season is replacing graduated quarterback Tony Banks. Junior Todd Schultz appears to have beaten out Notre Dame transfer Gus Ornstein to start the season. Receivers are of Spartan strength with Nigea Carter and Playboy All-America Derrick Mason, who also happens to be the best kick returner in the nation. Saban needs to improve line play on both sides of the ball before MSU can contend for the conference title. **Wisconsin** took it on the nose (43–7) in last season's opener against Colorado and never recovered, finishing with a disappointing 4-5-2 record. Coach Barry Alvarez thinks this year's Badger squad will be improved overall but not at the critical quarterback spot, where four-year starter Darrell Bevell must be replaced.

BIG TWELVE

NORTH DIVISION

Nebraska	12–0
Colorado	10–1
Kansas State	8–3
Kansas	8–3
Iowa State	4–7
Missouri	3–8

SOUTH DIVISION

Texas	8–4
Texas A&M	8–4
Texas Tech	7–4
Baylor	6–5
Oklahoma	5–6
Oklahoma State	4–7

Adios, Southwest Conference. See ya, Big Eight. Time for the new and improved Big Twelve, as the old Big Eight adds Texas, Texas Tech, Texas A&M and Baylor for a grand amalgam of extended media saturation and broadened recruiting bases. The 12 teams have been divided into North and South divisions. Each school plays all the teams in its division plus three from the other, with particular attention paid to traditional rivalries such as Nebraska–Oklahoma. The winners of each division play a conference championship game in St. Louis' Trans World Dome on December 7.

Unless Nebraska loses its knack for beating Colorado, the Huskers are a cinch to win the North. Colorado, Kansas and Kansas State duke it out for second in an extremely tight race. **Iowa State** has to contend not only with its divisional rivals but also with Texas A&M and Baylor from the South plus Sun Bowl champion Iowa. There are bright spots for the Cyclones, the brightest being Playboy All-America running back Troy Davis. Second-year coach Dan McCarney's biggest headache is an ISU defense that ranked last nationally against the run (296.6 yards per game) and 95th overall (458.4 yards per game). As McCarney says when discussing the defense, "There isn't a single area that doesn't need to improve." **Missouri** will put a better team on the field than last

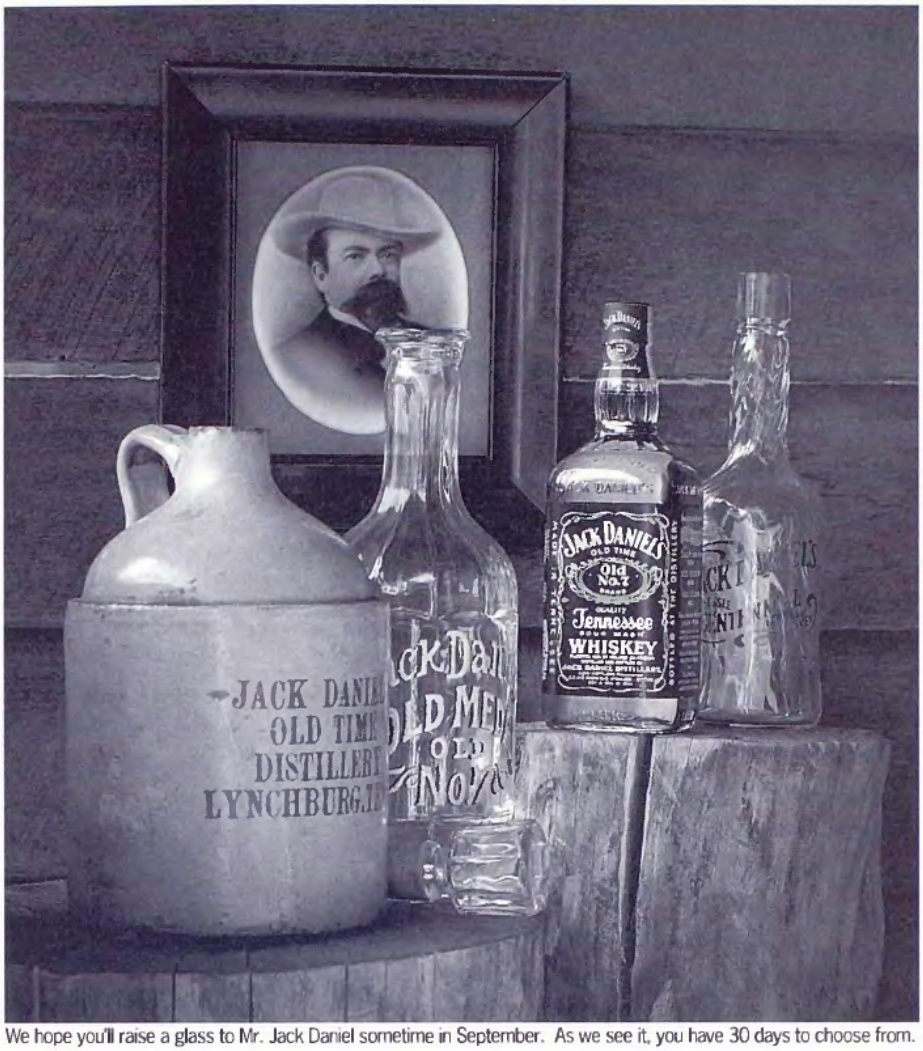
season's 3–8 version, but a tougher schedule may not result in any more victories.

Texas and Texas A&M will lead in the South. Weiser Lock Copper Bowl winner **Texas Tech** will put a lethal offense on the field again but may not have enough defense to post another nine-win season. Junior quarterback Zebbie Lethridge and running back Byron Hanspard will operate under new offensive coordinator Rick Dykes, son of head coach Spike. The Red Raider defensive front line is quick but not very big, and Playboy All-America Zach Thomas will be missed. At **Baylor,** two-year starting quarterback Jeff Watson will get serious competition from several redshirt freshmen. One starter certain to retain his job is running back Jerod Douglas, who gained 1594 all-purpose yards last season. The Bears return only four starters from their defensive unit, but coach Chuck Reedy thinks he has some talented younger players to fill the holes. Howard Schnellenberger's stint as coach at **Oklahoma** turned out to be much ado about nothing. The Sooners won only five games last season, and Schnellenberger's style did not sit well in Norman. New coach John Blake played noseguard for Barry Switzer at OU in the early Eighties and later was his assistant coach with the Dallas Cowboys.

BIG WEST

Nevada	8–3
Utah State	5–6
North Texas	5–6
New Mexico State	4–7
Idaho	4–7
Boise State	4–7

A team with only two starters returning on offense wouldn't figure to be a champion. Not so with coach Chris Ault's **Nevada** Wolf Pack. Nevada, which has won five conference championship titles in the past six years and led the nation in total offense last season, has talented underclassmen ready to step into starting roles, including quarterback Eric Bennett and receivers Damond Wilkins and Nimoy Triplet. Two of Nevada's three losses last season came at the hands of Toledo, one during the regular season, the other in an explosive matchup in the Las Vegas Bowl. **Utah State** will chase the Wolf Pack on the shirttail of running back Abu Wilson, whom Aggie coach John Smith thinks has NFL potential. **North Texas** is glad to be rid of last year's schedule as an independent that included Kansas, Alabama, Louisiana State and Oklahoma. The Eagles' many injuries may be an advantage this season, as lots of freshmen gained valuable experience. The conference adds **Idaho** and **Boise State,** both playing for the first year on the Division IA level. Former conference member Pacific has dropped football.



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CONFERENCE USA

Louisville	7–4
Cincinnati	7–4
Southern Mississippi	6–5
Houston	5–6
Tulane	3–8
Memphis	2–9

Born in 1995 and instantly recognized nationally in basketball, Conference USA debuts its six-member Division IA football competition this season. Second-year **Louisville** coach Ron Cooper has a long way to go to match Denny Crum's hoops reputation, but he's made a start by attracting some blue-chip recruits. Most promising of the bunch is highly touted quarterback Chris Redman, who spurned Illinois to stay close to home in Louisville. Redman, however, will have to wait his turn after failing to beat out senior Jason Payne as starter. Cooper will rely on his defense, led by conference MVP linebacker Tyrus McCloud and Playboy All-America back Sam Madison, to keep the Cardinals competitive in a tough schedule that features away games against nonconference bullies Penn State and North Carolina. At **Southern Mississippi,** junior quarterback Heath Graham may not be the second coming of Brett Favre, an MSU alum, but he does have size (6'3", 220) and he's put up impressive numbers (3419 yards and 22 TDs) in two seasons. Chris Windsor could challenge him. Coach Jeff Bower's frontline defense is quick but underpowered, and depth is a problem. **Cincinnati** hopes to carry the momentum gained at the end of last season, when the Bearcats won five of their final six games. Considering that two early-season losses to nationally ranked Kansas and Kansas State were by only a combined five-point margin, it's not hard to project Cincinnati as a sleeper this season. Most skilled position players have returned, including running back Robert Tate, the conference offensive player of the year last season.

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9–2
East Carolina	8–3
Army	7–4
Navy	6–5
Louisiana Tech	6–5
Arkansas State	6–5
Southwestern Louisiana	5–6
Northern Illinois	4–7
Northeast Louisiana	4–7
Alabama–Birmingham	3–8

There is an independent other than Notre Dame capable of cracking the nation's top 25—that is, if it can shed its label of "best-kept secret." **East Carolina,** whose nine wins included a Liberty Bowl victory over Stanford (19–13), returns quarterback Marcus Crandell and a host of other offensive weapons. Crandell, already ECU's career leader in passing yards and total offense, has a deep cast of receivers, including Mitchell Galloway and Jason Nichols. Coach Steve Logan thinks his defense can be better than last season's despite the loss of linebackers Mark Libiano and Morris Foreman. The Pirates' strongest suit is its secondary, where twin brothers Daren and David Hart star. Army and Navy will both field stronger-than-usual teams. The Cadets' Ronnie McAda may be the best wishbone quarterback at West Point since Army adopted the offense in 1984. Ron Leshinski is outstanding at tight end. Navy

THE ANSON MOUNT Scholar/Athlete AWARD

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the playing field. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, receives a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Pat Fitzgerald from the University of Texas. A tight end for the Longhorns, Fitzgerald was first-team SWC, second-team All-America (*Sporting News*) and third-team All-America (AP). He was also a first-team GTE Academic All-America, a Honda Scholar–Athlete Award winner, two-time member of the SWC's President's List with a 4.0 GPA and winner of UT's Lan Hewlett Award for Academic Excellence.

Honorable mention: Johnny Rea (Alabama–Birmingham), Michael Reeder (TCU), Cory Wedel (Wyoming), Field Scovell (Texas Tech), Daryl Bush (Florida State), Chad Kessler (LSU), Reggie Lee (NE Louisiana), Dave Janoski (Washington), Danny Wuerffel (Florida), Grant Baynham (Georgia Tech), Peyton Manning (Tennessee), Jeff Caldwell (Arkansas State), John Kobalka (Cincinnati), Cory Sauter (Minnesota), Carl Dean (San Jose State), Matt Keneley (USC), Grant Wistrom (Nebraska), Paul Burton (Northwestern), Rae Carruth (Colorado), Tiki Barber (Virginia), Chad Johnston (West Virginia), Zane Michalski (Temple), Mike Rader (Wisconsin), Damien Richardson (Arizona State), Kevin Lockett (Kansas State), Tom Poulter (Navy), Jim Moore (Kansas).

"Penis size is irrelevant to a woman's sexual satisfaction, Mr. Bailey, and, I might add, a little out of place on a résumé."

coach Charlie Weatherbie expects the Midshipmen to be much improved offensively now that they've had a year to learn a new spread offense. Ben Fay and Chris McCoy will handle the quarterbacking duties. Cornerback Sean Andrews has big-time talent.

MID-AMERICAN

Toledo	9–2
Miami	8–3
Eastern Michigan	7–4
Ball State	6–5
Central Michigan	5–6
Bowling Green State	5–6
Western Michigan	5–6
Kent State	2–9
Akron	2–9
Ohio	2–10

Maybe it's time for the teams in the MAC to get a little respect. After all, aside from Nebraska, conference champ Toledo was the only other undefeated team in the nation. The Rockets rattled off 11 victories, including a Las Vegas Bowl win over Nevada in the first overtime game in Division IA history. Miami, which blemished Toledo's record with a midseason 28–28 tie, was the only team to beat Northwestern in the regular season, staging a 23-point fourth-quarter comeback in Evanston. Eastern Michigan, Western Michigan and Ball State all enjoyed winning seasons as well in this competitive top-ten-bottom conference, a distance that will be shorter in 1997 after the MAC splits into two divisions and adds Marshall and Northern Illinois to the mix. **Toledo** appears to be the team to beat again this year. MAC MVP running back Wasean Tait returns, as does senior quarterback Ryan Huzjak. Toledo returns seven starters from a defense that led the nation in turnover margin. Defense will be the calling card of **Miami** as well. The Redskins, who ranked number two in the nation in total defense, return nine starters, including All-MAC linebackers Dee Osborne and Kenyon Harper. Deland McCullough, the MAC's all-time leading rusher, has graduated, leaving a big hole in the offense. **Eastern Michigan** pins its hopes on senior quarterback Charlie Batch, who finished fourth in the nation in total offense (3177 yards) last season. Second-year coach Rick Rasnick says, "There's no question that Batch is one of the top quarterbacks in the country." **Ball State's** strength is its defense and special teams led by Playboy All-America punter Brad Maynard. The Cardinals' D returns three other all-conference players.

•

With only USC appearing strong enough to contend for the national title, one wonders why there aren't more pigskin powerhouses in this traditionally tough conference. The best quarterback in the conference is **Arizona State's** Jake "the Snake" Plummer, who threw for more than 2100 yards and 15 TDs last season. Plummer has several outstanding targets, the best of whom is senior wideout Keith Poole. Playboy All-America tackle Juan Roque protects Plummer's blind side. The Sun Devils will score plenty of points but need a better effort on defense to challenge USC. At **Washington,** Shane Fortney appears to have beaten out Brock Huard, brother of former Huskie Damon, for the starting QB spot. Playboy All-America Ink Aleaga is the leading tackler for coach Jim Lambright's defense, but Aleaga needs help up front if the Huskies are to choke off the run. **Oregon** returns a high-powered offense but little experience on the defensive side other than standout corner Kenny Wheaton.

PAC TEN

USC	9–3
Arizona State	7–4
Washington	7–4
Oregon	7–4
Stanford	6–5
UCLA	5–6
Arizona	5–6
California	5–6
Washington State	4–7
Oregon State	2–9

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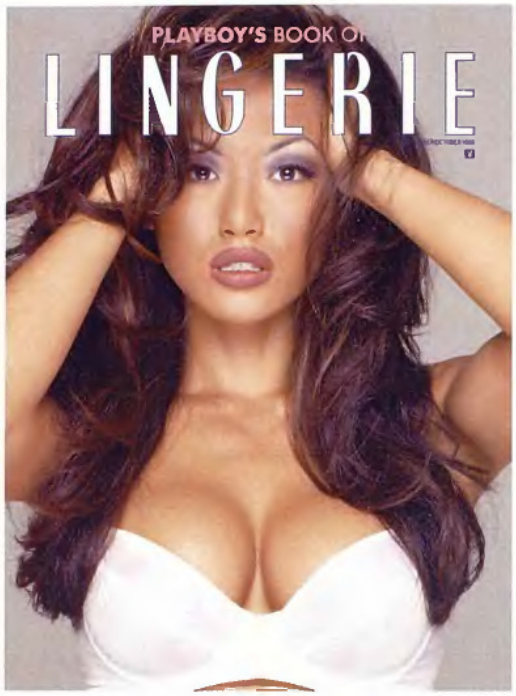

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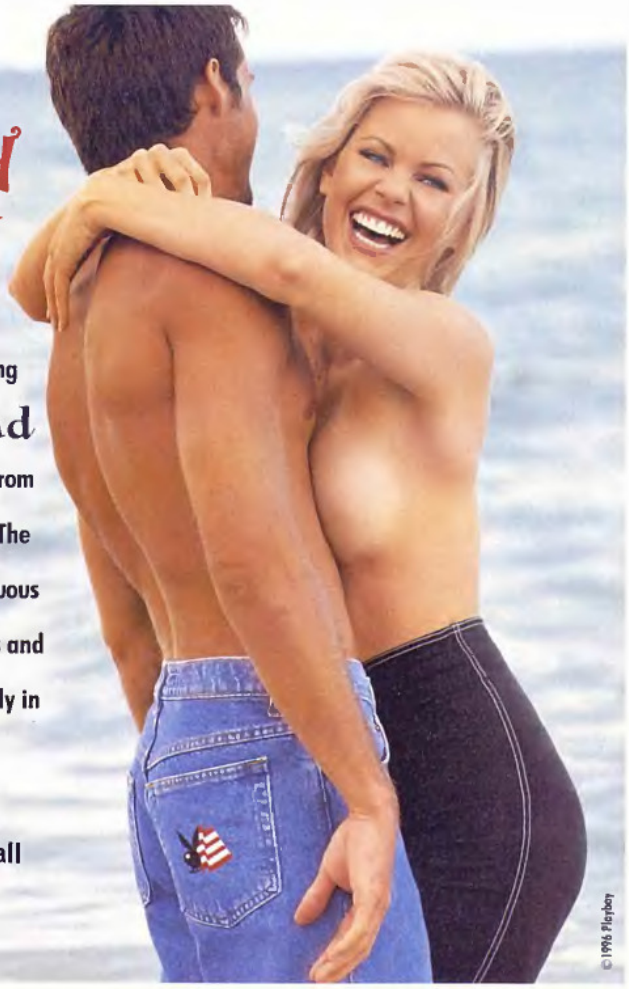
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Quarterback Tony Graziani was eighth in the nation in total offense last season. Second-year **Stanford** coach Tyrone Willingham needs passing to supplement his rushing attack if the Cardinal is to match last season's seven wins. Tim Carey, a backup quarterback last year, took all the snaps this spring, with sophomore Chad Hutchinson busy on the mound for Stanford's baseball team. The folks at **UCLA** have been wondering as well and wanted Northwestern's Gary Barnett to replace longtime coach Terry Donahue, who resigned. Instead they got Bob Toledo. New offensive coordinator Alan Borges will give sophomore QB Cade McNowen the green light to put the ball up, especially now that tailback Karim Abdul-Jabbar has left a year early for the pros.

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

Tennessee	11–1
Florida	10–1
Georgia	7–4
Kentucky	5–6
South Carolina	4–7
Vanderbilt	2–9

WESTERN DIVISION

Auburn	8–4
Louisiana State	8–3
Alabama	7–4
Arkansas	6–5
Mississippi	4–7
Mississippi State	4–7

Tennessee and Florida are a cut above the four other programs in their division, which can best be called works in progress. **Georgia** finally replaced head coach Ray Goff with Jim Donnan, formerly the successful head coach at Division IAA Marshall. Athletic Director Vince Dooley first made a run at Northwestern's Gary Barnett but hired Kansas' Glen Mason, who reneged on the deal to stay with the Jayhawks. Donnan, who has a reputation as an offensive guru, retained Goff's defensive coordinator Joe Kines in an effort to give the Bulldogs continuity. **Kentucky** coach Bill Curry scored a coup by landing Tim Couch, the nation's number one QB prospect.

Last season, Arkansas surprised perennial powers Auburn and Alabama. This season, LSU could be the team to upset the big boys. **Alabama** coach Gene Stallings has lots of horses back from last year: 17 starters in all, the most in his seven-year tenure. The majority of the thoroughbreds will be on defense. Junior Dwayne Rudd leads a ferocious group of linebackers, and the secondary is speedy and experienced. A solid if unspectacular offense returns intact up front. Freddie Kitchens is the likely quarterback, while Dennis Riddle is the workhorse running back. Bama's defense will have to be dominant, not just good, for the Tide to rise in 1996. QB

Barry Lunney and the entire secondary graduated, so **Arkansas** coach Danny Ford has to move back a square before he can jump ahead. Pete Burks is Lunney's heir apparent at QB. Much of the Hogs' success this year may ride on how well running back Madre Hill recovers from a knee injury sustained in last season's SEC championship game. **Mississippi** and **Mississippi State**, both suffering through NCAA probations that affect scholarships and bowl games, are forced to dream about better times.

•

The ultimate expression of expansion run rampant, the WAC now has 16 members, split for your handy reference into two divisions—Pacific and Mountain. Each team plays its seven divisional rivals and one crossover from the other division. Divisional winners play a conference championship in Las Vegas on December 7, the winner earning an invitation to the Cotton Bowl or, at least, the Holiday Bowl. Don't bother to memorize which team is in which division, because the teams will rotate by fours every two or three years so everybody plays everybody at least occasionally.

Senior running back George Jones, the WAC offensive player of the year, may be good enough to carry **San Diego State** to the top of this competitive division. Third-year coach Ted Tollner also has experience returning at quarterback in two-year starter Billy Blanton. The Aztecs' secondary, which led the nation with 26 interceptions last season, could be even better this year. Wyoming has its most talent since the late Eighties, when the Cowboys were a WAC power. Playboy All-America receiver Marcus Harris leads an offense that includes ten of last season's 11 starters. Placekicker Cory Wedel, a Groza finalist last year, could be the difference in close games. **Colorado State** has enough offense left over from last season's eight-win squad, but coach Sonny Lubick will have to scramble to replace four All-WAC defenders, including Thorpe Award winner Greg Myers and WAC Player of the Year Brady Smith.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

PACIFIC DIVISION

San Diego State	8–4
Wyoming	7–4
Colorado State	6–5
Air Force	6–5
Fresno State	5–6
San Jose State	5–7
Hawaii	4–8
UNLV	3–9

MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Brigham Young	9–5
Utah	7–4
Tulsa	6–5
Texas Christian	6–5
New Mexico	5–6
Rice	4–7
SMU	3–8
Texas–El Paso	3–8

If practice makes perfect, **Brigham Young** has the chance to be a good team by the end of the season. The Cougars, slated for a Pigskin Classic appearance against Texas A&M, could also play in the WAC championship and then a bowl game, which combined with their regular schedule would add up to 15 games, an NCAA record. That should enable senior quarterback Steve Sarkisian, who threw for more than 3400 yards last season, to roll up some great offensive stats. BYU's defense, a bit short on experience, could wind up battered toward the end of the year when it takes on divisional rival **Utah**. The Utes, under seventh-year coach Ron McBride, are a double-barreled offensive threat with running back Chris Fuamatu-Ma'afala, WAC freshman of the year last season, and quarterback Mike Fouts, nephew of former San Diego Chargers QB Dan. Coach Dave Rader thinks he's landed his best recruiting class since he arrived at **Tulsa** eight years ago. Super Prep All-America running back Kevin Isham could make an impact in his first season.

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For those special moments when we find ourselves pampered by elegance, and feeling like a *PLAYBOY*, there's a cigar by Don Diego to heighten the enjoyment.

The *PLAYBOY* cigar, meticulously hand-crafted with rich flavor and aroma, enhances any setting, wherever you might smoke it.

Light one up! Let it bring out the *PLAYBOY* in you.

The *PLAYBOY* cigar by Don Diego
in five styles

For a list of select retailers
in the United States, please write to:
Playboy by Don Diego Cigars, P.O. Box 407166,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fl 33340-7166

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

—A LITTLE NIGHT VISION, PLEASE—

If night-vision devices look like something Green Beret or Navy Seal teams might use in combat situations, that's because they are. Now sailors, campers, pilots, sportsmen and anyone else who wants to make like an owl in the midnight hours are investing in these military-developed optics because their amazing light-gathering technology brightens the night like you've flipped a switch. Sure, NV gear—especially the ultrasophisticated type that illuminates *and* magnifies—costs quite a bit more than a flashlight. But it's worth every penny you have to spend, especially if you want to observe nocturnal wildlife while on safari, dock your yacht safely when the moon's behind a cloud or act like James Bond and check out a darkened parking lot before strolling to your car.

Below: Our midnight Mata Hari peers through Moonlight Products' NV-100 Compact night scope, which features an illuminator and 2.4 magnification (about $275). Inserts, from top to bottom: Another Moonlight scope, the Minimonocular, is smaller and lighter than a cellular phone and has a viewing range of up to 150 feet ($375). ITT's water-resistant Night Mariner 160 (about $1500) is designed for boaters. Yes, it floats. The Night Quest 260, also by ITT, is a top-of-the-line product that's easy to use and automatically adjusts for consistent brightness ($2500).

RICHARD IZUI

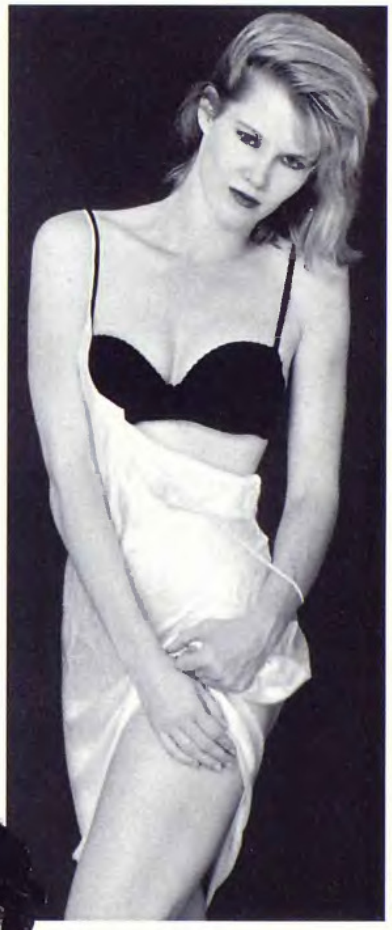
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

Bridgette Blows Big Bubbles

BRIDGETTE SNOW has been a page five girl in the *Weekly World News*, and now you can check her out on America Online (keyword: wwn). This tub is totally full of snow.

Makes Me Wanna Holler

MARIA McKEE's song on the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack, *If Love Is a Red Dress*, was killer. Now get *Life Is Sweet*. Or catch McKee's tour and life will be sweet.



Nights in White Satin

Former Mississippi beauty queen and model JILLIAN McWHIRTER can be seen playing a terrorist in the feature film *Trained to Kill*. Is she reaching for a weapon?

Jonny Be Good

JONNY POLONSKY set up a home studio, made a demo and sent it to singer Frank Black, who sent it to Rick Rubin. Next, *Hi My Name Is Jonny* is released by American. Since then, Polonsky has played Lollapalooza. Who says rock is too corporate?

Lovely Liv

LIV TYLER (daughter of Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell) may well be the It Girl of the Nineties. She has had six movies out this year, including Woody Allen's *Everyone Says I Love You* and Tom Hanks' *That Thing You Do*. Poised to soar, Liv leaves us breathless.

Razzle-Dazzle

Nothing can stop ELIZABETH BERKLEY—not *Showgirls* nor endless reruns of *Saved by the Bell*. You'll see her in *The First Wives Club* after you gaze upon her here.

Candlelight and Lace

CAROL BOUDREAU has appeared on video in *Amateur Nude Auditions*, *Psychology of Seduction* and *Posing and Shooting Swimsuit Models*. You'll also find her on the *Best of Amateur Models* CD-ROM. She doesn't look like an amateur to us.

FOR CHOCOLATE LOVERS ONLY

If Tom and Sally's Chocolate Body Paint doesn't bring out the Picasso in you, nothing will. For $15 you get a half-inch brush and an eight-ounce jar of edible "paint" made with French chocolate. The directions on the jar's label tell you to "heat to 98.6° F., apply liberally, and let your imagination run free." Furthermore, Chocolate Body Paint is "great on ice cream, too." Call a company named Fortunately Yours at 800-337-1889 to order. While you're on the phone ask about Fortunately's custom chocolate-dipped fortune cookies that are ten times normal size ($25 each). They're big enough to hide an additional surprise inside, such as the key to a new car, or an engagement ring, and the company is glad to oblige.

RAISING CANE

"Great vodka doesn't have to come from cold places" is how Cane Country Imports markets Cane Juice Caribbean vodka, an 80-proof sugarcane liquor from Belize. Cane Juice is triple-distilled for purity and tastes great on the rocks. Use it as a mixer or serve it as a martini. Price: about $12 a bottle. Call Cane Country at 214-669-0880 for more info.

DEATH AWAITS YOU

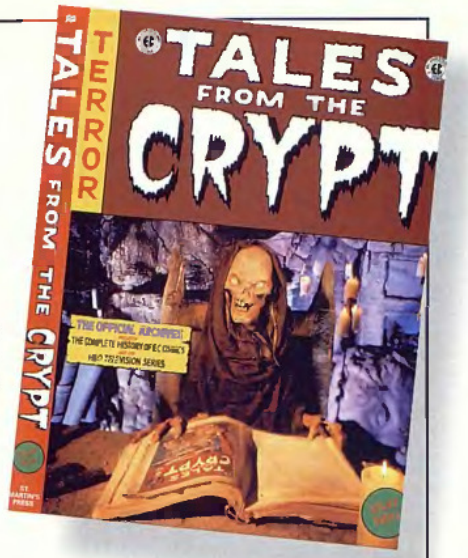
For 18 years, Death Studios at 431 Pine Lake Avenue in La Porte, Indiana 46350 has quietly been creating some of the world's most frightening Halloween masks. And this year head monster-maker Jeff Death has again returned to his macabre drawing board (the horrific results are pictured here). At top left is Klownzilla, the head clown in the cult flick *Killer Klowns From Outer Space*, who wreaks havoc at the film's end. Price: $125. Next is Cutter, an aging albino vampire who's frighteningly cheap: $85 with long white hair and $75 bald. Speed Demon, the creature who looks as if he has consumed one too many Minithins, is $95. Last is the Werewolf Trophy Plaque, available in brown, gray or white, that's dead proof you've bagged yourself a werewolf. Price: $230, all ready to mount above your mantle. Call 219-362-4321 to order. Death's catalog is $2.

LINKING UP WITH A CRUISER

Izzo describes its new Cruiser bag as "the state-of-the-art method of carrying golf clubs," and we can understand why. It's lightweight (just under five pounds), comfortable (a dual strap evenly distributes the weight) and features a great foot-activated retractable stand. Various color combinations are available and the price is only $160. Look for it in golf stores and pro shops or call 800-284-1220.

HOW CRYPTIC

PLAYBOY book columnist Digby Diehl has a ghoulish sideline. He's just authored *Tales From the Crypt: The Official Archives*, which chronicles all 105 issues that appeared in EC Comics starting in 1949, and includes reproductions of all the *Crypt* covers and the history of the *Crypt* TV shows. The 256-page hardcover with more than 1000 illustrations costs $40. If you're a diehard EC fan, you may want a leather-bound limited edition (of 750) for $500. Call St. Martin's Press at 800-288-2131.



JOHN SCHNEIDER

IT'S THE SPOOKIEST

Spooky World, "America's Horror Theme Park," situated about 45 minutes west of Boston in Berlin, Massachusetts, once again opens its ghostly doors during October. New attractions include the Phantom Mine Shaft, the Cirque Macabre, the Dark Ride Haunted Fun House and the ever unpopular Chamber of Horrors. There's also a cast of 100 on hand to commit additional mayhem. Admission is about $17. Call 508-838-0200 for hours.

THE X FILES

The first adults-only trading-card game, XXXenophile, is out with artwork by some top illustrators. According to the creator, Slag-Blah Entertainment, each game takes about 15 minutes to play, but you may find yourself lingering longer over the 270 cards available, for some of them, such as Roxelana pictured here, are wonderfully sexy. A starter set of 60 cards plus game instructions is $9.95. Expansion packs of 15 cards go for $2.25 each. Call 800-439-6874 to order.

THE LEGEND LIVES ON

Bettie Page has probably made more magazine appearances than Marilyn Monroe and Cindy Crawford combined. Now she's captured again in *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-Up Legend* by Karen Essex and James Swanson. Included in the hardcover's 288 picture-filled pages are never-before-seen photos from private collectors and an explanation of Bettie's strange disappearance in 1957. A copy autographed by Bettie costs $61. (Unautographed copies cost $46.) Call 206-821-1760 to order.

YOUR NAME IN SMOKE

Now that serious stogies are on everyone's lips, it figures that custom cigar bands would follow. Legacy International, at 800-346-5540, offers 60 personal labels in designs such as the one shown here for $40. Or you can commission Legacy to create a custom band (the price is determined by complexity and quantity). Yes, the company also stocks premium smokes to slip inside your new bands.

JAMIE FISHER

NEXT MONTH

LA DONNA

PACIFIC JOKE

GREAT SCOTT

MOORE STRIPS

DONNA D'ERRICO—THE HOTTEST NEW *BAYWATCH* BABE IS ANOTHER FABULOUS PLAYMATE. CAN YOU BELIEVE YOUR LUCK?

CLINTON'S OCTOBER SURPRISE—WHAT DOES HE HAVE UP HIS SLEEVE TO CLINCH THE ELECTION? OUR SPY KNOWS—HUMOR BY **CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY**

RALPH REED—THE POSTER BOY FOR CHRISTIAN EXTREMISTS HAS RAILED AGAINST ABORTION, GAY RIGHTS AND MAINSTREAM SOFTIES. NOW HE'S CHANGED COURSE—OR HAS HE? PROFILE BY **JOE CONASON**

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK: PART TEN—ALBUMS FROM THE SIXTIES ARE STILL BEST-SELLERS. FRANK SINATRA AND TONY BENNETT ARE BACK. EVERYTHING OLD IS COOL AGAIN. THE FINAL CHAPTER BY **DAVID STANDISH**

LIAM NEESON—WHAT OTHER HUGE TALENT COULD GO FROM SCHINDLER TO ROB ROY TO IRISH REBEL HERO MICHAEL COLLINS? INTERVIEW BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

SCARE YOU TO DEATH—THE RIGHT-WING MILITIA MOVEMENT HAS A TINY WEAPON THAT SHOULD MAKE YOU AFRAID. A RUDE AWAKENING BY **MICHAEL REYNOLDS**

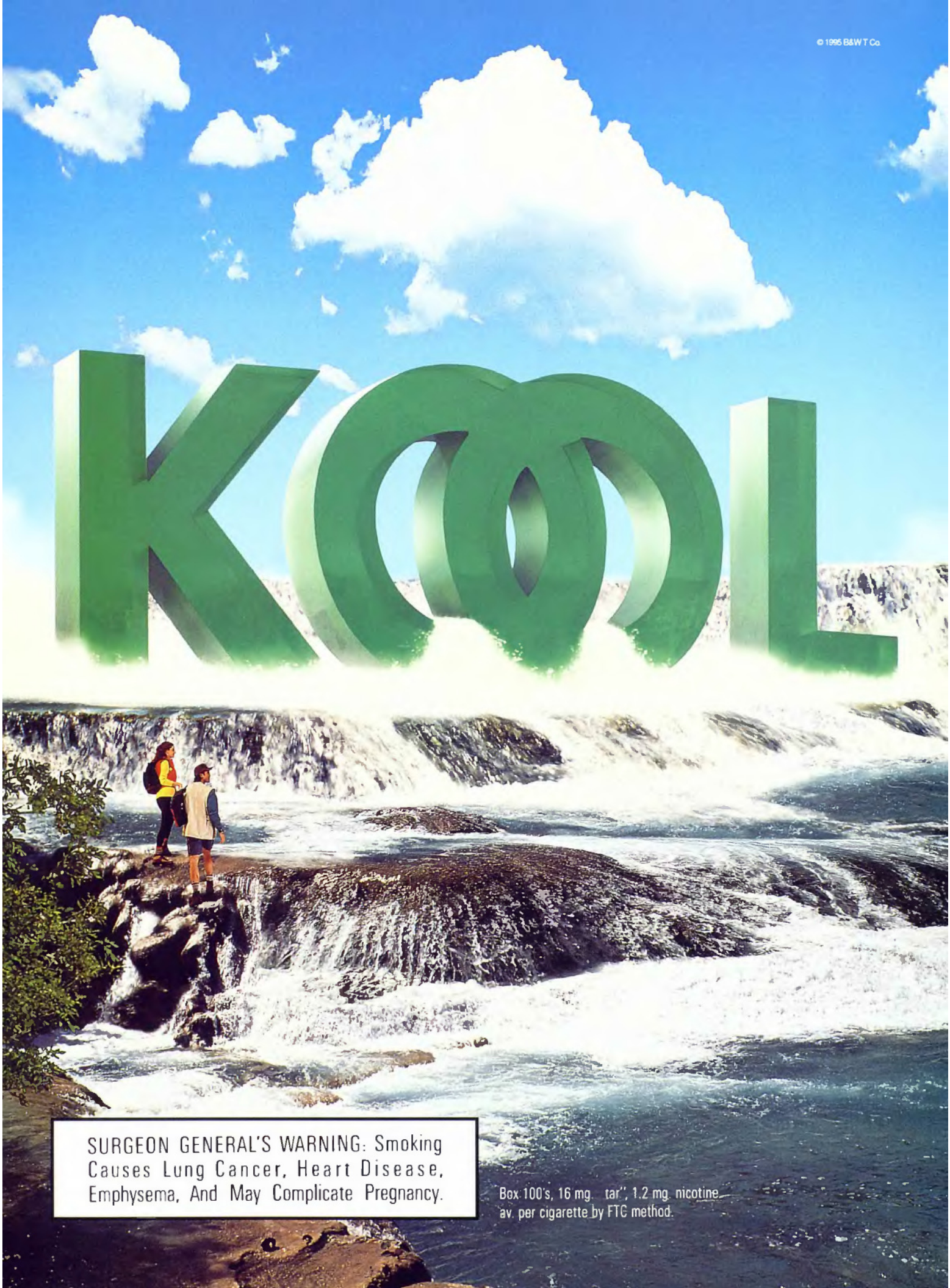
LAWS OF OUR FATHERS—A DRIVE-BY SHOOTING THAT INVOLVES A DRUG DEALER AND A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT BYSTANDER TRIGGERS THE NEW LEGAL BLOCKBUSTER FROM BEST-SELLING AUTHOR **SCOTT TUROW**

PLAYMATES, NOTHING BUT PLAYMATES—THE MUST-HAVE BOOK FOR AFICIONADOS IS HERE AND WE HAVE THE ULTIMATE PLAYMATE SALUTE

JOKE OVER THE PACIFIC—AN ENGLISHMAN, A FRENCHMAN AND AN AMERICAN WENT UP IN A BALLOON. THE BALLOON BEGAN TO SINK. "SOMEONE JUMP!" CRIED THE ENGLISHMAN. SHORT FICTION BY **MARTHA BAYLESS**

PLUS: A STEAMY **SEX IN CINEMA** WITH **DEMI MOORE,** 20Q WITH BATMAN SIDEKICK **CHRIS O'DONNELL,** SNOW ROCKETS AND PLAYMATE LEGEND **JANET PILGRIM**

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), October 1996, volume 43, number 10. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.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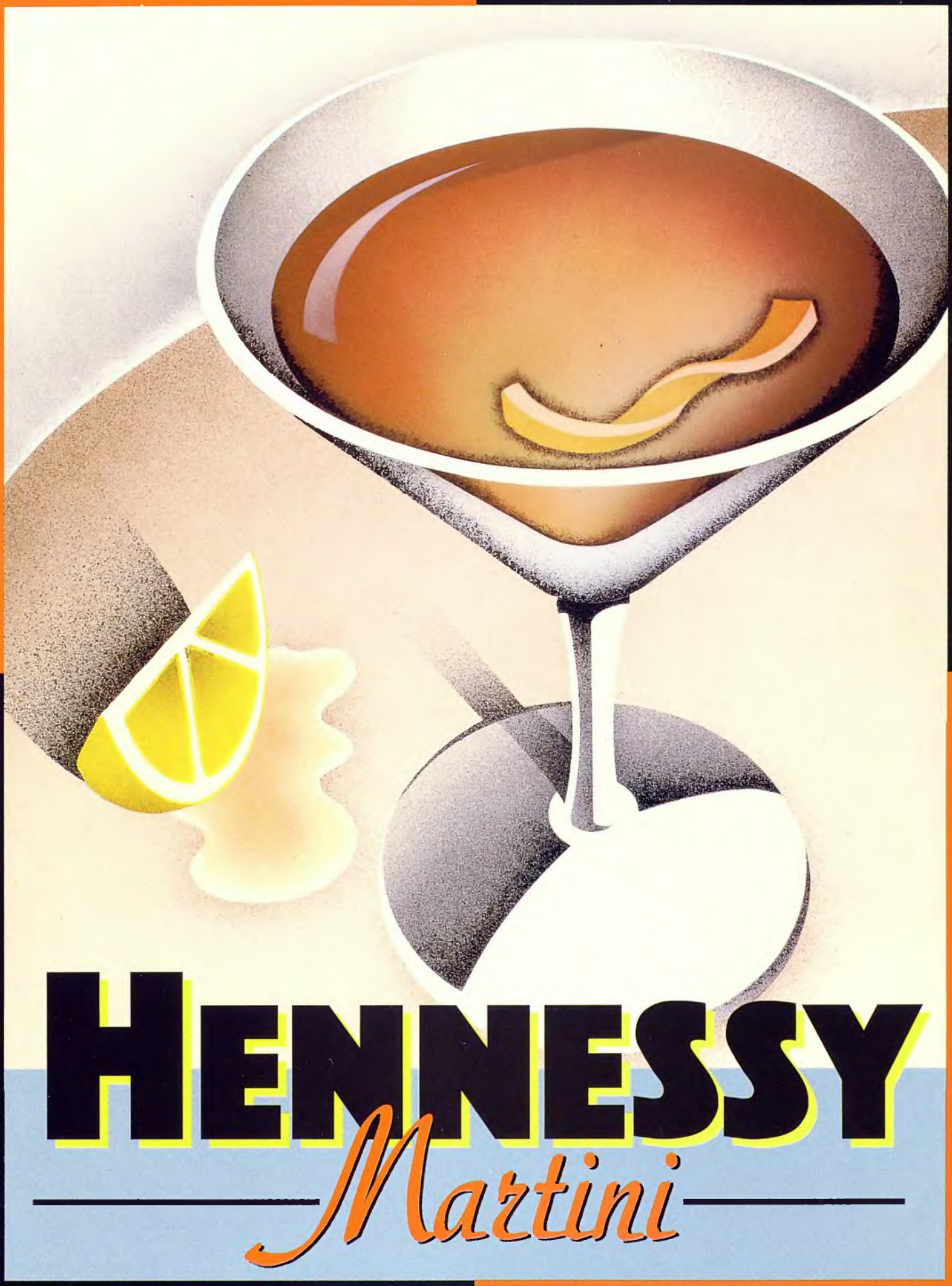
Box 100's, 16 mg. tar*, 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



HENNESSY

Martini

Discover this classic. Combine 2 oz. of Hennessy V.S and a squeeze of lemon over ice. Stir gently, don't shake. Strain into a chilled martini glass. Or ask your bartender.

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